

Helen S. Lampe.

THE BEST SHORT STORIES OF 1927

BY EDWARD J. O'BRIEN

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(*Dodd, Mead.*)

THE BEST SHORT STORIES OF 1927

AND THE
YEARBOOK OF THE AMERICAN
SHORT STORY

EDITED BY
EDWARD J. O'BRIEN



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TO
ARTHUR T. VANCE



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I shall be grateful to my readers for corrections, and particularly for suggestions leading to the wider usefulness of these annual volumes. In particular, I shall welcome the receipt from authors, editors and publishers of stories printed during the period between August, 1926, and July, 1927, inclusive, which have qualities of distinction and yet are not printed in periodicals falling under my regular attention.

Communications may be addressed to me *Care of Dodd, Mead and Company*, 443 *Fourth Avenue, New York City*.

E. J. O.

INTRODUCTION

I

I SHOULD like to call attention this year to the use of the physical senses by the short story writer. For some years it has been increasingly evident to me that the American short story in the hands of even its best practitioners is inclined too much to abstraction. This is partly due to a tendency to imitate Poe without realizing that the success of his particular form of abstraction largely depended upon his own peculiarly psychic condition. His hyperesthesia was so strong that it instinctively selected only that which was merely unique and non-human in his own experience.

The American short story writer with his excessive preoccupation with plot is attempting to take Poe's abstraction ready made without the peculiar mental character in Poe, the intensity of which made his own abstractions credible with a certain nervous insistency which of itself carried conviction. Poe neither *saw* nor *heard* apart from the imaginative life and was attentive to his own inner world of phantasy. His phantasy once having dissociated life from reality left to life only a mechanized pattern which he hated, and it is this very mechanical pattern to which an ever-increasing mechanization of life in America tends to respond.

In O. Henry we also find this mechanized pattern which no doubt corresponds adequately enough to the mechanization which surrounded him, but far from realizing the mechanized life itself, O. Henry was content with its surface and was satisfied to escape from it by a trick, the trick of the surprise ending.

In the better work of such men as Ernest Hemingway and Ring W. Lardner, to mention no others, there is a very definite effort at saturation in the physical scene rather than abstraction from it, and this effort is based on a nearly complete alertness of eye and ear. These writers communicate to us with nearly complete disinterestedness as well as personal interest what the senses

of sight and hearing have brought to them in the circles of the world in which they move.

To take sight first, I must point out that there are two kinds of sight, physical oversight and mental insight, and that all mental insight is suspect which is not built upon the previous foundations of physical oversight. By oversight I mean what the eye sees, and by insight that which the mind makes out of what the eye has seen.

The sense of hearing may be equally attentive to the outer voice and the inner voice. The outer voice uses words in an idiom, and the inflections and overtones of these words heard by the ear and interpreted by the eye of the artist recording what the eyes of the speaker tell him, are referred to a mind which discovers therefrom the inner voice of the speaker.

In Mr. Hemingway and Mr. Lardner the results of these two processes are very clear, and the success of these writers is due to a balance held by them between identification with the object and total disinterestedness about the result. The identification must be disinterested, or we should have sterile romanticism. The disinterestedness must identify itself with the characters portrayed or we should have a sterile classicism.

Furthermore, the pattern as woven by the artist must be an impartial one largely determined in its elements by what he has seen and heard, and in its arrangement of these elements by what his insight and hearing of the inner voice of his characters determine. He must have a sense that discriminates between the essentials and the arabesques of his pattern though he need not reject the latter, for they are often one of the best means of revealing the essential pattern.

The other matter which seems to call for a word of discussion this year is the stage of revolt against standardization noticeable among many of the younger writers. A few years ago it was quite clear what they were revolting against. They wished to be men and not machines. Now the question of what they are revolting against tends to become much more cloudy and also much more parochial.

To take the latter point first, the young American writer appears scarcely aware that the standardization against which he is protesting exists in other countries. Being an American he shares

the common American fault and believes that standardization is a purely American product. The form his revolt takes is frequently to emigrate to Paris, and to regard himself as an exile from the land of standardization. Exile is always a romantic attitude, but not necessarily a creative attitude.

One cannot help wondering why the young artist always emigrates to France nowadays. Nothing is more standardized than the Napoleonic code, which is the framework of all modern French life. Furthermore all standardization is due to the worship of machinery, and young post-war France accepts machinery joyfully and even builds an esthetic upon it. It is this young France with its esthetic of machinery with which young America in Paris finds itself most at home. The American artist who rushes to Paris is therefore in the paradoxical position of running away from standardization to embrace the machinery which has caused that standardization.

If the young American writer or painter must leave America, it would be well for him to ponder more closely his reasons for doing so and what he hopes to find on the other side. The sterile inbreeding of American art and letters in Paris at the moment is very like the sterile inbreeding of New England art and letters, which has left Boston and Concord dreaming of the past rather than creating for the future.

II

To repeat what I have said in these pages in previous years, for the benefit of the reader as yet unacquainted with my standards and principles of selection, I shall point out that I have set myself the task of disengaging the essential human qualities in our contemporary fiction, which, when chronicled conscientiously by our literary artists, may fairly be called a criticism of life. I am not at all interested in formulæ, and organized criticism at its best would be nothing more than dead criticism, as all dogmatic interpretation of life is always dead. What has interested me, to the exclusion of other things, is the fresh, living current which flows through the best American work, and the psychological and imaginative reality which American writers have conferred upon it.

No substance is of importance in fiction, unless it is organic substance, that is to say, substance in which the pulse of life is beating. Inorganic fiction has been our curse in the past, and bids fair to remain so, unless we exercise much greater artistic discrimination than we display at present.

The present record covers the period from September, 1926, to July, 1927, inclusive. During this period I have sought to select from the stories published in American magazines those which have rendered life imaginatively in organic substance and artistic form. Substance is something achieved by the artist in every act of creation, rather than something already present, and accordingly a fact or group of facts in a story only attains substantial embodiment when the artist's power of compelling imaginative persuasion transforms them into a living truth. The first test of a short story, therefore, in any qualitative analysis, is to report upon how vitally compelling the writer makes his selected facts or incidents. This test may be conveniently called the test of substance.

But a second test is necessary if the story is to take rank above other stories. The true artist will seek to shape this living substance into the most beautiful and satisfying form by skillful selection and arrangement of his materials, and by the most direct and appealing presentation of it in portrayal and characterization.

The short stories which I have examined in this study, as in previous years, have fallen naturally into four groups. The first consists of those stories which fail, in my opinion, to survive either the test of substance or the test of form. These stories are listed in the yearbook without comment or qualifying asterisk.

The second group consists of those stories which may fairly claim that they survive either the test of substance or the test of form. Each of these stories may claim to possess either distinction of technique alone, or more frequently, I am glad to say, a persuasive sense of life in them to which the reader responds with some part of his own experience. Stories included in this group are indicated in the yearbook index by a single asterisk prefixed to the title.

The third group, which is composed of stories of still greater distinction, includes such narratives as may lay convincing claim

to a second reading, because each of them has survived both tests, the test of substance and the test of form. Stories included in this group are indicated in the yearbook index by two asterisks prefixed to the title.

Finally, I have recorded the names of a small group of stories which possess, I believe, the even finer distinction of uniting genuine substance and artistic form in a closely woven pattern with such sincerity that these stories may fairly claim a position in American literature. If all of these stories by American authors were republished, they would not occupy more space than six or seven novels of average length. My selection of them does not imply the critical belief that they are great stories. A year which produced one great story would be an exceptional one. It is simply to be taken as meaning that I have found the equivalent of six or seven volumes worthy of republication among all the stories published during the period under consideration. These stories are indicated in the yearbook index by three asterisks prefixed to the title, and are listed in the special "Rolls of Honor." In compiling these lists, I have permitted no personal preference or prejudice to influence my judgment consciously. Several stories which I dislike personally are to be found on the "Rolls of Honor." The general and particular results of my study will be found explained and carefully detailed in the supplementary part of this volume.

EDWARD J. O'BRIEN.

London.

August 25, 1927.

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THE BEST SHORT STORIES OF 1927

THE RIGHT HONORABLE THE STRAWBERRIES ¹

By OWEN WISTER

(From *Cosmopolitan*)

AS I look back at his adventure among us, I can count on the fingers of one hand the occasions when his path crossed mine; between whiles, long stretches of it go out of sight—into what windings of darkness not one of the old lot at Drybone has even known to a certainty. Some of those cow-punchers were with me that first morning when he appeared out of the void. I was new to the country, still a butt for their freaks, still credulous and amazed and curious; and that morning they were showing me the graveyard. Thirty years of frontier history could be read there at a glance, and no green leaf or flower or blade of grass grew in the place.

"May my tomb be near something cheerful!" I exclaimed.

"They don't mind," said Chalkeye.

"Their mothers would," said I.

"Not the kind of mothers most of 'em probably had."

I walked off among the hollows and mounds of sand, over the sage-brush shorn by the wind. On that lone hill were headboards upright, and rotted headboards fallen on their faces. Drybone, the living town, itself already half skeleton, lay off a little way, down on the river bank. The bright sun was heating the undulated miles, which melted in more undulations to the verge of sight, and the slow warm air was strong with the spice of the sage-brush. The river below flowed soundlessly through the silence of the land.

They rode with me as I walked and paused to copy here and

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there some epitaph of a soldier when Drybone had been Fort Drybone, or of a civilian of the later day when the fort had been abandoned. Killed, most of them; few women there; one quite recent, buried at the end of a dance, where she had swallowed laudanum—so they were telling me, when they stopped to look off, down the river.

Somebody on a horse.

"Give me your glasses," said Chalkeye.

Everybody took a turn through them, while the object approached.

Chalkeye passed my glasses back to me, remarking, "He'll make you look like an old-timer."

I took my turn, and knew what he was at once.

"He's English," I told them.

He now noticed us, and began to trot.

"Hold him on, somebody!" cried Chalkeye.

"No need," said I. "That's not the first horse he has ridden."

"He's bouncing like you done at first," said Post Hole Jack.

They mentioned derisively his boots, his coat, his breeches, his hat. A shotgun gleamed across his saddle, from which some sage-chickens dangled. He had now turned off the stage road and was coming up the hill. He looked as tired as his horse. He was shaven clean and began to smile as we watched him nearing in silence.

"Made in Eton & Oxford—recently," I decided.

I saw that the sun had burned him unsparingly, that his eyes were blue and merry, his hair a sunny yellow; his smile was confiding and direct, and boyhood shone in his face—but boyhood that already knew its way about in life.

"I beg your pardon," he inquired in the light intonations of Mayfair. "I was looking for a place called Drybone. I was rather expecting to put up there. A place called Drybone."

"You've found it," said Chalkeye.

He turned to the cow-puncher with lifted brows. "I beg your pardon?"

"I said you'd found it," responded Chalkeye. "Drybone's right here."

"Oh, really? Oh, thanks!" He glanced at the graves inquiringly, and hesitated. "Oh. Really." He leaned to read the

headboard I had been copying. "Sacred to the memory of"—but there's more of the place than this, I hope?"

"A little more," said Chalkeye.

"Because they told me I could put up there"—again he glanced at the graves—"and one isn't quite ready."

"Ready?" repeated Chalkeye.

"To meet one's Maker and all that."

At these words, all in the light intonations of Mayfair, a unified, fascinated silence settled on the cow-punchers, and out of this spoke one hoarse whisper:

"What'd he say?"

"Because," the Englishman resumed with his confiding smile, "they do tell one things here. And the things are frightfully absorbing, but they're not always wholly accurate. So one can absolutely put up here without recourse to Abraham's bosom?"

"There's a hotel," I said. "I'm at it. Not ten minutes off."

At my voice he turned quickly. "Only ten minutes? How very jolly! I say, when did you arrive?"

The audience grinned; in spite of my sombrero and spurs and chaps, it was plain to him that I had arrived lately.

"This summer," I admitted with annoyance.

"But you're not English?"

"I'm from Philadelphia."

"I saw the place. Liberty Bell. I say, I could do with a bath. Five mornings now—by Jove, it's six!—with tin basins that were no better than they should be. And every jolly old towel had been trailed in ignominy. And I'm starving for a dreamless sleep. What do you do about the bugs? Well, thanks so very much."

He took the road, but not alone; escorting him trotted a hypnotized company, hanging speechless on his words.

"These," he said to me, touching the sage-chickens. "They vaguely suggest grouse. Edible? Hallo, there go some more running along!"

He was down, the reins flung over his horse's head, his gun ready.

Two birds rose and fell right and left, and he raced gleefully to pick them up. The cow-punchers looked at each other and again fixed their eyes on him.

"I say!" he cried, swinging into the saddle, "what lots of game!

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Do you produce dogs? I must manage to have a dog. Are these birds edible?"

"Those young ones," said Chalkeye. "That old one would taste strong. Better draw them now."

"Draw? Now what's that?"

"I'll show you."

"Now is this going to be one of the things they tell you?"

Chalkeye laughed joyously.

"Lying is sweeter than sin to me," he declared, "but Tuesdays I swear off." He slit the birds open and cleaned them.

"Oh, I say!" exclaimed the Englishman. "You do a neat job."

"You'll do it next time," said Chalkeye, visibly flattered. "Your stirrups are too short, but you take your saddle-horn correct. Who learned you about dropping the reins?"

"That? Oh, the consequences of not. They had warned me, but I didn't think. And so there one was."

"Where was one?"

At this note of satire, the youth's eye gave a responsive flicker. "Well, in point of fact, not anywhere at all. There's such a lot of your extraordinary country that's not anywhere at all. And so I walked, and walked, and the horse led one on and on, just out of reach, and the sun was setting, and I felt like such a silly ass. Finally some admirable people appeared above the horizon, and one was tremendously obliged to them. Of course one hasn't mastered your language yet." And the eye flickered again.

"Can you rope?" asked Chalkeye.

"Not yet. Ah, that's quite a game, isn't it!"

"I'll learn you."

"Will you really? Oh, thanks. You'll find I'm a dismal duffer at it. There's been so little chance. Only last week I was in the Pullman. That's a ghastly vehicle. A mere curtain between the world and one's true self. No country but a singularly chaste one—I'm told yours is exorbitantly chaste—would tolerate adjacent dishabille like that among the sexes. They told me Dry-bone would be a likely spot for seein' a bit of everything. I mean to say, of everything characteristic. I intend to believe faithfully all the things they tell me. It encourages them to tell

more—and that is so very apt to be characteristic. Look how the sun has cooked my absurd countenance! I must absolutely procure a hat at once—a sensible hat like yours, I mean. Does Drybone contain hats?”

Chatting along as it came into his head, he was unaware of the town till he was in it, noticed it suddenly, and stopped.

“I say!” And he stared eagerly.

“Is it characteristic enough for you?” I inquired.

He eyed the mangy parade-ground; he took in the silent barracks, the desertion, the desolation, the naked flagpole, the broken windows. New life had adopted many of the old shells. Outlaws of both sexes were snugly housed here to welcome customers. He listened while Chalkeye pointed out the principal objects of interest—the store, the hotel, the post- and stage-office, the several dens of the assorted industries. He listened, and his blue eyes shone like a child’s at a fairy-tale.

“Simply rippin’,” he murmured.

From the undulated miles that engirt us, a warm slow wind brought the fragrance of the sage-brush, wild and clean among the shells of Drybone.

He sniffed it. “Good smell, that! Bucks one up.” For a moment more he contemplated the town, stark in the sunlight, and dumb in its noontide torpor. The twinkle waked again in his eye. “From your engaging statistics,” he said to Chalkeye, “I gather that among the articles of household furniture here, one mustn’t count on meeting the cradle in any abundance?”

The eye of the cow-puncher sparkled an instant in response; then he replied dispassionately: “They claim there used to be a few. But the population always kept even, because whenever a child was born, some man left town.”

The Englishman stared in perplexity.

“Now what’s that?” And he thought hard over it. “Oh!” he cried, “I take you. Yes. A sweeping denunciation of the local morals!”

On our way across to the hotel, he was sunk in meditation, but twice muttered to himself, “Simply imperishable.” He dismounted absent-mindedly, absent-mindedly wrote his name in the greasy and inky hotel book, and absent-mindedly followed

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up the stairs the gambler who kept the establishment. From his room door he called down, "Remember, you're going to teach me how to rope."

"You bet I will!" Chalkeye called up to him. With that was sown the seed of their fateful relation.

The punchers' heads were bending over the hotel book, studying his name.

"Give me a whole day," said one, "and I couldn't learn it by heart."

"It's good for a job at the Hat Six," said the Doughgy.

"Why the Hat Six?" I inquired.

"Not a man there goes by his real name this summer."

Chalkeye ran his finger slowly beneath the new arrival's writing.

"Measure that," he ordered.

"Measure it?"

"Did you figure," demanded Chalkeye witheringly, "that any human—don't care if he is an English lord—would invent half a foot of name for daily use? It was his folks. They done that to him at baptism when he was too young to state his objections."

But the Doughgy stuck to his doubts. "If he's a lord, why does he quit his baronial castle?"

"Maybe its roof's leakin'," said Post Hole Jack.

"Maybe he's lost it at cards," suggested Hard Winter Hance. "Lords do that."

"And maybe he's just having a look at life like the rest of us," said Chalkeye contemptuously. "What are his reasons to me?"

"He's got 'em, all right," the Doughgy insisted. "You bet. Well, the Hat Six will go without letters till next mail day—I can't wait for that stage any longer." His spurs scraped jingling across the porch, he swung on his horse and was gone. They followed.

The sound of their galloping died away, their dust paled and vanished in the distance, and I loitered in the noon sun and the torpor, waiting dinner and aware of the pervading sage-brush. Who was right? I had never seen Chalkeye take to a stranger so quickly. The Doughgy could hardly know that the startling

freedom of speech in Englishmen—freedom where the American is silent—freedom as to their incomes, their families, their gayeties—can go with a fathomless reticence, deep beyond our unversed technique. The American with something behind his scenes generally lets it show through his cracks; a consummate product like this blossom of aristocracy can seem wide open yet be tight shut.

Still, he was young, he must be very young; surely too young to have something behind the scenes already! But a beautiful, consummate product, a thousand years in the making.

“Say.”

The voice came from the hotel porch; it was the landlord-gambler.

“Dinner?” I responded.

“Madden’s looking after that, I guess.”

His hotel was little to him, save to house and detain the traveler who passed—and stopped to play cards. Here often sat the big cattlemen until their thousands were gone, while lesser citizens dropped their hundreds, and the cow-puncher what his pocket still held after he had paid his visits to the women.

“Say,” the landlord repeated. “That friend of yours ain’t the love’s young dream he looks.”

Could the Doughgy be right? “Has he dealt you a hand already?” I laughed.

“No,” said the landlord reflectively. “No, he didn’t deal me any hand. At the rate he was goin’ to bed, I guess he’s asleep by now.” Further meditation led to further remarks. “He mentioned he was expectin’ his baggage by the stage. I said in that case I’d like a cash deposit. ‘How much?’ he said. ‘Twenty-five dollars,’ I said. ‘Right oh!’ was the words he used, and out comes his money. He’s got plenty. He knowed it was a week’s board and he asked for a receipt. Well, he got it off me, I was that amazed. There’s no correspondence at all between his kiss-me-good-night-mother face and his adult actions.

“Hot water’s what he wanted next, and clean sheets. He’s between them sheets now. First time I ever done such a thing. Must have been his language. Kind of stunned me. ‘Double or quits,’ says he when I come back with the hot water and found him half naked already. You’d ought to see his fancy underwear. ‘Ain’t you eatin’ dinner?’ I said, and he says, ‘I’ll eat it the day

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after to-morrow. Don't let them break my dreamless sleep! Who's your friend?"

"I've not made his acquaintance yet."

"H'm. D'you figure he's wanted where he's known?"

"More likely he's *not* wanted where he's known."

"H'm. D'you figure it's some other feller's wife?"

"They'd draw the line at her, not at him."

"Don't they draw the line for lords anywheres?"

"Oh, yes!"

While the landlord was hearing my account of where they did draw the line, a shrill Mongolian voice cried from somewhere indoors:

"Dinnes leddy!"

It was Madden, sole servant of the hotel, cook, waiter, room sweeper, bed maker, who after the day's work lost his wages regularly and incurably at every game he tried in the den.

Still the landlord stood on his porch thinking. "Say. That kid's folks raised him wrong. If they'd exposed him to the weather some, he might have been a credit to them."

"You've not mentioned what came of double or quits," I remarked.

"Ain't I? Oh, well—I don't grudge it to him. He's got his twenty-five back, and twenty-five of mine, and my receipt for a week's board."

"God bless my soul!"

"Oh, it won't be let stay with him long. When we started in to match, I said I'd take a look at his coin. He looked at me. 'Certainly,' he says, with six inches of ice on his voice; and his face got redder than his sunburn. Nothin' was wrong with the coin. 'And now,' he says, takin' another look at me, 'I'll not ask to see yours.' Funny how he made those harmless words sound, but say, how can you hit a person that's only got his underwear on? He's an adult, all right. Oh, it'll be won back off him. I guess he'll not require to be called. The cockroaches will look him up this evenin'."

I wondered a little at his way of putting it—"It'll be won." Why not say right out, "I'll win it"? If you're a professional gambler, why be sensitive?

"Dinnes leddy!" again shrieked the odd Mongolian voice.

"All right, Madden," called the landlord. "But if your friend stays among us, this lonesome country will not miss the circus to speak of."

Madden on certain nights scattered in his kitchen a powder which drove up into the bedroom above it swarms of those rushing insects that haunt sinks. When this occurred, nobody could remain long in a dreamless sleep. We should have our first circus in a few hours. To think of this cheered me throughout dinner in spite of my sullen neighbor, whose very silence was disagreeable. He was a gambler from Powder River, and he too used to win the poor Chinaman's wages. Madden's hand shook as he served him.

Yes, it was my turn to see, instead of to be, the circus. Entertainment for this lonesome country would now be furnished by another—unless he should modify himself, which Englishmen seldom do; they merely wonder why you don't. Why was he here, remote from the feudal centuries which had produced him so flawless, with his confiding smile, his wary wits, his merry blue eye, his poise, his flaxen hair, his leap at the sight of a bird to shoot, that flash of skill with a gun which there and then had won the heart of Chalkeye in spite of any outlandish fashion in speech or dress? Flawless? Or was there a flaw at which they had drawn the line? I hoped that the Doughgy was wrong—and I looked forward to the circus.

After supper, when the night's gambling had begun, my suspense increased. I played poker for a while, as usual a loser, and the man from Powder River did not grow more agreeable over the cards. I had a sense of something in the wind outside my understanding. I left the game and sat in the office by the big table, idly reading the stale newspapers strewn upon it, waiting for the cockroaches.

At length a very marked disturbance was set up above, and to my delight I heard a voice say clearly: "Why, damn it, look at that! Oh, I *say*, just look at that!"

The Englishman came down-stairs. He was barefoot, clad scantily in a garment or two, with the bedquilt clutched round him. He came without haste, candid, cheerful, self-possessed beneath his rumpled tangle of yellow hair.

"Oh, there you are! No ladies present, I hope? One couldn't

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stop up there, you know. Myriads of active creatures streaking and twinkling. A creature got in my ear and banished sleep, and I felt others hastening over me; so I lighted a lamp, and saw them rushing. Walls—pillow—myriads—they ran out of my trousers and into my boots. One positively can't stop up there."

"I couldn't," I told him; at which his blue eyes fixed me with sudden attention. "I didn't," I pursued. "I slept on this table."

"Oh. Really. Oh. One of those characteristic things! Well, it's a peerless success. But I hope that whatever others are in store will be more subtle. Where's the landlord? Would he mind if I slept on the table?" He went to the open door of the saloon. "Landlord, it's a peerless success. Would you mind if I slept on the table?"

"Sleep where it suits you, kid. But now you're awake, what's the matter with a little poker?"

"Oh, thanks so very much, no, I'm too much of a kid, if you don't mind. I'll just coil up on the table."

The special vibrations in his utterance of "kid" went home to the ears of the gamblers, a light sound of laughter at the landlord's expense rose and died.

In his quilt, the barefoot boy stood motionless, watching the dingy, dangerous group at their game. His hair and his slim, erect form were touched by the light of a lamp near him; a high lamp in the saloon shone down upon the players and their cards. Other lamps struck gleams from the thick glasses along the bar, gleams from the bottles stacked above it, and the pictures of pink women and prize-fighters flanking the bottles made patches of light on the wall. Big hats hung on nails, and their owners sat at various tables in boots and spurs and flannel shirts and leather chaps, their heads unbrushed, their necks dark and seamed, their hands knotted, scarred, their pistols visible.

He hung so long upon the scene that I thought he might be going to change his mind and join them in the name of the characteristic, but in time he turned away. Was it some trick of light and shadow? His face seemed to look as it might when he should be fifty; not because of any wrinkles, but from whatever spiritual demolition it is that age sometimes wreaks on the human countenance. It must have been a trick of the lamp; as he came forward, he was merely the serene boy that had stalked

down from the cockroaches fifteen minutes ago; and with his words, his confiding smile shone out again.

"I say! Simply rippin'! John Sargent ought to paint your friends. It would make a pair with his Spanish den of melody and sudden death one saw in Paris. But that Chinaman should keep out of it. What chance has he got in there?"

John Sargent was not yet even a name to me, and I asked no questions as the boy went on.

"Well, now for your landlord's ample hospitality on this jolly old table. I could do with a little more bedding."

He glanced alertly about the office, dragged a saddle from a corner, threw over it the saddle-blanket, stiff and odorous with sweat, and so contrived himself a pillow; he mashed and shaped the stale newspapers into a wad between his bones and the table, got up on it, and was curling himself with his back to the light when a crash in the next room, and voices of violence, and shots, brought him up sitting.

"Get down!" I said to him; and I ran out of range and crouched.

He sat on his table, gazing with an interested expression at the saloon.

"Get down! You'll be killed!" I shouted from my shelter.

He did not turn his head.

The crashes and the scuffling of boots had ceased, and only the shots rang. The duel came through the door into the office: first, the sullen man who had been at dinner, backing, aiming, firing, and so step by step to the front door. Standing a moment there, he shot, his arm swung wild and limp, he slanted backward, grabbing at the jamb, lurched and fell outward, and lay so, his boots with his spurs and long heels sticking stiffly into the room.

Gripping a peg by the door of the saloon, the landlord leaned for support, fired twice more, coughed horribly and pitched forward flat on his face as his pistol bumped a few feet across the floor. Smoke floated thick in the room, its smell bit my throat like a file, and through it I saw the boy, seated on his table still. Faces from various sides began cautiously to peep and peer. The boy moved, got down slowly, and slowly walked to the saloon door and slowly stooped down.

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"He's dead," I heard him say, almost under his breath; and I found that I was still crouching in my corner. I rose, and he noticed me. "So they meant it," he said quietly.

The peeping faces had now made sure that this affair was over, and the emptied premises were crowded for a while with neighbors who had left whatever they were doing to gather details of the incident. So it was those two! Then what was behind it? A split between partners? Or had it come up over the landlord's woman? Well, others were ready to fill the vacant situation. Maybe she'd take Jack Saunders now. Well, neither party would be missed.

And amid such dispassionate comment, both parties were lifted and carried somewhere, while Madden appeared with a bucket, and after splashing hot water on the floor, went on his knees to scrub it with true Chinese diligence. Before he was done, all neighbors had gone back to their own business, and there were the boy and I alone in the office. Neither of us had spoken while the crowd was talking, and none had spoken to us, or noticed us particularly.

"Do they always take this sort of thing as a matter of course?" he now inquired.

"I suppose so. It's my first experience."

"I say. When you told me to hook it, you know. I believed everybody was ragging for my special edification."

I smiled, and he smiled a little, too.

"I say. What would be your idea as to a good big drink?"

"So be it. On me."

"No, no. One isn't destitute. Come upstairs."

There I shared his whisky, and he shared my room. Safe from cockroaches. Destitute! An odd word.

Next day the two parties went to inhabit the graveyard, and their places in Drybone were filled by the living. Sundry horsemen ambled casually into town through this forenoon on various pretexts. Every one of them was to be seen at some time or other stooping over the hotel register, and I wondered if the boy noticed that each, before ambling out, somehow had a word or two with him.

Tom King, foreman of the V R outfit, returned to Deer Creek, disappointed not to have identified the Englishman he had once

seen at O'Neil City, Texas, dealing faro; through that day and the next, others who had met here and there similar nomads of disgrace, ambled in: the lonesome country entertained itself with no circus but with many guesses behind his back. The word he dropped out of silence the second afternoon as he smoked his pipe perhaps gave a clew to his thoughts.

"Can they always find so much spare time?"

His tone may have been a trifle lighter than common, perhaps something like a shadow was present in his eyes; I couldn't be sure, as he smoked on for a while. Destitute?

"Will Chalkeye be coming along again?" he presently asked.

"Probably for the mail, and certainly as soon as he has money to spend."

"I like Chalkeye."

He did not like the hotel, or its new proprietor gambler, Jack Saunders. This personage had exacted and promptly received a cash deposit, when the boy took steps to find a habitation of his own. He chose what remained of the old adjutant's office, out of which one good room could still be made.

"Aiming to take out naturalization papers?" Saunders inquired.

"Now there's an idea!" retorted the boy pleasantly. "To become your fellow subject one almost would."

"Citizens live here."

"Quite! I beg their eighty million pardons."

With narrowed eyes, Saunders stood for a moment, then went about his business, and the boy made some purchases for house-keeping.

"How do you swallow the filth they give you for coffee?" he asked me. "One could learn to cook as well as to rope. If ever my things do come, you'll see my room won't be half bad."

They came the following week, and his first mail came, many letters, forwarded to Cheyenne first and thence here, with a black-edged one among them. Passengers were in the office, bound north, and punchers had gathered for their mail. These watched him tear open the black-edged letter first, and after a glance, forget his surroundings. He seemed to read it twice, and stood then, holding it absently, and spoke, not to us, but to space.

"Well, I shall miss old John."

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In the silence, some boot scraped on the floor. Perhaps they were hoping for a circus.

He read the bad news again. "Only a week. And then—gone."

Among the forgotten audience, the face of Chalkeye penetrated his trance.

"John was such a jolly old sot," he confided to Chalkeye, as if the two were alone.

"There's some here," said the puncher awkwardly, "that could fill his place that way for you."

The boy did not seem to hear him.

"Of course, one wasn't going to see John again very soon, but—well, of course that's one life less between me and the strawberry leaves," he finished in a tone abruptly matter-of-fact.

Stupefaction deepened the noiselessness.

"Us Americans," said Jack Saunders, intentionally ungrammatical, "ain't never studied your foreign fruits. Was John climbin' the tree for them strawberries when he fell?"

A dark flush instantly spread over Chalkeye's face, while the boy looked somewhat long, but very amiably, at Saunders before he answered.

"Oh," he said in his lightest tone, and as if from a distance, "John was my brother, you see."

If this was a circus, it was not he that furnished it. The stage was ready, its passengers left for the north, most of the cow-punchers rode away, and anyone who had come in now to join the few of us that remained, could not have read in the boy's recovered aspect anything of the shock which had been for a brief space too much for him.

Chalkeye failed to suppress his customary thirst for information.

"About the strawberry leaves. Would you object to telling some more? Don't, if you do."

"Very glad to. One forgets. If you Americans only spoke a language entirely your own, it wouldn't be so baffling. You're so absurdly like us at odd moments, and so inconceivably not at others—you've not, for instance, inherited certain ancient—suppose we say habits? Such as the eldest son. Call it a bad habit if you like, but there it is!—and you were a bit slow in getting rid of your own bad habit of slavery, weren't you? Now I'm

rather fond of our ancient habits, and yet I've always been a younger son."

"But you're not now that—that—he's gone?"

"John? Oh, yes, I am." Here he turned to me and forgot the cow-punchers, speaking to me as if we were alone. "John was next above me, and such a dear fellow. We hunted pleasures in couples through the London night. Happy times! The Criterion after the theaters, and all that, you know. I couldn't carry my wine like John, but I shouldn't ever in my most careless moments ever have brought a poll to our house in Portman Square. I never saw the pater so waxy. That simply isn't done, you know. Granville's next above John. Bowls, and not bad at the wicket. Chandos is next above Granville. He got a blue. He's secretary to Lord Lyons, at our embassy in Paris. Wymford's rather political—makes speeches and all that. Of course, Wymford isn't his own father. What's the matter?" he asked, for Chalkeye had raised a pleading hand.

"We're beginners," said the puncher. "You'll have to make the strawberries easier."

"Oh. Wymford is the eldest son's title in our family. He'll drop it when he succeeds. One's parents," he continued to me, again leaving the rest out, "were absurdly prolific. If he had met us, Wordsworth would never have stopped his poem at seven, because I'm the eleventh and last, and he could have so readily changed the meter. Wymford—his name is Charles—was the first-born. His title came into the family—but I'll skip that—he'll have the strawberry leaves when he succeeds the pater. If he were to die, my brother Ronald, the next son, would have them. I don't want to bore you," he said to the others.

"You don't. Go on, Prince."

"Not even baronet! Well. How to simplify? How to sketch? Well, it's like this."

They attended closely to his brief account of titles, coronets, emblems, the general scheme of the British peerage.

"I suppose it all sounds awfully odd to you. But it's rather natural to us."

"Is it nine," asked Post Hole Jack, "nine that's ahead of you still? Those strawberries will be ripe."

"Nine? Nine lives? But, my dear sir, one has sisters."

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"Don't the girls get any?"

"Dear me, no! Fancy women in the Lords!"

"Then," pursued Post Hole Jack, "you're nothing at all?"

"Nothing but just that." And he displayed to us in turn his name on his letters. As the Doughgy looked at it, the boy looked at him with his confiding smile and said, "I fancy you may have noticed it already in the hotel register."

Triumph gleamed in the glance that Chalkeye gave the embarrassed Doughgy, who slowly mumbled the name aloud.

The boy laughed out again. "The family would never suspect you meant me if you said it like that," and he pronounced it correctly. "Of course we don't spell it so."

"What's the point?" asked Jack Saunders; and at his tone Chalkeye looked sharply at him.

"Oh," replied the boy with his voice light and distant, "no point. It's merely the right way."

"In America," said Saunders, "we tell how to say a word by its spelling."

"But do you so invariably? One's train on a Thursday morning was in a place they called O-h-i-o, and by Friday afternoon they were calling it I-o-wah. Now what have I said?" he asked me.

The general explosion which burst out immediately upon his words drowned the explanation I attempted.

"Well," he said, looking on at our mirth, "it's very pleasant to excite all this cheer. At home one never aroused so much."

The wild joy of living now seized the cow-punchers suddenly. They swung on their horses and galloped through Drybone with shouts and pistol-shots. At this disturbance, a few faces looked out to see if anything unusual was the matter, found nothing, and disappeared. Saunders walked back to his hotel, and it seemed as if a cloud had gone with him.

"An extraordinary country," said the boy to me as we watched the rushing medley of horsemen. "I like them. I like them very much. Will they come back today?"

They came back in a few minutes, soothed and quiet, and meanwhile I had explained Ohio to him.

"Gentlemen," he said, "have one on Ohio. Is that good American?"

We were soon standing along the nearest bar.

"How!" said Post Hole Jack, and "How!" said they all.

"Here's to the Right Honorable Alphabet Strawberries."

"The fall round-up is pretty near due," said Chalkeye, "and I'll be too busy to call him all that every time I want to speak to him. Here's to Strawberries."

"Now, you can get a job at the Hat Six," said the Doughgy.

Well, that is the first circus he provided for the lonesome country, and that is how he got his name. Through the weeks following, it fastened upon him, and through the succeeding years he went by no other. He took no job at the Hat Six, or anywhere; at not infrequent intervals, money came to him, always spent soon, often unwisely, seldom on others; like his kind he was close with his cash, and he did not modify this or any other of his native habits. He borrowed readily, paid back casually, yet his pleasant and fearless readiness covered his shortcomings. By his extravagance he kept himself habitually behind, which did not weigh upon him heavily.

Civilized comforts and objects gradually filled his room, where hung hunting-crops, sporting trophies, with the photographs of his past; handsome folk, all with the look of his race, urbane and arrogant, men young and old, and two or three beautiful women, with their names written across the pictures in firm round English hands. When need of money pressed him hard, he would raffle a pipe, or a scarf, or one of the civilized objects admired by Drybone and its vicinity. The lonesome country accepted him, liked him; and one there had become his sponsor and wished to be his mentor.

"Are you acquainted with many of those English aristocrats?" Chalkeye asked one day.

"With very few."

We were gathering stock through the high draws of Casper Mountain, not long before I was to go home. The leaves of the quaking aspens glorified the slopes and splashed the ridges with gold. Among them down below, the boy came for a moment into sight, looking for a white-tailed deer.

"They claim families like his were families before America was discovered," pursued Chalkeye.

"Quite a number were."

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"So those dukes and lords have been seeing life for hundreds of years."

"They certainly have."

Chalkeye communed with his thoughts for a while. "He never touches a card," he presently said.

"What's your point?"

"Nothing much. Only with his other goings on, you'd think he'd enjoy that too."

"Too?"

The puncher laughed a little. "He told me lately that he was not my business."

"Said it?—just like that?"

"Said it without words. I don't want him to get into trouble with Jack Saunders."

Then I saw it in a flash; I had been quite blind to it.

"Yes," said Chalkeye, "it's her that got widowed by that last shooting at the hotel. She prefers to console herself with Strawberries. Well, in her place so would I. Jack is fifty, and washes Saturday nights, which for him is insufficient. D'you figure his folks back in England are really paying him to keep away?"

"Looks like it."

"Poor kid!" Chalkeye fell silent, ruminating. "A better bluff I've never seen."

A small bunch of cattle occupied us before he resumed.

"But now and then—well, now and then he forgets to keep it up, and a man can see he has been through something." The puncher ruminated again. "I made a little talk to Jack. I guess there's talks he has liked better, but I guess maybe he'll bear it in mind."

How deeply the gambler bore it in mind was not made clear that day, or for many days.

A shot far down below startled us unreasonably.

"Hark!" said Chalkeye.

We reined in and listened; no further sound broke upon the great stillness of the mountains.

"He has got his deer!" I declared confidently.

"He has got his deer!" repeated Chalkeye cheerfully; and we rode down to see, driving the cattle before us through the silence which our unspoken thoughts rendered needlessly ominous.

Strawberries had got his white-tailed deer with one bullet, well-placed just behind the shoulder; we had been right; it was merely this; yet that shot has left a mark in my memory, as many a trivial event will do when it is embedded among somber recollections.

As we came near with our cattle, Strawberries was kneeling to skin and dress his game, and he glanced up at Chalkeye. In his eye I caught it then, caught what I should have missed but for that recent word of the cow-puncher's, the sort of look which an enterprising child will turn upon a restraining nurse. "He told me lately that he was none of my business." Chalkeye had expressed it perfectly.

On the trail to camp, a rain came thick and sudden upon us out of a canyon, and this furnished our cattle an excellent pretext to break and scatter. Strawberries was after them instantly.

"Let him do it by himself!" Chalkeye commanded me. "See him get his slicker on! Ain't he learning quick? I'll make a dandy puncher of him!" He watched his apt and active pupil critically. "He'd ought to have gone round them willows the other side. Well, what'd you know about that! Did you notice the way he headed that Goose Egg heifer off at the creek?"

Certainly it was all neatly and swiftly done; a better job than any of my attempts, in spite of my three-months' start; and the remark of the late landlord's came to me as he stood on his porch that first morning and reflected on the boy's parents. "If they'd exposed him to the weather some," said he, "he might have been a credit to them."

That had been merely one instance of how this flaxen-haired aristocrat could disarm the cattle-country's rooted distrust of his kind without lifting a finger, without even noticing it; and without the visible lift of a finger he had beckoned to him the late landlord's woman. So much better to have done without her, to have let Jack Saunders have her!

He was now in front of us, driving the collected cattle along the wet trail. The cloud of storm and thunder had gone prowling along the farther hills, the sage-brush gave forth its sharpened pungency to the sky, and the boy, as he passed an Indian paint-brush flaming by the trail, swung down and snapped its blossom off in his hand.

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"He might be one of us," said Chalkeye.

"Never," I said to myself. How should Chalkeye, or any of them, discern the line which Strawberries drew between himself and their equality? Or understand that the true aristocrat always is the best democrat, because he is at his ease with everybody, and makes them so with him?

"Only maybe," continued the puncher, to my surprise, "he can't forget his raising."

Perhaps Strawberries seemed more nearly to forget his raising one early morning soon after this than at any other time I can recall. It was at breakfast in the next camp to which we moved, while he was in the act of learning from the cook how to toss flapjacks. Watching the performance sat various cow-punchers in a circle, and Chalkeye as he passed by stopped and gave vent to a prolonged, joyous and vibrating shout.

Strawberries paused with his ladle in mid-air. "Now why exactly do you do that?" he inquired.

"Can't seem to help it," responded the cow-puncher. "It's just my feelings. When I look at that"—he swept his arm toward the splendid plains and the hills glowing in the sun—"well, I want to swallow it, and I want to jump on a horse and dive into it." He drew in a huge breath and became lyric. "It makes a man feel like he could live the whole of himself at onced. I'd like to have ten fights, and ten girls, and ten drinks, and I'd come pretty near enjoying sudden death."

"So would I!" exclaimed the boy; and he sprang to his feet. "Let's all howl together! Now!" and he waved his ladle. "One, two, three!"

All of us had jumped up, and in unison we gave forth the full power of our lungs in that crystal air that was like creation's first light. Three hawks sailed out of some pines above, several cattle stampeded below in the sage-brush, the team tried to run away with the wagon, and two or three punchers who were throwing the herd off the bed-ground came galloping in.

And yet Strawberries, when bored or displeased, could withdraw his voice to a great distance. He withdrew it after we had reached Drybone, and with a chill that made the shrewdness of Chalkeye's doubt as to his being able to forget his raising very

marked indeed. As we rode to the post-office, all the dark causes of what was to happen in its due season were present and visible: lust of the flesh, a bully's vindictiveness, human frailty, and protecting friendship.

The widow was standing at a door, and she exchanged a glance of understanding with her preferred lover, who had been absent for many days; Saunders was coming along with a saddled horse at which I noticed Chalkeye was staring. Here were all the causes, needing only the right chance to get them in motion. It took its time to arrive, and on this particular occasion the lonesome country was merely provided with another circus.

The horse was for sale. Strawberries had owned two horses for some time, but he had been looking for a third, with a view to training him to jump. He thought that the neighborhood afforded opportunities for arranging a steeplechase course with but small effort. Steeplechasing would be a desirable addition to the country's pleasures. Here, in the opinion of Saunders, was just the animal for Strawberries, and a bargain.

"Then he can jump?" the boy inquired.

"He can jump, all right," drawled the gambler, which set a bystander laughing.

Neither Strawberries nor I had been long enough in the country to interpret this laughter. And yet—something was in the air, at least, so it seems in the strange afterglow of retrospect.

Strawberries looked the horse over with a practiced eye.

"I'll get on him."

"Don't get on him," said a peremptory voice.

At this, everybody stared. It was Chalkeye who had spoken out thus, unwarrantably. He got a very ugly look from Saunders, but from Strawberries he received the perfection of disdain.

"I beg your pardon. Did you speak?" That was when his voice came from extreme remoteness.

"I said not to get on that horse."

If Strawberries had been fully determined not to get on, naturally this would have been more than enough to make him change his mind. He dismounted from his own horse with careful deliberation and walked to the bony animal that Saunders held, a roan with a Roman nose and a watching eye.

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"Take your medicine, then," muttered Chalkeye gruffly.

Then I guessed what the matter was, and knew that this was the horse that went by the name of Calamity.

It was quite admirable to see how the boy sat the bucking beast after Saunders had let him go. I should have been flung off in a moment. The struggle began amid expectant silence, the ancient instinct with which Rome watched the gladiator; but when the boy's pluck and skill had held out longer than their expectation, voices broke out here and there calling instructions to him.

The horse went through his list of contortions. Arching his back like a cat, he jumped in the air, landed like lead and shook himself as a dog coming out of the water, reared gigantically, stood on his front legs and kicked his hind ones, sprang forward with a dozen jolting spasms, whirled aside, reared again—until the boy was shot off into the dust, from which he did not rise.

Chalkeye carried him to his room of luxury among the photographs and soft skins and rugs, and put him on his bed, and got his clothes off; while the widow stood by, useless, lamenting, in the way, crying out that if the boy died she would kill Jack Saunders, she would.

"That'll be my job," said Chalkeye quietly. "Get some water and shut your mouth."

She carried out the first part of this direction; the rest was quite beyond her powers. She was a pretty girl, and still young, with an aspect which told plainly what sort of widow she was—quite the ordinary specimen of her kind. She meant no mischief, but she loved to burst on people with explosive news; and so on her errand for the water her tongue was free, and all Drybone learned of Chalkeye's intention. Except that she sowed a few more seeds for the future harvest, I don't think she did any harm. Saunders wished no trouble with Chalkeye; the cow-puncher had too many friends; and no steps had to be taken unless Strawberries died.

Strawberries did not die. After lying unconscious for two days, he opened his eyes and quietly remarked:

"Leon-i-das
On a one-eyed ass."

This was a quotation. He did not go on with it; he shut his eyes and seemed to fall away from life again. I suppose that poem must have been the last thing in his mind before his concussion. Some hours later, Chalkeye came in from the round-up for news. At the opening of the door, Strawberries waked and surveyed us, and after a time asked languidly:

"Am I a one-eyed ass?"

Chalkeye looked at me in alarm. "Good God!" he whispered.

In the face in the bed appeared a flicker of the confiding smile.

"Am I in the hands of God? Is it as bad as that?"

"You'll get well," stated Chalkeye, instantly reassured. "And you be quick about it. When the round-up's over, the boys want you to go on an elk hunt with them."

So that circus ended happily, and the lonesome country liked Strawberries better than ever. And before the boys went on their elk hunt, he received an unusual honor.

It was remembered that he was interested in the characteristic. Now a stranger had come through the country some weeks ago, and after displaying very marked and exceptional ability by selling the same stolen horses to a succession of different purchasers, had thoughtfully sought another neighborhood. But here it seemed that his skill had fallen short. A conversation stopped abruptly upon my entrance to the cabin of luxury one afternoon. Some ranch owners whom I knew slightly sat there and looked at me and said the weather was fine.

If Strawberries was aware that they did not wish me to know what they had been saying to him, he chose to disregard it.

"Then you mean," said he, "that you're bringing me an invitation?"

"You're the only outsider that's in the party," said one visitor.

"There'd be no outsider," added another, "only he has went too far, and deserves no consideration."

"Of course you'll not speak of this," said a third, to me.

"But you say you haven't caught him yet," said Strawberries.

"We have him located."

"He might give you the slip, you know."

"I guess you can leave that to us."

"And am I to start at the post and be in at the finish?"

"That was our idea."

Strawberries shook his head in silence.

They rose.

"You understand," said one, "it's the rule of the game. He knows the rules, he took his chances. That man is too tough for this country. We've got it to do. You understand?"

"Oh, quite, quite! Don't apologize."

"We're not apologizing to anybody."

"I do!" exclaimed Strawberries quickly. "I shouldn't have said that. It was rotten. And thanks so very much. And in your place, possibly, you know, I—but it's not quite the same thing, is it? So you won't mind?"

If Strawberries ever adopted the custom of the country enough to take part in a lynching, it was not in Wyoming. What he may have done elsewhere lies beyond my knowledge in the many regions where his wanderings took him. That visit, when the ranchmen sat in his cabin and showed him this peculiar mark of their esteem, was my last sight of him at this stage of his career, the last, that is, of any consequence.

I was gone when the elk hunt came off, and no tidings of Strawberries reached me in the East for several months, when friends in Cheyenne wrote asking me what I knew about him. There it was again, the Doughgy's doubt on that first day, forgotten as we grew accustomed to Strawberries! Well, at Cheyenne and at the various ranches of my friends to whom he now paid long visits, it became forgotten in the same way.

The next thing was a newspaper clipping. "Popular Peer Pushes Polo," was its skillful caption. It was mailed me by a ranch friend on the Chugwater. The same friend gave me news of the popular peer when we met at Harvard on Commencement Day. At the Cheyenne Club, on the Chugwater, at Bordeaux, wherever Strawberries went, and he seemed to have gone everywhere in Wyoming, he first raised doubts and then won hearts; and the doubts were forgotten.

The college graduates who had ranches in the country encouraged his long visits, even though they knew he made them to save expense, and even though at the Cheyenne Club on the rare occasions when he ordered a drink, it was seldom for anyone but

himself; I have said that he modified nothing. Nobody minded this in an Englishman; they were glad to pay for his drinks, they owed him so much.

His energy didn't stop with the polo he organized—at that time a complete novelty; in the following years he carried out his plan for a steeplechase, and another newspaper cutting came to me in the East. "Swell Snugly Sits Saddle." He sat it in several places, for on my next visit to Drybone, three summers later, he was staying with the cavalry officers at Fort McKinney, and had started them steeplechasing on Clear Creek.

"But none of us can make him touch a card," said my friend of the Cheyenne Club on Commencement Day.

"He never does at Drybone," said I.

He never did anywhere. I saw him often during those years, but there's nothing to tell of our meetings; he had become an institution. Drybone remained his headquarters, but sometimes I found him at Cheyenne, where he would lie in bed at the club for two days at a time remarking that if I would tell him something to get up for, he would do it. Then his energy would come uppermost, and it would be polo, or steeplechasing, or a journey to Montana for greyhounds to course antelope with (this was a failure), or an extended hunt for elk in the fall or for bear in the spring.

Yes, he was an institution; the sight of him had grown so familiar to the country that it was only now and then that the mystery of his unexplained coming was remembered. His money continued to arrive regularly, and a sporting paper he called the *Pink Un*; and almost every mail brought him letters that bore English stamps; and these he seemed always to answer within a day or two, giving a long morning to it among his photographs and souvenirs. If I came in at these times, he would look up from his writing, and I knew that he wished to be alone by the very civility of his "Oh, it's you! Come in." And as I went out, his apology followed—"If you don't mind."

That's one picture of him I retain: the latest *Pink Un* lying near him, his elbows spread flat out, his head near the blue blotting-paper, his flaxen hair rumpled in the effort of composition; and on the walls around him, those faces of handsome, arrogant men and women, distant and impassive. What was in those let-

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ters? Questions about sisters, horses, dogs, home? Messages to old companions? Was he gazing through bars at sunlight while he bent over the blotting-paper?

"D'you figure he's got a life sentence!" said the Doughgy to Chalkeye one day. "D'you figure they'll commute for good conduct? Or will they let him back on parole?"

"I ain't figuring at all," said Chalkeye. "It's his present I'm vouching for, not his past or his future. And I've given all men notice to that effect."

"Hump!" laughed the Doughgy. "You needn't get so hot about it." And he protracted his teasing. "I expect," said he in a tone of judicial thought, "lords and barons and high-ups like that don't condescend to take notice of what low-downs like you and me think of their morals."

"Since when have you been practicing morals?"

"Oh, I don't practice 'em or preach 'em, any more than you. But we haven't had his advantages."

A light broke on me, and I addressed the Doughgy. "Do you mean to say that Drybone blames Strawberries for doing just what it does itself?"

"I don't mean to say anything," laughed the Doughgy. "But would he do it at home?"

In that word lay the pith of the matter. The widow, whenever Strawberries went away, had always moved from the hotel into his cabin by way of taking care of it during his absence, and moved out upon his return, but when he had returned this spring, she had remained. Now, although Drybone hadn't a moral to its back, this indifference to appearances in a visitor who would respect them in his own country—weren't the free-born citizens of Drybone the equals of any English subject?

"I see your point," I said gravely to the Doughgy, "though I never met this particular assertion of democratic faith before. But after all, there's a proverb that when you're in Rome, you do as Rome does."

"It don't apply," retorted the Doughgy. "Oh, well," he added, "this country would forgive him a lot more than that." And he dropped his mischievous banter, which had been entirely to reach Chalkeye through one of the few joints in his armor.

In this it was quite successful and it left Chalkeye moody; and

a prolonged silence on his part ended in his remarking when the Doughgy had gone: "He says he doesn't expect to stay here forever."

"Strawberries says?"

"Yes. It was the other day when I told him he'd ought to send his woman back to the hotel. I wish she had taken Jack Saunders."

"Then the Doughgy was right!"

"Damn the Doughgy. I guess Strawberries is figuring that it has lasted—his stay, I mean—a pretty long while now, and maybe back in his home they'll agree some day that it has been long enough. Especially if they're told by reliable parties that he never——" Chalkeye stopped abruptly and reverted to the widow. "Of course there's never any use me telling him to do or to quit doing a thing," he finished, moody again. "But," he asserted presently, "he'll work through. That boy'll hold on."

A chance word will sometimes wake us up to unsuspected thoughts. When he said that the boy would work through, he said it to help himself to believe it, and it disclosed to me that a question had been buried alive in my mind ever since Strawberries had taken to lying in bed all day at the Cheyenne Club. Was Strawberries, anchored no longer to his home restraints, drifting toward the rocks? There had been more than playfulness in the Doughgy's banter; Drybone might forgive the boy this and that, but we began to hear that the wives of some of the cattlemen had requested their husbands not to bring him to their ranches any more. I don't know whether he ever got word of this or not; but in looking back on it all today, it is easy to see that this point is where the sky of Strawberries and of Chalkeye, his loyal sponsor, who was vouching for his present, began to grow overcast.

The Doughgy was reading the latest Cheyenne paper at the hotel. "Hello," said he, "here's another swell Englishman coming our way."

"One of 'em's already more'n I have use for," remarked Jack Saunders, who was dealing cards to himself because there was no one else to deal them to.

The Doughgy grinned at the gambler. "I wouldn't be anxious. This new one ain't likely to wreck your new home."

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"What's his name?" asked Saunders with indifference as he continued to deal.

"Let's see, what was it?" said the Doughgy. "His name's Deepmere."

Saunders grunted, and the Doughgy read more items until he had read them all. "Wonder if Strawberries knows him," he remarked.

To this there was not even a grunt in response, and the Doughgy lounged out of the hotel. He met Strawberries in a few minutes and told him the news.

"Deepmere coming!"

And so Strawberries did know him; after that exclamation, he went straight to the hotel. He borrowed the paper and pored over the brief paragraph. He might have been learning the words by heart; but when he looked up, his eyes seemed to be staring at a host of memories, and he sat motionless for a long time, keeping his unconscious hand over the paper where he had laid it on the broad table.

From that same table he had watched the shooting on the night of his arrival; today, with many another experience between, through years of unspoken endurance that the recording angel would surely take into account when his sins should come to be weighed, the experience of a great emotion was breaking like waves against his spirit. I went out of the office, for although he had himself so well in hand that no stranger would have been arrested by his aspect, for me it seemed like peeping through the keyhole to be near him during that inward storm.

Afterward, just as after his trance in the post-office when he had held the black-edged letter in his hand, he grew loquacious and animated. Even his appearance became more like the boy he had been, and less like the visibly coarsened man he had become.

"That's Deepmere," he said to me the next day in his cabin.

I had often looked at the photograph; a youth in his early twenties, of much the same age as Strawberries had been when he appeared to us in the graveyard that sunny morning in the distant past, while the sage-brush smell was flowing in from the warm, undulated miles. I looked very closely at the face of Deepmere now; handsome, arrogant, impassive: it did not answer

the question I was asking; no more did any of those faces on his walls, all handsome, arrogant, impassive.

"We were both at the House," said Strawberries. "Went up together."

So they had been collegemates at Oxford; and I told this to the Doughgy.

The Doughgy asked the same question which I had asked of the impassive photographs.

"D'you figure Deepmere's looking forward to meetin' his old friend?"

Some other one of the cow-punchers present rounded this out. "And is the old friend impatient to wring Deepmere's hand?"

Different voices spoke various surmises, until Chalkeye said:

"I guess this country don't need any foreigner to tell it what it thinks on any subject."

They united on that. Drybone was not interested in British opinion of Strawberries.

"But," said the Doughgy, "how about it if Strawberries happens to be interested in British opinion?"

Their curiosity was not idle, but it was less keen than mine; and not even to me was the matter of such crucial moment as it was to Chalkeye: the sponsor's concern for the welfare of his pupil had become a part of his life. I don't know what he might not have done if he had witnessed the meeting which too many of us did see, and which gave the answer to our question. Had nobody been present, or if Strawberries had only avoided the meeting—but why speculate? The exile craved an answer too hungrily, suspense had gone beyond further endurance; that must come to an end; and I am pretty sure that he had grown to believe what he desired to believe, and had persuaded himself that after three years it was all right, it would end well. Chalkeye missed the worst.

Until I reflected that of course Deepmere, having stopped at Cheyenne, was prepared, would not be taken by surprise at coming face to face with Strawberries in this far corner of the earth, I marveled at a performance so perfect. A group lounged in the office waiting for mail; the rattle of the stage brought them as usual to the door to watch its arrival. The stage drove up, the brake scraped against the tire, the mail-sack was flung

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down, and as the single passenger stepped to the ground, Strawberries appeared out of the office and spoke lightly and casually:

"What are you doing here?" The casualness was well managed; not a hint of anything out of the common; they might have dined together last night.

The passenger looked at Strawberries blank and straight with an empty eye, as if he was not there.

"Does one get dinner here?" he inquired of everybody in general.

"Dinnes leddy!" screamed Madden from the hotel porch.

"Somewhere to wash, I suppose?" said the passenger, again most impersonally; and walked off.

That was all. A few seconds did the whole of it; not much longer than it needs to whip out a weapon and kill a man. Unbroken silence continued as Deepmere departed, followed by many eyes that could not look at Strawberries. By the sound of his steps, and next by the distant slam of a door, it was known that he had betaken himself to his cabin.

In there, the photographs awaited him, those handsome, arrogant faces, looking at him out of his past. He knew now what they thought of him; their message had been clearly delivered by his old college friend. When the witnesses of that meeting had shuffled awkwardly into the post-office, while the mail was being distributed they began to mutter their opinions of the old college friend, whom the stage presently took across the bridge to Buffalo; but I doubt if their indignation or their sympathy would have brought much comfort to Strawberries in this hour of his blasting disillusion: the only backing that he craved had been denied him forever.

What could have been in those long letters that he sent home? Had he actually written himself into a belief that the hour was on the way when the ban would be lifted? Nobody will ever know. And what was in the letters that came to him? These went on coming, but never again was Strawberries seen to answer them.

How could he bring himself to remain at the scene and with the witnesses of his repudiation? Why did he not leave Drybone and go—anywhere—so long as it was among strangers? Perhaps

Chalkeye hit the truth when he said that Strawberries had found out where his real friends were.

For a week he kept wholly to himself; and this seclusion was respected by those same witnesses whose eyes had looked away from him at the post-office. No word of his ever gave a hint of what was in his mind during this time. Was it a spiritual wrestling match, and did his better self make a stand, even though the door of hope had been shut in his face?

At any rate, at the end of those seven days of isolation, he strolled casually into the hotel one evening, spoke to those he met as if nothing had happened, lounged in the office awhile reading the latest papers, and then strolled on into the gambling saloon, bought some chips and sat down to the game.

I have never seen a cat when, after long patience at a mouse-hole, the mouse appears; but that is what Jack Saunders made me think of as he watched Strawberries enter the door of his den. His eye changed, a sudden light seemed to fill it, and then his usual look of indifference returned. The momentary flare was nothing that the ordinary onlooker would notice, any more than he would see significance in the step Strawberries had taken.

One or two were there who remarked that they had always thought cards were against his principles, but that they must have been mistaken, for he was evidently at home in drawing and betting; with faro likewise he proved familiar; later, he acquired what Drybone could teach him, and taught Drybone some games of chance not in vogue there.

It was Chalkeye, whom I met one night over at Point of Rocks on my way to the railroad and the East, who read deeper. He had been for a "whirl" in Cheyenne, as he expressed it; and after hearing from me the latest news of the country, he began to talk slowly, with many pauses; and it was curious how he began.

"I could have made a dandy cattleman out of him," he said, "if he was going to stay in the country." He did not name Strawberries. It was the way you refer to the dead sometimes, soon after their death.

"Perhaps you will do it yet," said I.

"No." There was a long pause. "Does he win or lose?"

"Both."

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"Does he play every night?"

"He's at it whenever I drop in."

"What does he do all day?"

"Lies in bed. Gets up at card time."

"Wins, you say?"

"Off and on."

"Saunders will get everything he has." There was another long pause. "You'd think he'd tear those photographs up. They've got no use for him. What use has he got for them any more?"

"Well," said I, "they're likely to be all he will ever see of home."

After an interval, Chalkeye said: "I expect you and I don't need to guess what the trouble was."

This was the plainest word about it he had ever spoken. Silence was my answer to it, and in further silence we sat for a while; I grieved for Chalkeye—he was cut to the depths.

"What is your idea?" he presently asked.

"Why, just that."

"I mean, was it a first offense? Would they come down so hard on just one slip?"

"How should I know?"

"D'you figure that fellow Deepmere represents general opinion?"

"How can I know that, either?"

"D'you figure it has broken his nerve?"

"Why did he begin again?"

"I wonder if he has spotted what kind of game he's buckin'."

We asked each other more questions like these, which neither of us could answer; it was a way of thinking aloud together. Then Chalkeye drew out a folded handkerchief and showed me a letter it held.

"I was going to get you to put your name to that."

I read:

"To all whom this may concern:

"We the undersigned desire to state that during the several years we have been acquainted with the bearer, we have never seen him take part in any gambling game, or known of his doing so. His strict abstention from all such pursuits has been con-

spicuous in a community where card games are a general practice. We have found the gentleman uniformly companionable, manly and upstanding."

To this document many signatures were appended—the names of all the leading men in the country were there.

"They shaped that up for me at the Cheyenne Club," Chalkeye explained. "I got them to do it after that Deepmere fellow had acted that way to him. They claimed it wouldn't do any good. But I thought that if he wanted to go home it might help him some."

He took the letter from my hand and was going to tear it up.

"Oh, no!" said I. "It may come in yet, somehow."

He shook his head, but put the paper back in its handkerchief.

"Most folks," he pursued, "can drink safely. Now and then you meet some poor fellow that can't. One glass of anything starts him off, and the day comes when stopping has got beyond him, and the only way for him is never to touch it. Cards are the same with some. Strawberries knew that, you see. And I was betting on him. But his old friend Deepmere happened along. How could you foresee . . ." The cow-puncher's voice failed him, and he paused a moment. "Well," he resumed with regained control, "I could have made a dandy cattleman out of him. Well, guess I'll hit the hay."

That was the last that I saw of Chalkeye for six months.

I came up the river in the stage, and there waiting for me was what I had missed in cities every day—the air, the light, the mountains, the open world, the welcome of the sage-brush smell; even a look at the graveyard would have pleased me, but we passed the turnout to it, and I was actually glad to see the horrible hotel. Nothing was changed in Drybone—save the luck of Strawberries.

It was the Doughgy who greeted me with the odd news that Strawberries had suddenly begun to win more than he lost. During the winter he had descended through ups and downs to the bottom of pennilessness; he had parted with one possession after another; he had sold everything that anyone would buy; he had pledged his remittances in advance; he had raffled his three horses; he was afoot. To be sure, the Doughgy continued,

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this made small matter to a man in bed all day and at cards all night.

The boys were sorry for him. His woman stuck to him. She was just as crazy about him as the first day. She paid the bills when his credit was gone. How she got the money, several could explain. He was still in deep, but last week Jack Saunders had come back from a visit to Laramie and found Strawberries was winning. Not every night. Madden won off him, but he won more off Madden.

It was ups and downs again, but the ups had it.

"Sounds like a fever chart," said I.

"Fever, all right!" the Doughgy laughed. "Severe case. Madden makes a man think some."

"Another severe case," said I; at which the Doughgy gave me a singular stare.

I saw Strawberries once in this hour of his luck, before going to a ranch for a couple of days. His face had become the blighted countenance which had turned toward me like an apparition on that night of his arrival, after he had been staring in at the gambling den. The fever had burned his youth, and more than his youth, away; if you did not look twice, you would hardly see that he had been a gentleman.

A sudden turn of luck, and at this late day? Two and two can readily be put together, if you have the key. I thought of Saunders and the cat and the mouse. Nothing seemed to fit; yet Strawberries winning seemed of darker portent than Strawberries losing. And then, when I was again in Drybone, Chalkeye unlocked the mystery. I was writing letters up in my room at the hotel, and he walked in without knocking and sat on the edge of my bed.

"I am getting Strawberries out of the country tonight," said he, very quietly, keeping his eye on his boots. That put the two and two together: a new offense, and caught in it here, as at home.

"But," I said, "didn't he know that Jack Saunders was certain to see through it?"

"He knew. But he didn't know about Madden."

"Madden!" I exclaimed. "Madden!"

"Not so loud. Have you supposed the Chink keeps losing his wages for nothing?"

The pen fell from my hand, and I listened to him, dazed.

"Four or five are in it. Do you remember that man from Powder River, and the shooting? He had been dissatisfied with the division of spoils. None of that gang is slicker than the Chink. They got tired waiting, so they greased the slide."

"Cat and mouse," I murmured.

"Sure. And his girl was the mouse. She had known the old ways of the establishment. They figured she would be fool enough to think no changes had been made. Jack went to Laramie, Madden played being busy over his wash—well, she found the cards where they wanted her to find them." Chalkeye sighed. "I'll give you all the particulars tomorrow—the time is short."

"You mean," said I, beginning to see through it, "Strawberries fixed those cards and she put them back?"

Chalkeye nodded. "Jack can pay up old scores now. When Strawberries comes to the game tonight, Jack is going to kill him. It's safe because"—here Chalkeye's voice was very quiet—"Strawberries has been winning from some of the boys who trusted him." After a pause, in which he seemed to sum up and select what more he would say, he added in a voice that was strangely toneless: "I don't want Strawberries killed. We are going to where I have told him a woman was buried with her jewels. I've said it would be death if they caught us. He'll dig. He'd never have stooped so low, once. Then I've fixed up a fake alarm. He'll go. He'll stay gone, I guess. I guess," Chalkeye concluded. "Strawberries would have held on if Deepmere hadn't happened along."

"None of this appeals to me very much," I said. "Why invent—"

"Do you think it appeals to me?" he interrupted, flaming into sudden violence. "Find a better way."

"Let him have the truth."

The puncher's eyes fell, and by that I read his heart.

"Not easy for you," I pursued, touching his knee, "but surely better for him?"

Still he held his eyes averted. He was bent over with trouble. "I couldn't be sure—" he began; he left it unsaid, and again

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I read his heart. To let the man he had loved and vouched for have the truth was a bitterness beyond his courage, and worse still, he feared there was not enough man left in Strawberries to stand up to it and kill, or be killed. By his fantastic scheme of the jewels, he had provided a way out. But what a way!

"I'd let it alone," said I.

"No, you wouldn't."

He walked out without another word, and I listened to the slow and heavy tread of his boots down the stairs.

I sat with my pen in hand, writing nothing and forgetting time, while the day faded; until Madden called loudly from below that I would soon be too late for supper.

The day grew wholly dark, the lamps burned in the saloon, shining on the stacks of bottles and the pictures of pink women; and the usual group, with a few stray players, gathered at the tables. The sound of chips and of the voices betting was very distinct in the quiet house. The breath of the sage-brush, the breath of the wilderness, the eternal, impassive witness of our deeds and lives, came through the open door.

I saw Jack Saunders look up and then continue his game. Some time elapsed, and he looked up again, watching the door; this time he whispered some impatient word to his neighbor, and the playing went on. It was a good hour later that something far off made one listen, and I saw the head of Saunders jerk up quickly. There were shots very distant; that was all; and once again the gambler muttered to his neighbor.

This time he did not resume playing, but sat scowling at the door. The figure he watched for did not come.

A sort of dreariness dulled me, thinking it all over; it was all degraded and dreary; and I got up to go to bed. As I crossed the office, the girl entered and went straight to the saloon door. By her theatrical pose it was plain that the lust for telling sensational news was on her—but Saunders spoke first.

"To hell with *you*," said he. "Where's the tame pet you're keeping?"

Then she had her triumph and her climax; and her voice rose to the level of it.

"Gone where you'll never get him, Jack Saunders! Chalkeye has got you fooled!"

The gambler sprang up and listened to nothing more. While she continued ranting to her heart's content, he dragged on his chaps, snatched his quirt, buckled his holster, and would have been out to get his horse, but Chalkeye stood in the office. Saunders shot so quickly that I did not see him fire; and almost as quickly the puncher shot back. I think both missed; but neither stopped.

They passed me and went out of the house. I heard them as they moved through the dark, firing, and I heard myself counting the shots mechanically; they seemed to cut a trail in the night, they went on and on; and when they ceased, I had forgotten how many I had counted. I was standing in the office where I had been when it began; I had not moved a step.

No one else was in the house, and now I remembered that I had seen them running by. I remained quite still, and next saw the Doughgy at the door.

"Chalkeye is dead," said he. "Both are dead. Maybe you would like to come up and help fix Chalkeye."

"Come up?"

"Saunders ran from him when he found he was hit. Chalkeye followed him up-stairs to his woman's room. He shot Chalkeye from the floor."

The puncher lay across the threshold, a wound through his breast, the only one. Somewhere in the back of the room people were attending to Saunders—I didn't notice. The Doughgy and I did not touch Chalkeye at once; we stood and looked at his quiet face. There was no violence in it; he lay in a sort of dignity, and there was a grace in the repose of his long arms.

It may have been minutes that we stood looking at the face.

"He thinks it is just as well," said the Doughgy. "He had changed a heap. Dying would not have suited him a little bit, once. He loved living up to the hilt. Better company I never traveled with. Gosh, how he could ride. Yes, these last years had changed him. It must be tough to see the apple of your eye go rotten."

Something in the dead man's pocket caught my sight, and I stooped and pulled out a handkerchief and unfolded a letter and handed it to the Doughgy. It was not too stained to be read, and the Doughgy began aloud, "To all whom this may concern," and then read silently; but when he had gone a few lines he turned

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his head away, and I took the sheet from his hand as he walked to the window and stood with his back to me looking out into the darkness.

So these two also went to the hill of upright and fallen head-boards. At the end of the burying, the Doughgy and I lingered in the sun and the silence, looking off at the undulating miles.

"Do you remember the morning when Strawberries came up the river and Chalkeye borrowed your glasses?"

"Oh, yes. I remember."

"They say the Elkhorn railroad will get as far as this next year," said the Doughgy. "Good-by, Old West. I shouldn't wonder if I pulled my freight for a new country one of these days."

He did; and from him in California, I had two of the three glimpses of Strawberries I still have to tell, after his path wound away from mine. Once from Redlands the Doughgy wrote me that he had seen Strawberries clerking in the What Cheer House, in that town. Strawberries had not seen him; and soon after had lost this job. Again the Doughgy wrote during the days when the Western Pacific was being constructed across Nevada.

"I was getting good pay as foreman of a bridge gang," he said; "and one night I went to the honkatonk to spend some and make a night of it. Strawberries was pounding a piano as professional player for a roomful of drunken girls with their men. I didn't spend my money. I went out."

My last news was in 1910, when I ran up the river from Cheyenne in a flivver. Two railroads had come. There was a new town called Casper. Drybone had long been wholly abandoned. There were oil claims. Along the river where the sage-brush had grown and the cattle had been rounded up were fields and fruit and fences: not everywhere: but it was gone, the true, real thing was gone. The scenery was there, but the play was over.

Just a touch, a whiff of the past met me as we crossed La Parelle creek. We came to some high sage-brush along a bottom, and I smelled it, and one of those sudden cravings for days bygone rushed over me—to hunt, to camp, to revel in young joys; I longed to speak some magic word and evoke the golden years—no others—and live them again, and then pass on, or pass out, or whatever follows this. We came to the turnout for the grave-

yard. It was visible still, but I did not wish to look at that. Then we reached what had been Drybone.

"I'll get out here," I said to the young, green chauffeur.

"There's nothing here."

"I know. There used to be. Wait here."

I walked through weeds, and splinters of sheds, and rusted objects. Three boards of the hotel were standing. Part of the post-office was there. The cabin of luxury was fairly whole, and all around it gleamed empty tin cans. There was a door; and when I saw that, I walked up and opened it.

He was lying in bed, reading a paper.

"Oh, there you are!" he said.

So he had come back, actually summoned by that same Past which we had shared for a while, the Past where his real friends had been! I liked this remnant of the man better than ever I had liked the man.

"Thank God somebody has come to lunch," said he. "Now I'll have to get up and cook something."

This he did; and for an hour we talked about anything to keep off the one thing in our minds. The photographs were there. I suppose the widow had sent things after him. And now he lay in bed and ate tinned food, unless company happened by.

The young, green chauffeur came to see what had become of me, and as I was walking away, Strawberries stood in his door.

"It all used to be very jolly," he said.

I nodded and walked on.

"I say," he called.

I turned. There he stood, and into his face came a something that recalled the old smile like a pressed flower.

"Chalkeye was a good fellow, you know."

"Yes."

"I liked Chalkeye."

"Yes."

"I suppose you're thinking he was a better fellow than me?"

"Yes."

"Right."

THE KILLERS¹

By ERNEST HEMINGWAY

(From *Scribner's Magazine*)

THE door of Henry's lunch-room opened and two men came in. They sat down at the counter.

"What's yours?" George asked them.

"I don't know," one of the men said. "What do you want to eat, Al?"

"I don't know," said Al. "I don't know what I want to eat."

Outside it was getting dark. The street-light came on outside the window. The two men at the counter read the menu. From the other end of the counter Nick Adams watched them. He had been talking to George when they came in.

"I'll have a roast pork tenderloin with apple sauce and mashed potato," the first man said.

"It isn't ready yet."

"What the hell do you put it on the card for?"

"That's the dinner," George explained. "You can get that at six o'clock."

George looked at the clock on the wall behind the counter.

"It's five o'clock."

"The clock says twenty minutes past five," the second man said.

"It's twenty minutes fast."

"Oh, to hell with the clock," the first man said. "What have you got to eat?"

"I can give you any kind of sandwiches," George said. "You can have ham and eggs, bacon and eggs, liver and bacon; or a steak."

"Give me chicken croquettes with green peas and cream sauce and mashed potatoes."

"That's the dinner."

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"Everything we want's the dinner, eh? That's the way you work it."

"I can give you ham and eggs, bacon and eggs, liver—"

"I'll take ham and eggs," the man called Al said. He wore a derby hat and a black overcoat buttoned across the chest. His face was small and white and he had tight lips. He wore a silk muffler and gloves.

"Give me bacon and eggs," said the other man. He was about the same size as Al. Their faces were different, but they were dressed like twins. Both wore overcoats too tight for them. They sat leaning forward, their elbows on the counter.

"Got anything to drink?" Al asked.

"Silver beer, Bevo, ginger ale," George said.

"I mean you got anything to drink?"

"Just those I said."

"This is a hot town," said the other. "What do they call it?"

"Summit."

"Ever hear of it?" Al asked his friend.

"No," said the friend.

"What do you do here nights?" Al asked.

"They eat the dinner," his friend said. "They all come here and eat the big dinner."

"That's right," George said.

"So you think that's right?" Al asked George.

"Sure."

"You're a pretty bright boy, aren't you?"

"Sure," said George.

"Well, you're not," said the other little man. "Is he, Al?"

"He's dumb," said Al. He turned to Nick. "What's your name?"

"Adams."

"Another bright boy," Al said. "Ain't he a bright boy, Max?"

"The town's full of bright boys," Max said.

George put the two platters, one of ham and eggs, the other of bacon and eggs, on the counter. He set down two side-dishes of fried potatoes and closed the wicket into the kitchen.

"Which is yours?" he asked Al.

"Don't you remember?"

"Ham and eggs."

"Just a bright boy," Max said. He leaned forward and took the ham and eggs. Both men ate with their gloves on. George watched them eat.

"What are *you* looking at?" Max looked at George.

"Nothing."

"The hell you were. You were looking at me."

"Maybe the boy meant it for a joke, Max," Al said.

George laughed.

"*You* don't have to laugh," Max said to him. "*You* don't have to laugh at all, see?"

"All right," said George.

"So he thinks it's all right." Max turned to Al. "He thinks it's all right. That's a good one."

"Oh, he's a thinker," Al said. They went on eating.

"What's the bright boy's name down the counter?" Al asked Max.

"Hey, bright boy," Max said to Nick. "You go around on the other side of the counter with your boy friend."

"What's the idea?" Nick asked.

"There isn't any idea."

"You better go around, bright boy," Al said. Nick went around behind the counter.

"What's the idea?" George asked.

"None of your damn business," Al said. "Who's out in the kitchen?"

"The nigger."

"What do you mean the nigger?"

"The nigger that cooks."

"Tell him to come in."

"What's the idea?"

"Tell him to come in."

"Where do you think you are?"

"We know damn well where we are," the man called Max said. "Do we look silly?"

"You talk silly," Al said to him. "What the hell do you argue with this kid for? Listen," he said to George, "tell the nigger to come out here."

"What are you going to do to him?"

"Nothing. Use your head, bright boy. What would we do to a nigger?"

George opened the slit that opened back into the kitchen. "Sam," he called. "Come in here a minute."

The door to the kitchen opened and the nigger came in. "What was it?" he asked. The two men at the counter took a look at him.

"All right, nigger. You stand right there," Al said.

Sam, the nigger, standing in his apron, looked at the two men sitting at the counter. "Yes, sir," he said. Al got down from his stool.

"I'm going back to the kitchen with the nigger and bright boy," he said. "Go on back to the kitchen, nigger. You go with him, bright boy." The little man walked after Nick and Sam, the cook, back into the kitchen. The door shut after them. The man called Max sat at the counter opposite George. He didn't look at George but looked in the mirror that ran along back of the counter. Henry's had been made over from a saloon into a lunch-counter.

"Well, bright boy," Max said, looking into the mirror, "why don't you say something?"

"What's it all about?"

"Hey, Al," Max called, "bright boy wants to know what it's all about."

"Why don't you tell him?" Al's voice came from the kitchen.

"What do you think it's all about?"

"I don't know."

"What do you think?"

Max looked into the mirror all the time he was talking.

"I wouldn't say."

"Hey, Al, bright boy says he wouldn't say what he thinks it's all about."

"I can hear you, all right," Al said from the kitchen. He had propped open the slit that dishes passed through into the kitchen with a catsup bottle. "Listen, bright boy," he said from the kitchen to George. "Stand a little further along the bar. You move a little to the left, Max." He was like a photographer arranging for a group picture.

"Talk to me, bright boy," Max said. "What do you think's going to happen?"

George did not say anything.

"I'll tell you," Max said. "We're going to kill a Swede. Do you know a big Swede named Ole Andreson?"

"Yes."

"He comes here to eat every night, don't he?"

"Sometimes he comes here."

"He comes here at six o'clock, don't he?"

"If he comes."

"We know all that, bright boy," Max said. "Talk about something else. Ever go to the movies?"

"Once in a while."

"You ought to go to the movies more. The movies are fine for a bright boy like you."

"What are you going to kill Ole Andreson for? What did he ever do to you?"

"He never had a chance to do anything to us. He never even seen us."

"And he's only going to see us once," Al said from the kitchen.

"What are you going to kill him for, then?" George asked.

"We're killing him for a friend. Just to oblige a friend, bright boy."

"Shut up," said Al from the kitchen. "You talk too goddam much."

"Well, I got to keep bright boy amused. Don't I, bright boy?"

"You talk too damn much," Al said. "The nigger and my bright boy are amused by themselves. I got them tied up like a couple of girl friends in the convent."

"I suppose you were in a convent."

"You never know."

"You were in a kosher convent. That's where you were."

George looked up at the clock.

"If anybody comes in you tell them the cook is off, and if they keep after it, you tell them you'll go back and cook yourself. Do you get that, bright boy?"

"All right," George said. "What you going to do with us afterward?"

"That'll depend," Max said. "That's one of those things you never know at the time."

George looked up at the clock. It was a quarter past six. The door from the street opened. A street-car motorman came in.

"Hello, George," he said. "Can I get supper?"

"Sam's gone out," George said. "He'll be back in about half an hour."

"I'd better go up the street," the motorman said. George looked at the clock. It was twenty minutes past six.

"That was nice, bright boy," Max said. "You're a regular little gentleman."

"He knew I'd blow his head off," Al said from the kitchen.

"No," said Max. "It ain't that. Bright boy is nice. He's a nice boy. I like him."

At six-fifty-five George said: "He's not coming."

Two other people had been in the lunch-room. Once George had gone out to the kitchen and make a ham-and-egg sandwich "to go" that a man wanted to take with him. Inside the kitchen he saw Al, his derby hat tipped back, sitting on a stool beside the wicket with the muzzle of a sawed-off shotgun resting on the ledge. Nick and the cook were back to back in the corner, a towel tied in each of their mouths. George had cooked the sandwich, wrapped it up in oiled paper, put it in a bag, brought it in, and the man had paid for it and gone out.

"Bright boy can do everything," Max said. "He can cook and everything. You'd make some girl a nice wife, bright boy."

"Yes?" George said. "Your friend, Ole Andreson, isn't going to come."

"We'll give him ten minutes," Max said.

Max watched the mirror and the clock. The hands of the clock marked seven o'clock, and then five minutes past seven.

"Come on, Al," said Max. "We better go. He's not coming."

"Better give him five minutes," Al said from the kitchen.

In the five minutes a man came in, and George explained that the cook was sick. "Why the hell don't you get another cook?" the man asked. "Aren't you running a lunch-counter?" He went out.

"Come on, Al," Max said.

"What about the two bright boys and the nigger?"

"They're all right."

"You think so?"

"Sure. We're through with it."

"I don't like it," said Al. "It's sloppy. You talk too much."

"Oh, what the hell," said Max. "We got to keep amused, haven't we?"

"You talk too much, all the same," Al said. He came out from the kitchen. The cut-off barrels of the shotgun made a slight bulge under the waist of his too tight-fitting overcoat. He straightened his coat with his gloved hands.

"So long, bright boy," he said to George. "You got a lot of luck."

"That's the truth," Max said. "You ought to play the races, bright boy."

The two of them went out the door. George watched them through the window pass under the arc-light and cross the street. In their tight overcoats and derby hats they looked like a vaudeville team. George went back through the swinging door into the kitchen and untied Nick and the cook.

"I don't want any more of that," said Sam, the cook. "I don't want any more of that."

Nick stood up. He had never had a towel in his mouth before.

"Say," he said. "What the hell?" He was trying to swagger it off.

"They were going to kill Ole Andreson," George said. "They were going to shoot him when he came in to eat."

"Ole Andreson?"

"Sure."

The cook felt the corners of his mouth with his thumbs.

"They all gone?" he asked.

"Yeah," said George. "They're gone now."

"I don't like it," said the cook. "I don't like any of it at all."

"Listen," George said to Nick. "You better go see Ole Andreson."

"All right."

"You better not have anything to do with it at all," Sam, the cook, said. "You better stay way out of it."

"Don't go if you don't want to," George said.

"Mixing up in this ain't going to get you anywhere," the cook said. "You stay out of it."

"I'll go see him," Nick said to George. "Where does he live?" The cook turned away.

"Little boys always know what they want to do," he said.

"He lives up at Hirsch's rooming-house," George said to Nick.

"I'll go up there."

Outside the arc-light shone through the bare branches of a tree. Nick walked up the street beside the car-tracks and turned at the next arc-light down a side street. Three houses up the street was Hirsch's rooming-house. Nick walked up the two steps and pushed the bell. A woman came to the door.

"Is Ole Andreson here?"

"Do you want to see him?"

"Yes, if he's in."

Nick followed the woman up a flight of stairs and back to the end of a corridor. She knocked on the door.

"Who is it?"

"It's somebody to see you, Mr. Andreson," the woman said.

"It's Nick Adams."

"Come in."

Nick opened the door and went into the room. Ole Andreson was lying on the bed with all his clothes on. He had been a heavyweight prizefighter and he was too long for the bed. He lay with his head on two pillows. He did not look at Nick.

"What was it?" he asked.

"I was up at Henry's," Nick said, "and two fellows came in and tied up me and the cook, and they said they were going to kill you."

It sounded silly when he said it. Ole Andreson said nothing.

"They put us out in the kitchen," Nick went on. "They were going to shoot you when you came in to supper."

Ole Andreson looked at the wall and did not say anything.

"George thought I better come and tell you about it."

"There isn't anything I can do about it," Ole Andreson said.

"I'll tell you what they were like."

"I don't want to know what they were like," Ole Andreson said. He looked at the wall. "Thanks for coming to tell me about it."

"That's all right."

Nick looked at the big man lying on the bed.

"Don't you want me to go and see the police?"

"No," Ole Andreson said. "That wouldn't do any good."

"Isn't there something I could do?"

"No. There ain't anything to do."

"Maybe it was just a bluff."

"No. It ain't just a bluff."

Ole Andreson rolled over toward the wall.

"The only thing is," he said, talking toward the wall, "I just can't make up my mind to go out. I been in here all day."

"Couldn't you get out of town?"

"No," Ole Andreson said, "I'm through with all that running around."

He looked at the wall.

"There ain't anything to do now."

"Couldn't you fix it up some way?"

"No. I got in wrong." He talked in the same flat voice. "There ain't anything to do. After a while I'll make up my mind to go out."

"I better go back and see George," Nick said.

"So long," said Ole Andreson. He did not look toward Nick. "Thanks for coming around."

Nick went out. As he shut the door he saw Ole Andreson with all his clothes on, lying on the bed looking at the wall.

"He's been in his room all day," the landlady said downstairs. "I guess he don't feel well. I said to him: 'Mr. Andreson, you ought to go out and take a walk on a nice fall day like this,' but he didn't feel like it."

"He doesn't want to go out."

"I'm sorry he don't feel well," the woman said. "He's an awfully nice man. He was in the ring, you know."

"I know it."

"You'd never know it except from the way his face is," the woman said. They stood talking just inside the street door. "He's just as gentle."

"Well, good night, Mrs. Hirsch," Nick said.

"I'm not Mrs. Hirsch," the woman said. "She owns the place. I just look after it for her. I'm Mrs. Bell."

"Well, good night, Mrs. Bell," Nick said.

"Good night," the woman said.

Nick walked up the dark street to the corner under the arc-light, and then along the car-tracks to Henry's eating-house. George was inside, back of the counter.

"Did you see Ole?"

"Yes," said Nick. "He's in his room and he won't go out."

The cook opened the door from the kitchen when he heard Nick's voice.

"I don't even listen to it," he said, and shut the door.

"Did you tell him about it?" George asked.

"Sure. I told him but he knows what it's all about."

"What's he going to do?"

"Nothing."

"They'll kill him."

"I guess they will."

"He must have got mixed up in something in Chicago."

"I guess so," said Nick.

"It's a hell of a thing."

"It's an awful thing," Nick said.

They did not say anything. George reached down for a towel and wiped the counter.

"I wonder what he did?" Nick said.

"Double-crossed somebody. That's what they kill them for."

"I'm going to get out of this town," Nick said.

"Yes," said George. "That's a good thing to do."

"I can't stand to think about him waiting in the room and knowing he's going to get it. It's too damned awful."

"Well," said George, "you better not think about it."

ANOTHER WIFE¹

By SHERWOOD ANDERSON

(From *Scribner's Magazine*)

HE thought himself compelled to say something special to her—knowing her—loving her—wanting her. What he thought was that perhaps she wanted him too, or she wouldn't have spent so much time with him. He wasn't exactly modest.

After all he was modest enough. He was quite sure several men must have loved her and thought it not unlikely she had experimented with at least a few of them. It was all imagined. Seeing her about had started his mind—his thoughts—racing. "Modern women, of her class, used to luxuries, sensitive, are not going to miss anything, even though they don't take the final plunge into matrimony as I did when I was younger. The notion of sin has more or less been taken out of that sort of thing. What you try to do, if you are a modern woman with any class to you, is to try to use your head."

He was forty-seven and she ten years younger. His wife had been dead two years.

For the last month she had been in the habit of coming down from her mother's country house to his cabin two or three evenings a week. She might have invited him up the hill to the house—would have invited him oftener—but that she preferred having him, his society, in his own cabin. The family, her family, had simply left the whole matter to her, let her manage it. She lived in her mother's country house with the mother and two younger sisters—both unmarried. They were delightful people to be with. It was the first summer he had been up in that country and he had met them after he took the cabin. He ate at a hotel nearly a half-mile away. Dinner was served early. By getting right back he could be sure of being at home if she decided to stroll down that way.

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Being with her, at her mother's house with the others, was fun, of course, but some one was always dropping in. He thought the sisters liked to tease her and him by arranging things that would tie them down.

It was all pure fancy, just a notion. Why should they be concerned with him?

What a whirlpool of notions were stirred up in him that summer by the woman! He thought about her all the time, having really nothing else to do. Well, he had come to the country to rest. His one son was at a summer school.

"It's like this—here I am, practically alone. What am I letting myself in for? If she, if any of the women of that family, were of the marrying sort, she would have made a marriage with a much more likely man long ago." Her younger sisters were so considerate in their attitude toward her. There was something tender, respectful, teasing, too, about the way they acted when he and she were together.

Little thoughts running in his head. He had come to the country because something inside him had let down. It might have been his forty-seven years. A man like himself, who had begun life as a poor boy, worked himself up in his profession, who had become a physician of some note—well, a man dreams his dreams, wants a lot.

At forty-seven he slumps off.

You won't get half, a third of what you wanted, in your work, in life. What's the use going on? These old men who keep on striving like young men, what about them? They are a little childlike, immature really.

A great man might go on like that, to the bitter end, to the brink of the grave, but who, having any sense, any head, wants to be a great man? A great man may be just an illusion in people's minds. Who wants to be an illusion?

Thoughts like that, driving him out of the city—to rest. God knows it would have been a mistake if she hadn't been there. Before he met her and before she got into the unwomanly habit of coming to see him in his own cabin during the long summer evenings, the country, the quiet of the country, was dreadful.

"It may be she only comes down here to me because she is bored. A woman like that, who has known many men, brilliant

men, who has been loved by men of note. Still, why does she come? I'm not so gay. It's sure she doesn't think me witty or brilliant."

She was thirty-seven, a bit inclined to extremes in dress, plump, to say the least. Life didn't seem to have quieted her much.

When she came down to his cabin, at the edge of the stream facing the country road, she dropped onto a couch by the door and lit a cigarette. She had lovely ankles. Really, they were beautiful ankles.

The door was open and he sat by a chair near a table. He burned an oil-lamp. The cabin door was left open. Country people went past.

"The trouble with all this silly business about resting is that a man thinks too much. A physician in practice—people coming in, other people's troubles—hasn't time."

Women had come to him a good deal—married and unmarried women. One woman—she was married—wrote him a long letter after he had been treating her for three years. She had gone with her husband to California. "Now that I am away from you, will not see you again, I tell you frankly I love you."

What an idea!

"You have been patient with me for these three years, have let me talk to you. I have told you all the intimate things of my life. You have been always a little aloof, wise."

What nonsense! How could he have stopped the woman's talking intimately? More of that sort of thing in the letter. The doctor did not feel he had been specially wise with the woman patient. He had really been afraid of her. What she thought was aloofness was really fright.

Still, he had kept the letter—for a time. He destroyed it finally because he did not want it to fall accidentally into his wife's hands.

A man likes to feel he has been of some account to some one.

The doctor sat in the cabin, the new woman near him. She was smoking a cigarette. It was Saturday evening. People—men, women, and children—were going along the country road toward the mountain town. Presently the country women and

children would be coming back without the men. On Saturday evenings nearly all the mountain-men got drunk.

You come from the city and, because the hills are green, the water in mountain streams clear, you think the people of the hills must be at the bottom clear and sweet.

Now the country people in the road were turning to stare into the cabin at the woman and the doctor. On a previous Saturday evening, after midnight, the doctor had been awakened by a noisy drunken conversation carried on in the road. It had made him tremble with wrath. He had wanted to rush out into the road and fight the drunken countrymen, but a man of forty-seven . . . The men in the road were sturdy young fellows.

One of the men was telling the others in a loud voice that the woman now on the couch near the doctor—that she was really a loose city woman. He had used a very distasteful word and had sworn to the others that, before the summer was over, he intended having her himself.

It was just crude drunken talk. The fellow had laughed when he said it and the others had laughed. It was a drunken man trying to be funny.

If the woman with the doctor had known—if he had told her? She would only have smiled.

How many thoughts about her in the doctor's head! He felt sure she had never cared much what others thought. They had been sitting like that, she smoking her after-dinner cigarette, he thinking, but a few minutes. In her presence thoughts came quickly, dancing through his head. He wasn't used to such a multitude of thoughts. When he was in town—in practice—plenty of things to think of other than women, being in love with some woman.

With his wife it had never been like that. She had never excited him, except at first, physically. After that he had just accepted her. "There are many women. She is my woman. She is rather nice, does her share of the job"—that sort of an attitude.

When she had died it had left a gaping hole in his life.

"That may be what is the matter with me."

"This other woman—a different sort surely. The way she dresses, her ease with people. Such people, having money always,

from the first, a secure position in life—they just go along, quite sure of themselves, never afraid.”

His early poverty had, the doctor thought, taught him a good many things he was glad to know. It had taught him other things not so good to know. Both he and his wife had always been a little afraid of people—of what people might think—of his standing in his profession. He had married a woman who also came from a poor family. She was a nurse before she married him. The woman now in the room with him got up from the couch and threw the end of her cigarette in the fireplace. “Let’s walk,” she said.

When they got out into the road and had turned away from the town and her mother’s house, standing on a hill between his cabin and town, another person on the road behind might have thought him the distinguished one. She was a bit too plump—not tall enough—while he had a tall, rather slender figure and walked with a free, easy carriage. He carried his hat in his hand. His thick graying hairs added to his air of distinction.

The road grew more uneven and they walked close to each other. She was trying to tell him something. There had been something he had determined to tell her—on this very evening. What was it?

Something of what the woman in California had tried to tell him in that foolish letter—not doing very well at it—something to the effect that she—this new woman—met while he was off guard, resting—was aloof from himself—unattainable—but that he found himself in love with her.

If she found, by any odd chance, that she wanted him, then he would try to tell her.

After all, it was foolish. More thoughts in the doctor’s head. “I can’t be very ardent. This being in the country—resting—away from my practice—is all foolishness. My practice is in the hands of another man. There are cases a new man cannot understand.”

“My wife who died—she didn’t expect much. She had been a nurse, was brought up in a poor family, had always had to work, while this new woman . . .”

There had been some kind of nonsense the doctor had thought he might try to put into words. Then he would light out, get

back to town, back to his work. "I'd much better light out now, saying nothing."

She was telling him something about herself. It was about a man she had known, and loved perhaps.

Where had he got the notion she had had several lovers? He had merely thought—well, that sort of woman—always plenty of money—being always with clever people.

When she was younger she had thought for a time she would be a painter, had studied in New York and Paris.

She was telling him about an Englishman—a novelist.

The devil—how had she known his thoughts?

She was scolding him. What had he said?

She was talking about such people as himself, simple, straight, good people, she called them, people who go ahead in life, doing their work, not asking much.

She, then, had illusions as he had.

"Such people as you get such ideas in your heads—silly notions."

Now she was talking about herself again.

"I tried to be a painter. I had such ideas about the so-called big men in the arts. You, being a doctor, without a great reputation—I have no doubt you have all sorts of ideas about so-called great doctors, great surgeons."

Now she was telling what had happened to her. There had been an English novelist she had met in Paris. He had an established reputation. When he seemed attracted to her she had been much excited.

The novelist had written a love-story and she had read it. It had just a certain tone. She had always thought that above everything in life she wanted a love-affair in just that tone. She had tried it with the writer of the story and it had turned out nothing of the sort.

It was growing dark in the road. Laurels and elders grew on a hillside. In the half-darkness he could see faintly the little hurt shrug of her shoulders.

Had all the lovers he had imagined for her, the brilliant, witty men of the great world, been like that? He felt suddenly as he had felt when the drunken countrymen talked in the road. He

wanted to hit some one with his fist, in particular he wanted to hit a novelist—preferably an English novelist—or a painter or musician.

He had never known any such people. There weren't any about. He smiled at himself, thinking: "When that countryman talked I sat still and let him." His practice had been with well-to-do merchants, lawyers, manufacturers, their wives and families.

Now his body was trembling. They had come to a small bridge over a stream, and suddenly, without premeditation, he put his arm about her.

There had been something he had planned to tell her. What was it? It was something about himself. "I am no longer young. What I could have to offer you would not be much. I cannot offer it to such a one as yourself, to one who has known great people, been loved by witty, brilliant men."

There had no doubt been something of the sort he had foolishly thought of saying. Now she was in his arms in the darkness on a bridge. The air was heavy with summer perfumes. She was a little heavy—a real armful. Evidently she liked having him hold her thus. He had thought, really, she might like him but have at the same time a kind of contempt for him.

Now he had kissed her. She liked that too. She moved closer and returned the kiss. He leaned against the bridge. It was a good thing there was a support of some sort. She was sturdily built. His first wife, after thirty, had been fairly plump, but this new woman weighed more.

And now they were again walking in the road. It was the most amazing thing. There was something quite taken for granted. It was that he wanted her to marry him.

Did he? They walked along the road toward his cabin and there was in him the half-foolish, half-joyful mood a boy feels walking out in the darkness the first time, alone with a girl.

A quick rush of memories, evenings as a boy and as a young man remembered.

Does a man ever get too old for that? A man like himself, a physician, should know more about things. He was smiling at himself in the darkness—feeling foolish, feeling frightened, glad. Nothing definite had been said.

It was better at the cabin. How nice it had been of her to have

no foolish, conventional fears about coming to see him! She was a nice person. Sitting alone with her in the darkness of the cabin he realized that they were at any rate both mature—grown up enough to know what they were doing.

Did they?

When they had got to the cabin it was quite dark and he lighted an oil-lamp. It all got very definite very rapidly. She had another cigarette and sat as before, looking at him. Her eyes were gray. They were gray, wise eyes.

She was realizing perfectly his discomfiture. The eyes were smiling—being old eyes. The eyes were saying: "A man is a man and a woman a woman. You can never tell how or when it will happen. You are a man, and, although you think yourself a practical, unimaginative man, you are a good deal of a boy. There is a way in which any woman is older than any man and that is the reason I know."

Never mind what her eyes were saying. The doctor was plainly fussed. There had been a kind of speech he had intended making. It may have been he had known, from the first, that he was caught. "O Lord, I won't get it in now."

He tried, haltingly, to say something about the life of a physician's wife. That he had assumed she might marry him, without asking her directly, seemed a bit rash. He was assuming it without intending anything of the sort. Everything was muddled.

The life of a physician's wife—a man like himself—in general practice—wasn't such a pleasant one. When he had started out as a physician he had really thought, some time, he might get into a great position, be some kind of a specialist.

But now—

Her eyes kept on smiling. If he was muddled she evidently wasn't. "There is something definite and solid about some women. They seem to know just what they want," he thought.

She wanted him.

What she said wasn't much. "Don't be so foolish. I've waited a long time for just you."

That was all. It was final, absolute—terribly disconcerting too. He went and kissed her, awkwardly. Now she had the air that had from the first disconcerted him, the air of worldliness. It

might not be anything but her way of smoking a cigarette—an undoubtedly good, although rather bold, taste in clothes.

His other wife never seemed to think about clothes. She hadn't the knack.

Well, he had managed to get her out of his cabin. It might be she had managed. His first wife had been a nurse before he married her. It might be that women who have been nurses should not marry physicians. They have too much respect for physicians, are taught to have too much respect. This one, he was quite sure, would never have too much respect.

It was all, when the doctor let it sink in, rather nice. He had taken the great leap and seemed suddenly to feel solid ground under his feet. How easy it had been!

They were walking along the road toward her mother's house. It was dark and he could not see her eyes.

He was thinking—

"Four women in her family. A new woman to be the mother of my son." Her mother was old and quiet and had sharp gray eyes. One of the younger sisters was a bit boyish. The other one—she was the handsome one of the family—sang negro songs.

They had plenty of money. When it came to that his own income was quite adequate.

It would be nice, being a kind of older brother to the sisters, a son to her mother. O Lord!

They got to the gate before her mother's house and she let him kiss her again. Her lips were warm, her breath fragrant. He stood, still embarrassed, while she went up a path to the door. There was a light on the porch.

There was no doubt she was plump, solidly built. What absurd notions he had had!

Well, it was time to go on back to his cabin. He felt foolishly young, silly, afraid, glad.

"O Lord—I've got me a wife, another wife, a new one," he said to himself as he went along the road in the darkness. How glad and foolish and frightened he still felt! Would he get over it after a time?

VIENNA ROAST¹

By HAROLD W. BRECHT

(From *Harper's Magazine*)

I USED to eat lunch at Mike's Arcadia Café, on Sixth Street, Philadelphia, one of those little restaurants where one can lunch completely, if not wisely, for thirty cents, or even a quarter, by foregoing the luxury of dessert. It was a noisy, uninviting place, always permeated with the stale odor of cooking; its only decoration a United States flag and a Greek flag crossed on the wall. It did not even boast chairs; we sat upon a cunningly devised but uncomfortable system of stools which swung out from beneath the bare wooden tables. But it was always crowded, on account of its cheapness, its clientèle drawn from the business houses of the neighborhood, a flotsam of under-clerks, janitors, and bookkeepers tossed up to bolt their lunches between twelve and one, and then disappear. They were harassed, shabby little men, and they had in common, I thought, an expression of worry and discouragement, as though their efforts to live on their salaries were almost too much for them. Everything about them spoke of low wages and a dejected struggle for existence; there was an almost tangible atmosphere of mediocrity and failure.

We who were Mike's regular patrons sat as often as possible at the same table, and we exercised strict proprietary rights over the seats which it had become our daily habit to occupy. If some newcomer, ignorant of the etiquette of the Arcadia, were on our stool we usually waited until he finished, and when we were forced to journey to another apparently similar table we went resentfully, feeling that we were leaving a friendly, familiar environment for one that was alien and disagreeable.

By this means we ate day after day in the same company, but

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we did not talk much with one another. The waitress would be greeted with "Hello, Maggie, wotcha got good to-day?" or sometimes, by those whom Maggie called great kidders, with remarks like, "Where was yuh last night, Maggie? I had a date with yuh." We would laugh, above the rattle of the knives and forks, and some one might add, "Damn fine girl, Maggie." The remainder of our hurried meals was usually passed in silence; if we did talk, it had to be against the noise of dishes slammed and our orders shouted and repeated.

I don't know how long I sat at Maggie's table, the one nearest the door, before I became acquainted with Mr. Canby. I was first led to notice him because he took no part in our major topic of conversation, the one subject we had which could be depended on to prove enthralling, no matter how frequent its recurrence—our bad luck, the injustice of the fate which had condemned us to our present jobs and to the Arcadia. We would speak of men who had made great sums of money quickly and easily, and by comparing ourselves to them we could see that they were our superiors only in luck. "There's a guy I used to know," one would say. "I knew 'im when he didn't have a nickel, and now . . . All he did was buy central real estate, and get a lucky break. . . ."

We would nod. "That's the thing to buy, central real estate. If you could get your hands on a little capital . . ."

We would look from one to another, not seeing the ordinary, familiar faces nor the food on the heavy white plates, our minds busy with visions of what we could accomplish with a little capital, of stores and apartment houses in the center of the city, of power and of wealth. We were forced to consider ourselves as victims, cheated of our opportunities. "There's no use in our working for anything where we are now," we would say, because our employers, oblivious of our efforts, were influenced only by favoritism or pull.

Through all this Mr. Canby would continue eating unmoved, as though he were not listening. I fancied, however, that his silence was one of disapproval and, since I was usually silent myself, there was gradually built up between us a sort of wordless understanding, as though we two were the only ones with sufficient fortitude to accept existence without repining. It got so that we

exchanged significant smiles, and one day he whispered an aside to me:

"It ain't bad luck's the trouble with that guy."

"No?" said I.

"No. The trouble with him is he hasn't any, as you might say, grit."

I had been impelled to study him from the first occasion that his silence had impressed me. He was, say, forty-five. His clothes were shiny and cheap, his cheeks invariably had a stubble of beard, two of the characteristics which fatally marked Mike's patrons; apparently he was only another in the company of shabby little men who daily insulted their hunger with the food of Mike's restaurant. But his face, even while he was eating his medium and boiled, had a curiously removed expression, as though his thoughts were held steadfast on another plane. Perhaps because of this detached air of his, perhaps because of his silence, I received as I looked at him the impression that he did not quite belong among us, that he should have been richer and more successful. The others appeared, somehow, to have been designed especially for the Arcadia Café, and it for them; they fitted here, they were as much fixtures here as the faded flags and the bare wooden tables. Only Mr. Canby, I thought as I watched him, was out of place.

He was evidently under the need of the strictest economy. He smoked only on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, a five-cent brand of cigar which he lighted with every appearance of enjoyment. On those days he did not buy dessert. There was on the Arcadia menu a dish called Vienna Roast, a horribly unpalatable mixture of scrapings and left-overs which cost only twenty cents, but which even a starving man would hardly attempt more than once. This Mr. Canby ordered every Saturday, though he did not eat much of it. Now and then one of us might stab at monotony by sallying among the more expensive, *à la carte* dishes; Mr. Canby, never. During all those lunch-hours his program underwent not the slightest variation.

I was interested in him, but at the beginning my curiosity had to be content with the poor gratification of sitting beside him. "Good morning," he would greet me in his grave, detached way. I might remark, "Rather warm to-day." He would consider a

moment, reply slowly, "Yes, sort of warm," and then return to the food on his plate, packing the morsels on his knife with his fork as though by means of a petty vulgarity like this he were trying to convince me that he was as ordinary as his appearance implied.

He and I were the only representatives at Maggie's table of our respective offices, and could share in none of the anecdotes of what the shipping clerk had said to the stenog, or how the boss had failed to take the speaker's advice. This community of isolation was another factor in drawing us together; and as the days passed we gradually progressed from perfunctory remarks about the weather to exchanging ideas on a great variety of subjects, the high cost of living, the merits of automobiles which neither of us had any thought of buying, the chances of the Athletics. He was talkative; his reserve had been due to shyness. He had a very indecisive way of expressing himself which irritated me at first, perhaps because of that impression which he gave me that somehow—with better luck, say—he should have been more successful, he should have been able to make realities out of some of those dreams of success with which the men around him only made their failure more apparent. He could never deliver an opinion without interrupting himself to advance the arguments on the other side. "Of course," he would say, rubbing his fingers over his stubble of beard, "they'll never be able to enforce Prohibition—but I guess it's a good thing for the country, and if the people get used to it . . ." But he was unfailingly even-tempered and cheerful, never depressed, and there was something heartening for me in the fact that, middle-aged, gray-haired, he could so patiently accept the petty discomforts that made his life, as though dingy surroundings and thirty-cent lunches could never be important. I came to look forward to seeing him. We both, I think, enjoyed our conversations, and we would smile at each other in a friendly fashion as we talked of the humidity of Philadelphia's climate, or the mistakes of Connie Mack.

After I had known him for some four months I was sent on a business trip, and on my return I was ill for a week. It was with real pleasure that he welcomed me back.

"Good-morning," he said, swinging out my stool for me, "you're quite a stranger."

He was very sorry to hear of my illness. "Sickness is a terrible thing," he remarked in his grave way. "I know, I've had a lot of experience with it."

"You look healthy enough," I objected.

"Oh, it's not me. I'm all right. It's Mrs. Canby. Mrs. Canby never feels, you might say, really up to par."

I expressed my sympathy. "Nothing serious, I hope," I said.

"That's just it. Of course, to look at her you'd think she was strong, but she never really feels herself."

"The doctor—?"

"Mrs. Canby ain't had much success with doctors. She's tried one after another, but they can't seem to find the real trouble, to lay their finger on the real trouble, as you might say."

That day the Arcadia seemed to me more depressing than usual. It was an insufferably hot Saturday in July; in the restaurant it was hotter and more oppressive than it was on the street. Flies buzzed everywhere, on the tables, on the food, on the faces and necks of the diners, everywhere but on the yellow spirals of fly-paper that hung motionless from the ceiling. Maggie's cheeks, around the rouge, were shiny with perspiration, and the men sat pale and dispirited in their shirt-sleeves, swearing at her slowness instead of kidding her. As Mr. Canby talked to me he kept wiping with the back of his hand the little beads of sweat from his forehead, and something in the patient repetition of that gesture irritated me. "God," I cried suddenly, "I'm sick of this."

"Huh?" He glanced at me in surprise. "Don't get the blues. There ain't no use in that, y'know."

He had ordered, as was his custom on Saturday, Vienna Roast, and as usual the meat lay untouched on his plate. This also, for some reason, irritated me. I replied heatedly, "I'd give anything to get away from all this and never come back."

He stopped eating to smile sympathetically, his knife clutched in one hand. "Oh," he said, "of course sometimes we all feel that way. I feel that way myself, sometimes. But all yuh can do is as you might say, keep pluggin' away." He returned to the hot,

heavy food on his plate, dismissing the subject. "What'd the A's do yesterday? I ain't seen a paper."

After that he felt, apparently, that I stood constantly in need of being bucked up, and he would often greet me with, "Well, how you feel to-day? Got the blues to-day?"

"No," I would reply, rather ashamed of myself, for I was sure that my salary was more than his. "No. Full of pep to-day."

"That's right," he would approve, smiling as he surveyed the crowded, noisy restaurant, as though nowhere in it he could discover the faintest reason for pessimism, or discouragement—"that's right."

About a month later, on another Saturday, I could tell from Mr. Canby's manner as he surveyed me over the unappetizing mess on his plate that he had something which he wanted to say to me. He was on the point of broaching it several times, I am sure, when his courage failed, and he made instead some remark more indecisive than usual.

He said finally, "I was wondering if I might make bold to ask a sort of a favor from you."

I replied that I should be glad to do anything in my power.

"Of course, it's quite a big favor," Mr. Canby deprecated, arguing, as usual, on the opposite side, "and it'll be quite all right if you don't see your way clear to . . . to . . . Coming from a perfect stranger, as you might say."

I answered to the effect that it would be from one friend to another, and that I should be really glad to do anything that I could.

Pleased, he smiled at me, his knife, held in his fist, resting upright on the table. "That's right. I hadn't thought of it that way, before. One friend to another. Well, the fact is, pay-day's on Monday, and of course I'm pretty well strapped on Saturday. Money's a little tight with me just now, anyway." (With us at the Arcadia money is always tight, for the moment.) He paused, moved his heavy white plate a trifle, becoming more and more vague and hesitant as he approached the point. "Mrs. Canby has sort of set her heart on a little trip over Saturday and Sunday. Of course, I could ask Mike for it, I been eating here a long time, now; but you know how it is, I don't feel I know him

like I know you. . . . The fact is, I was wondering if you could let me have a coupla dollars till Monday. I could give it back to you the first thing next week, but of course, if it's gonna put you out it'll be all right. It'll be quite all right."

I gave him the money, and in addition offered him a cigar. He refused it with longing in his eyes; I had forgotten that this was not a cigar-day.

"Take it," I insisted. "To tell the truth it was given to me, and I don't care much for this brand."

He was extraordinarily grateful. "I consider this very friendly of you, very friendly," he repeated. "If you're sure it's not gonna put you out."

On Monday, immediately after saying "Good-morning," he handed me two wrinkled one dollar bills that looked hard-earned.

"Did you have a good time?" I asked. "On your trip?"

"Oh, it wasn't me that went. It was Mrs. Canby and a woman friend. Mrs. Canby enjoys a little outing, and in the sort of straitened circumstances we're in I can't give her as many as I'd like."

"How is she feeling?" I inquired.

"Well, she's feeling pretty good, just about up to par, as you might say. And that's a big load off my mind, a big load."

"I should think so," I said.

"I guess maybe you're thinking," he went on slowly, "that it's a sort of a funny thing that a man pretty well on in years like I am should be so hard put to it for a coupla dollars."

"Not at all," I said.

"Well, I didn't like to ask you for it. I think it was, as you might say, an imposition, and I don't like debts anyway. To tell the truth, I'm carrying a lot of building and loan, and of course it keeps me hustling to meet the payments."

I said that building and loan was a good way to save money, but that it took a long time.

"Oh, not so long. Six years. That ain't so long if yuh have, as you might say, a definite object in view."

"What, a get-rich-quick scheme?" I asked, smiling. "I hope it's different from the ones they usually talk about in here."

"That's just it, you know how it is, yuh get an idea in your head—I've had this so long I feel sometimes I'm sort of a little,

as you might say, cuckoo about it. And I think maybe an outsider, a third party . . .” He smoothed out his paper napkin, rested his knife upright on the table in his favorite gesture, and surveyed me critically, coming to a decision. “I’ll tell you the whole thing, the whole thing. There ain’t no secret in it, though of course I know it won’t go no farther.”

He leaned nearer me, his face intent, the preoccupied air altogether vanished, and spoke in so low a tone that I had difficulty in hearing him, amid all the noise that always filled the restaurant, and especially since the man on the other side of me was talking in a loud voice about the great opportunities that there were in New York.

“I was born and raised in Vermont,” Mr. Canby said. “On the next farm to ours there’s marble. Enough marble to make me rich, to make me a rich man. What I’m trying to do is get enough money together—though of course it’s pretty tough sledging—to buy that farm.”

“Just found out—about the marble, I mean?” I asked, lowering my own voice in response to the appeal in his eyes.

“Oh, no, I’ve known it a long time, since before I was married. But you know how it is, being married’s an expensive business, what with one thing and another. And other things come up yuh think yuh can do, that look surer, maybe, because of course it’s sort of a risk to take, buyin’ this farm. But there ain’t no chance for me where I am now, in the office, I mean to say; and so what it’s come down to is that this is, you might say, my only hope.” He smiled in his deprecating way, as though he must apologize for so lofty an ambition. “Yeh, I’ve had it a long time. About ten years ago I got the money together, but of course I’ve had bad luck. Mrs. Canby’s health failed completely, and that put me back.”

“I should think that your wife could have held out long enough for you to get started,” I said, irritated, as usual, by his patience.

“No, you mustn’t be hard on Mrs. Canby. I know there’s marble in that land, but she don’t take no stock in it, see, she thinks it’s just a crazy air castle of mine, as you might say. And of course between that and her health . . .” He paused, his intent, almost pleading glance fixed on my face. “Well, what do you think of it?”

"I don't know much about marble," I answered, "but it looks all right to me. I don't see why your wife objects. You're sure there's marble there?"

"Well, of course, that's the chance we have to take, how much there is, and so on. But yes, I'm sure there is. But I've had this idea so long, see, and what with the way Mrs. Canby talks, it sort of appears like a crazy notion. . . ."

He interrupted himself to look at his watch, a silver one on a massive, old-fashioned chain, and I could hear the man at my right saying, "New York, there's money there, that's the big money town."

Mr. Canby hastily gobbled up a few mouthfuls of food. "Phew!" he ejaculated, with his mouth full, "Mrs. Canby came in town to-day to do a little shopping, and I promised her I'd meet her before I went back to the office. I wonder, if it's not out of your way, or too much trouble, you wouldn't like just to come along and say 'how-de-do' to her. I've talked about you at home, and Mrs. Canby said she'd like to make your acquaintance. But of course, if . . ."

I interposed to assure him that I should be very glad to meet Mrs. Canby. As we went out of the Arcadia, he gave me a cigar, a ten-cent one, which he insisted that I accept.

We found Mrs. Canby on Chestnut Street, in a shop which was entirely too expensive, I am sure. She was a large woman with many cheap bracelets which jangled as she raised her arm to shake hands with me. "How d'you do? Pleased to meetchu. John has said so much about you I feel I know you already." She looked at me carefully, rather disappointed, I am afraid—I don't know what sort of figure Mr. Canby had made me—and transferred her gaze to the expensive goods on the counter, which she surveyed in a blasé manner. "I just love shopping," she went on, laughing. "I'm going to make John buy me these. They're marked down."

For the rest of the afternoon my work at the office suffered while I thought of what Mr. Canby had told me. I know little about marble, but his idea seemed to me altogether attractive. What troubled me was the fact that, although he had lost his pre-occupied air when he talked of it, he still remained hesitant and indecisive, as though he were not absolutely sure that there was marble on the farm, as though he were almost convinced himself

that what he called his one hope was only an air castle. I was irritated also by the way he had let himself be victimized, as it seemed to me, by his wife. Owing to her he had spent practically a lifetime in getting enough money together to buy this farm. . . . I had been wrong when I had thought that he did not belong among us at the Arcadia; he fitted in this ineffectual company of shabby, gray-haired men; he also was marked fatally with the stamp of failure.

Why hadn't he borrowed the money? So simple a solution had apparently never occurred to him. I knew a rich man; if Mr. Canby were willing to have a partner . . . With some pride I saw myself transformed from a chance acquaintance over a restaurant table into a friend who was going to accomplish immediately what Mr. Canby had failed to do in fifteen, twenty years.

The next day, over stewed lamb on toast, I opened the subject. "Why didn't you borrow the money?"

There was something suddenly resigned and weary in Mr. Canby's face as he looked at me, as though to every conceivable question of mine he were already familiar with the answer. "Yuh can't borrow money without yuh have security. Of course, we don't own our house, we rent, because every penny I could get my hands on I laid away—"

"No," I interrupted, "I mean a friend, or a partner."

Mr. Canby filled his mouth with lamb and potatoes and chewed reflectively, as though the food were more important than the obvious answers to my questions. "Well, I have tried to interest some people in it, but of course I can't be too definite without a contract, or a written agreement, or something, or else they could go right ahead behind my back, and leave me out. That time when I had the money together, and Mrs. Canby's health failed completely, as you might say, and I was feeling sorta down in the mouth, I did try to interest a cousin of mine. But of course he'd have to go into the proposition on my bare say-so—we couldn't go prospecting around the farm without the present owner suspecting something was up, and then where would we be? He couldn't see his way clear to going into it, and of course Mrs. Canby talked against it."

"Listen," I said. "I know a rich man. Now, if you want me to, I'll take you to see him, and I think—"

Mr. Canby laid down both his knife and fork to smile at me. "I consider that mighty friendly of you, mighty friendly. I appreciate it. Of course, I don't think he'd want to go into it, and anyway, there's one thing I didn't tell you yesterday." He lowered his voice. "I've just about got the money saved up again, got my hands on it, as you might say. My building and loan comes due in two weeks."

"Two weeks," I repeated, delighted. "That's fine. I'm certainly glad to hear it."

There was something of indulgence in the smile with which he rewarded my words, as though he had been too often deceived by enthusiasms like mine to be cajoled by them again. "Well, all I hope is something don't turn up the last minute. Now that it's getting so near I'm sorta worried. I've had a lotta bad luck—and it's liable to happen to anybody, y'know."

"What could happen?" I demanded. "How's your wife's health?"

"Well, I've laid my plans careful. Nobody," Mr. Canby assured me with his patient earnestness, "could lay their plans more careful than I have. But as you say there's Mrs. Canby. She seems pretty good now, but of course she's a big worry. I'm getting, as you might say, pretty well on in years, and it's harder to save money, what with everything goin' up, and all. I get scared sometimes no matter how careful I've planned something may turn up the last minute. You never can tell."

"Don't get the blues," I reproved him, smiling.

"Oh, it ain't the blues. It's just I can't help bein' sorta worried, now it's getting so near."

We walked down Chestnut Street together, each trying to give the other a cigar. Mr. Canby, stoop-shouldered in his worn blue serge, did not look like a successful man, especially in contrast with the prosperous men and women who brushed past us, but I kept assuring him that his fears were groundless. "Everything will turn out all right," I repeated.

"Do you know the first thing I'm gonna do?" he said. "I'm gonna run up and see the A's play. I ain't felt I could afford it for a long time, now. . . ."

"Good luck," I said, "good luck," and we shook hands when

we parted, as though we were going to be separated for a long time.

Despite all that I had said I still felt myself rather fearful about Mr. Canby's success, even though he was apparently at its threshold, but I resolutely ignored my doubts. . . . I saw him, suddenly, very clearly. I understood now the reason for that detached air of his which had impressed me at first, that curious, apart silence in which he sat while around him we talked enviously of big money and rich men, of power and wealth. I thought of his rigid system of economy, tobacco three times a week, dessert three times, his painful scraping together of nickels during all those countless lunch hours. On Saturdays, when he ordered Vienna Roast, making his lunch cost twenty cents instead of twenty-five, this took on for me the aspect of a symbol of determination. By this monotonous, repeated sacrifice he saved exactly, leaving out two weeks for vacation, two dollars and a half a year. Two dollars and a half a year. . . . He was a book-keeper with a salary of, say, thirty dollars a week, with an ailing, extravagant wife, but no obstacle had defeated or embittered him. Not even the obstacle of his own weakness, his own misgivings. I had been wrong when I had thought that he did not belong among us. Ours were minor lives, filled with petty difficulties, difficulties like having a wife who was sick and domineering. But one of us could disregard them and plod steadily ahead, a mediocre champion, perhaps, but a champion, the champion of weak men whose cause was lost from the beginning. Might he be successful, at last!

The next day when I found him in his accustomed seat at the usual time my confidence in his ultimate success was somehow fortified, and I had the impulse to grasp his hand and congratulate him. I said, instead, "Well, pretty soon, now."

"Huh? Oh, yes, yes. As a matter of fact thirteen days, though they say thirteen's an unlucky number." He showed me a calendar in which the date was marked with a red circle; he could not have been counting the days with much more impatience than was I.

Then, at the end of the week, I was sent on a long trip, and for some two months I saw no more of Mr. Canby. I often

thought of him, however, wondering if he had been successful, assuring myself that he had, that his patient, almost humble determination had been finally rewarded. If only nothing had happened, his wife's health . . .

By the middle of December I was in Philadelphia again, and one bitterly cold day I arrived at the Arcadia at my old time of seven minutes past twelve. Maggie, the lines of men bowed over the tables, and nowhere could I have mistaken that blue serge—Mr. Canby in his accustomed seat. It was warm in the restaurant, but I shivered.

"Good-morning," he said.

"Why are you here?" I demanded. "What happened?"

Mr. Canby's face, as he turned it toward me, looked suddenly old and weary. His eyes met mine for an instant, and then his gaze traveled down the crowded, noisy restaurant, coming to rest on the faded flags on the wall. "I—" he began, "I—" he gulped, and with his hand he covered the working of his mouth, "I don't like to talk about it."

For some minutes we did not speak, while Maggie wiped off the table in front of us with a rag, and slammed the heavy white dishes together. "You're quite a stranger," she said to me. "What's yours to-day, Mr. Canby? Vienna Roast?"

"It was Mrs. Canby," Mr. Canby said, speaking in an odd, strained voice unlike his usual tone. "The doctor ordered her to Florida for the winter." I commenced to speak, but with his knife upraised he checked me. "No, you mustn't be hard on Mrs. Canby. She don't think there's marble in the land, and of course, her health . . . It's only what I've always had," he started to smile, and again hid his face with his hand, "bad luck."

"Maybe this is the last," I said.

"Maybe. I feel this trip will put Mrs. Canby on her feet for good. D'you think it will?"

"I'm sure it will."

"Well, then, in six years, maybe . . ." He seemed to sag forward suddenly, and let his hand fall heavily on the table. "It's only," he said in his queer muffled voice, "that I was so near." He got up, pushing aside his full plate. "I guess I'll be goin'," he said. "I ain't had much appetite lately."

CHILD OF GOD¹

By ROARK BRADFORD

(From *Harper's Magazine*)

WHEN Willie told the preacher that morning that "ev'ything is all O.K., Revund," he meant it from the bottom of his heart. The hawking of the rain-crow from the limb of the dead cottonwood sounded like the song of a mocking bird. The monotonous patter of rain on the tin roof lulled him into gentle restfulness. The damp, dirty stench that floated up from the dark closeness of the cells below him was like a sedative. Even the lyelike coffee served to remind him that the jailer was his friend.

"Cap'm Archie tole me I could have ev'ything I wanted fer brekfus," he explained as he caught the minister sniffing and eyeing the scant remains of the meal. "An' I tole him I b'lieve I'd take some po'k chops an' cawfee, ef'n hit wuz all right. An' hyar it is."

"You mean dar hit wuz," admonished the preacher. "Now yo' flesh is fed, Willie, whut 'bout yo' soul?"

Willie beamed a broad, knowing smile. "My soul," he said tolerantly, "is all O.K. An', Revund," he continued, jubilantly, "Cap'm Archie say he gonter bring me a ten-cent cigar to go walkin' up de gallows wid in my mouf." The minister's face was a study in expression. "An' I makes me a speech up yonder"—jerking his arm toward the gallows high in the roof of the jail—"an' den—"

"Den which, son?" Preacher Moore was eager to find a point of contact at which he could begin his prepared message of consolation.

"I'se Glory bound!" Willie declared with enthusiasm.

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While the condemned man talked and the preacher listened, the Great State of Louisiana prepared to exact its penalty in the form of the life of Willie Malone because "he did feloniously, willfully, and of his deliberately premeditated malice aforethought, make an assault on one Thurston Gibbs, and a certain gun which then and there was loaded with gunpowder and buckshot and was by him, the said Willie Malone, had and held in both hands, he, the said Willie Malone, did then and there feloniously and of malice aforethought shoot off and discharge at and upon the said Thurston Gibbs thereby, and by thus striking the said Thurston Gibbs with the buckshots inflicting on and in the body one mortal wound of which said mortal wound the said Thurston Gibbs then and there instantly died. And so the said Willie Malone did in the manner and form aforesaid, feloniously and of deliberately premeditated malice aforethought, kill and murder the said Thurston Gibbs in the Parish of Wilton aforesaid, against the peace and dignity of the Great State of Louisiana."

It all came out at the trial. Hogs had been running in Willie's cornfield. The hogs belonged to Mr. Gibbs. And when Willie asked him to keep them home Mr. Gibbs had cursed him. Willie then bought a shotgun and some buckshot. Everybody agreed upon that much of it. Willie said he aimed to shoot the hogs and that when he heard something rustling the long blades he fired, thinking it was a hog. The district attorney pointed out that it was impossible to get a witness who could say what was in a man's mind and, therefore, he'd leave it to the jury as to whether Willie was hog hunting or man hunting.

The jury was divided upon the point, but all agreed that no nigger had any right to shoot a white man's hogs, anyway, much less shoot a white man. So they found him guilty as charged.

Willie had rather enjoyed his stay in jail. Two or three times his lawyer came and talked to him in a low voice and had him make his cross mark on many important-looking pieces of paper. It all gave him a feeling of importance hitherto not experienced.

He liked "Cap'm Archie," too—Cap'm Archie was always making jokes, and didn't make him do any work around the jail except a little sweeping. And during the long cool spring evenings, when the stars twinkled in the sky and the fiddling of

the katydids out in the weed patch back of the jail floated in between the long iron-barred windows, Cap'm Archie would have one of the short-time prisoners drag his chair back to Willie's own private cage and Willie would sing for him.

Willie did like to sing—church songs, mostly. But sometimes when he felt sad and lonesome he'd sing the one that began:

“Thirty days in jail,
Baby, don't soun' so long,
But de las' frien' I got in dis worl',
Done shuck her laig an' gone.”

There were many verses, and to these Willie had added a hundred others. He was good at that. When they locked up that Caldonie for cutting her husband because he stole one of her hens and a chicken brood and gave it to another woman, Willie celebrated the occasion by adding:

“He might er stole yo' chickens,
He might er stole yo' cow,
Hit don't make no diffunce what he stole,
You's in de jail-house now.”

Cap'm Archie had laughed at that one and it made Willie happy.

Not long after that Cap'm Archie sent for him to come to the office. Cap'm Archie looked sad that day, and it made Willie feel sad. So when Cap'm Archie told him the Supreme Court had turned him down and that he would have to hang Willie was much relieved.

“Shuh! Cap'm Archie,” Willie consoled, “dat ain' nothin' to go worryin' 'bout. I thought hit mought er been somethin' wrong, de way you had you' face strung out. Shuh! Ain' dat de same as de jedge done tole me?”

That afternoon Reverend Moore, negro preacher, was ushered into Willie's cell, and under his exhortations Willie was converted. He had been converted annually ever since he could remember but he always had been too busy to follow it up. This time he had ample leisure in which to contemplate Christianity and draw mental pictures of it. Willie was keenly interested.

The preacher had spared no detail his imagination could sup-

ply as to the glories of heaven, and these Willie supplemented with the colorful pigments of his own imagination. Heaven was a wonderful place. Willie wanted to go there.

"Hyar dey comes, son," the preacher said kindly. "Git up off'n yo' knees."

Cap'm Archie unlocked the cage door with keys that rattled nervously in his hand. Behind the jailer were half a dozen others—the doctor, two brothers of the man he had killed, the editor of the *Wilton Parish Gazette*, and a short, stubby, mean-looking man that Willie disliked instinctively. He had never seen him before, and the pale-green, watery eyes that squinted out at him through shaggy eyelashes made Willie feel bad. "I loves him too," Willie insisted under his breath. "Got ter love him. 'Makes me love ev'ybody—hit's good ernuff fer me'"—Willie recalled the words from the old song. "An' I guess he is somebody. But I be dog ef'n he looks like much, Ole Green Eyes."

"Ready to go, Willie?" It was Cap'm Archie. His voice was kind and filled with sorrow. Willie hated to see Cap'm Archie like that. But when the jailer's teeth clicked together and he said briskly, "Here, slip your hands into these," it did not sound so sad, and Willie obeyed with alacrity.

"I bet you fergits my cigar, Cap'm Archie," Willie countered as his arms were being pinioned behind him.

"Cut out that damned foolishness! Come on here, nigger. I ain't got all day to fool." It was the stubby little man who assumed charge.

"Makes me love ev'ybody," Willie hummed desperately under his breath. "Hit's good ernuff fer me."

"Good ernuff fer anybody," seconded the preacher loudly, happy that he had found some place to enter into the ceremony with the dignity of his calling. "Hit's de ole time religion, and hit's good ernuff fer me!"

As the party marched up the narrow steps to the gallows, the negro prisoners on the lower tier of cells caught up the refrain and the brick walls of the little jail reverberated with:

"Gimme dat ole time religion,
Gimme dat ole time religion,
Gimme dat ole time religion, Lawd,
Hit's good ernuff fer me.

"Hit will take you home to Glory,
Hit will take you home to Glory,
Hit will take you home to Glory, Lawd,
Hit's good ernuff fer me."

The climb to the gallows took a remarkably short time and Willie noticed that as soon as they arrived there "Ole Green Eyes" rushed to the rope that was lying handy and began making a loop in the end of it.

"Makes me love ev'ybody," Willie insisted.

Everybody seemed nervous. Cap'm Archie couldn't look at him. The editor was talking with big words to the elder of the Gibbsses and said something about "dancing on the air." Willie didn't understand it but he knew he wasn't going to dance on anything. Dancing would send him straight to hell. He had the preacher's word for it.

He edged over toward Cap'm Archie.

"When does I make my speech, Cap'm Archie?" he asked.

The jailer did not look up. "In a minute," he replied. "When you are ready to—when they stand you over there." He pointed to the trapdoor with his foot.

"Come over here, nigger." It was "Ole Green Eyes" again. Willie stood on the trapdoor.

"Makes me love ev'ybody," he kept repeating as the knot was being drawn close to his ear. "Makes me love ev'ybody."

When the knot was finished the little stubby man slipped a black hood over Willie's head and stepped back. A jaybird on a dead limb of the cottonwood broke out in a scathing chatter of malediction at the crow. A dog howled mournfully in the jail yard below. The katydids in the weed patch opened with a wild symphony of fiddling. "Somethin' 'bout to happen," Willie concluded. "I guess I better make my speech."

He threw back his shoulders and raised his chin as though about to address a large congregation.

"Folkses," he began in a clear, strong voice, "I has a few words I wants to say to y'all—"

"Too late now, nigger." It was that stubby little man. And even as the trap gave way under his feet Willie began:

"Makes me love ev'ybody."

Willie did not finish that line, however. He was interrupted in the midst of it by a long blast on a horn. It was a loud, thundering blast and it startled him. He looked into the direction from which it came and there, charging down the road, he saw four prancing horses drawing a snow-white chariot. It was a beautiful sight. He had seen some such rig at the time when he went to the circus at Baton Rouge. But this rig was even prettier than the circus carriages. Big white plumes bobbed from the crownpieces of the bridles, and the horses pranced and danced along, raising a terrible dust.

"Great day!" he exclaimed. "Class sho' is comin' down de road to-day."

In a minute the carriage was in front of him and with much suddenness it came to a halt, the horses falling back on their haunches to check the momentum.

"Git up hyar, boy, an' les' git goin'," the driver called down. "Us is late, as it is—or else you is early."

Willie scrambled to the seat beside the driver. As the horses raced onward he enjoyed the thrill of the speedy ride, the wind rushing by his ears, the sparkle of the gold and silver harness, the dexterity with which the driver held the horses in the road with one hand and cracked the whip over their heads with the other.

"You drives right well, boy," he observed. "What's yo' name?"

"Jehu," replied the driver.

"Jehu—which?"

"Jest Jehu," replied the driver.

"Who dat boy wid de hawn in his han'?"

"Gab'l."

The monosyllabic replies of his companion irritated Willie. He wanted conversation and he intended to have it.

"How long you been—" he began, but suddenly Gabriel raised his trumpet to his lips and blew a deafening blast which almost lifted Willie from his seat.

"Hol' tight," cautioned Jehu, and the chariot stopped suddenly.

Willie saw an old man in a black slouch hat and cutaway coat, walking very alertly toward the carriage. His face was cleanly shaven except for a mustache and goatee which gave him a distinguished appearance. Willie instinctively knew that this

quality-gentleman was going to ride on the plush seats inside so he leaped down and opened the door of the carriage. The old man halted a few paces from him and cast a surveying glance at the horses.

"That checkrein is too tight on that off-lead horse," he said. "It is a pity that I have to 'tend to these trifles, but damn it all, I can't stand to see fine horseflesh suffer on account of triflin' niggers."

Willie quickly ran and lowered the checkrein and climbed back to his seat.

"You oughter know better'n to check up dat hoss so high," he admonished Jehu with a proprietary air. "Us likes our hosses to have a heap er room."

Jehu did not reply. He held steadily to the reins, and the carriage fairly flew through the misty haze. Willie wanted to ask for the reins himself. He felt he could drive much more to his own satisfaction but, withal, he admitted, Jehu was doing very well. A minute later, however, when the lead horse bolted just as they approached a long bridge, and Jehu prevented a crash by expert maneuvering of the reins, Willie was glad he was not driving.

"Does dat ev'y time at the bridge," Jehu volunteered as the team settled down to a long gallop across the structure. "Lots er times us misses an' de folks in de chariot gits drowneded tryin' to cross Jordan."

"Dat de Jurdan, huh?" asked Willie. "I be dog," and he gripped tightly to the seat.

The chariot rolled off the bridge and up to the front of a white pearly gate where it stopped. Willie dropped confidently to the ground, opened the chariot door, and assisted the distinguished old passenger to alight. St. Peter swung the big gate open.

"Welcome, Colonel," he said. "It gives me great pleasure to greet you personally after having known you indirectly for these many years. She's waiting for you under the crêpe myrtles. Cherub, escort the Colonel to Miss Julia."

Willie thought that was great and he was thrilled almost to ecstasy when the old gentleman gave him a curt nod in recognition of his service.

As soon as the old man had disappeared behind the cherub St. Peter dropped his air of formality.

"Well, well," he said, "if it ain't that worthless Willie Malone. Willie, how'd you git here, son?"

That was language Willie could understand and appreciate.

"St. Peter," he replied, "I jes' got on de chariot an' rid up hyar."

"Well," said St. Peter, "I guess you better try on a pair of wings, then. Here, Cherub. Bring out a pair of wings for old Willie Malone."

St. Peter helped the cherub adjust the wings.

"Now you're fixed, son," he announced. "Fly away!"

And Willie flew. He flew among the golden clouds and down long narrow golden streets. He flew over mansions of gold and sparkling rivers. High into the air and close to the ground he flew. He tried a few fancy turns, such as he had seen birds perform among the chinaberry trees. He dived at the surface of the water and grabbed at the golden fish and then climbed again by lusty flaps of his wings, as pelicans do. And he did it perfectly.

"Doggone my hide," he exclaimed, "dis is somethin' like!"

After a few hours the novelty began to wear off. He was high in the air, maybe a mile high, he estimated. So he pointed one wing at an angle and began gliding down, making a huge spiral as he descended. Half-way down, he reversed the cant of his wings and came down the rest of the way, flying backwards.

He landed right in the midst of a group of other angels who were seated around the Great Throne. Upon the throne sat the Great Lord God. Willie recognized him instantly because of the distinction with which he sat upon his throne and by the carefree tilt of his huge, bejeweled crown almost hiding one eye and by the angle at which the ten-cent cigar was cocked. Willie was a little frightened and dazzled by the regal splendor of it all, but he settled down noiselessly to the ground, and was made to feel perfectly at home by the informal greeting he received.

"I bet you want to hear some music, don't you, Willie?" asked the Great Lord God and, without waiting for Willie's reply, he continued, "Little David, play on your harp."

"What shall I play, Great Lord God?" asked Little David.

"Play something calm and low, Little David," said the Great Lord God. "Do not alarm my people."

David struck a chord or two on his harp. It was beautiful. The mellow music floated straight to Willie's heart. One or two of the other angels started humming with the music and, almost unconscious of where he was, Willie added his low, rich bass to the chorus:

"When dat big *Titanic* sunk down in de sea,
All de brass bands played 'Nearer, My God, to Thee.'
Out on de deep blue ocean de people sleep
In a cold wet cradle, three miles deep.
It's yo' las' trip, *Titanic*."

After several verses Willie began to feel a personal sorrow for the passengers of the *Titanic*. The music stopped suddenly, and the Great Lord God commanded, "Little David, play something quick and lively. Let the skies rock with mirth. Let the heavens open wide. Let the stars and the moon shine out. Let my people shout with joy."

And as soon as the command was issued all the angels began dancing and singing as Little David played:

"Two little babies a-layin' in de bed,
One of'm sick an' de yuther mos' dead.
Sont fer de doctor an' de doctør said,
'Give dem babies some shortnin' bread.'
So put on de skillet an' thow way de led,
Cause mammy gonter make a little shortnin' bread."

Several more songs followed and finally Willie began to tire of singing. The party broke up, the angels flying away in groups of twos and threes. Soon no one was left before the throne except Willie.

Willie felt slightly embarrassed there, with no one around except the Great Lord God. He figured he might be intruding or something, or that perhaps he'd better go out and fly some more. But as he was turning over the idea a tall, kindly looking angel, more strikingly handsome than any he had ever seen, strolled up and sat down familiarly by the side of the Great Lord God. At first Willie thought it was Cap'm Archie. There

was kindness and understanding in his face, just like Cap'm Archie's face. But it wasn't Cap'm Archie. Cap'm Archie had no scars on his hands and feet as had this angel.

As he puzzled over the matter he faintly remembered a story his old mammy had told him about a man with scars on his hands and feet, and he recalled the lines of a song that Cap'm Archie used to make him sing:

"They nailed His hands and they rivet His feet,
An' de hammers wuz heard in Jerusalem street."

Some way, Willie could not place him. But he felt much more at ease for his presence.

"What you thinking about, Willie?" the kindly angel asked. "You don't seem to be enjoying yourself so much."

Willie did not know exactly what to reply. He rummaged through his mind hastily. He had been entirely happy for ever so long, not a thing had gone wrong. Everybody had been so nice to him. The music had been beautiful and just the songs he liked to sing. His wings fitted perfectly and St. Peter had been wonderful. So had Jehu. And Cap'm Archie—he had given him everything he could think of and a heap he did not think of. Of course there was the matter of the cigar. He wanted to go to the gallows with a cigar in his mouth. But that wasn't Cap'm Archie's fault . . . and, too, maybe Cap'm Archie had forgotten the cigar. He had so many things to think about. Willie concluded that if it were the cigar he would say nothing about it to the kind angel because he did not want to embarrass Cap'm Archie. He did not really want to go to the gallows with a cigar, anyway, he decided.

"But I did want ter make dat speech," he concluded.

"What speech is that?" asked the kindly faced angel.

Willie explained in great detail, and the angel and the Great Lord God listened intently.

"But hit wa'n't Cap'm Archie's fault," he declared.

"Whose fault was it, then?" demanded the Great Lord God.

"Hit mought er been—onderstan', I ain' s'cusin' nobody," Willie faltered, "but hit mought er been Ole Green Eyes. But I loves ev'ybody—him, too," he added hastily.

"I know the scoundrel," declared the Great Lord God. "He's

been plaguing me for years and years. But this is too much." The brow of the Great Lord God clouded in anger, and he shouted with a terrible roar, like seven peals of thunder, "Cherub, bring me a bolt of forked lightning that I may strike that man from the face of the earth."

The cherub brought the lightning, and the Great Lord God was about to hurl it. But the kind angel touched his arm gently.

"I wouldn't, Father," said the angel. "He might not have understood that the speech was to have been the biggest thing in Willie's life."

The Great Lord God stayed his hand and turned upon the kind angel. "Of course he understood. That's why he didn't let him make it. He's just low down mean. I've put up with enough of it."

"But," insisted the kind angel, "it will do no good to strike him down with lightning. It would frighten many people. And it would start new arguments over religion and that would lead to controversies and they would lead to hatreds and hatreds lead to—"

"I've heard that speech a million times, Son," said the Great Lord God, "and you needn't go into details. I admit you are right," and he handed the lightning bolt back to the cherub. "But," continued the Great Lord God, "I will not let this thing pass." His brow clouded in anger again. "I am the Great I Am," he roared, "and my commands shall be obeyed." The kind angel sat meekly and argued no further.

"Willie Malone," commanded the Great Lord God in a tone of thunder.

"Yassuh, Great Lord God," replied Willie, jumping to his feet.

"You go right back down yonder and make that speech. He's sitting in the jail office right now with Captain Archie. Now go and do my commands."

Willie lost no time in getting to the jail. As he approached, he noticed a half dozen negroes—friends of his—standing in the rain about the big steel door entry to the lower cells. But he hurried by them with only a curt "hy-dy, boys." The fact that they ignored him stung a little but he had no time to lose. He went straight to the office entrance.

The green-eyed man was seated at a table fingering five new ten-dollar bills. The coroner was scratching away with a pen on a big official-looking document. The editor and the two Gibbsses were talking in low tones. Cap'm Archie was hunched down in his chair at his desk, looking at the floor. Willie stood a minute respectfully, hoping Cap'm Archie would notice him and inquire what he wanted.

But Cap'm Archie did not look toward him and Willie tried a scheme that had worked many times for him.

"Cap'm, sub," he said, "don' you want dis ole dirty flo' swep' up er somethin'?"

But Cap'm Archie acted as though he did not hear.

Willie cogitated. Maybe he was worrying about forgetting the cigar.

But as the thought came to Willie Cap'm Archie slowly reached to his vest pocket and drew out a single long black cigar and studied it intently.

"You got the mate to that'n, Sheriff?" Ole Green Eyes quit shuffling the new bills and directed his attention toward the cigar.

"Nope," replied Cap'm Archie, "I ain't got the mate to this'n." And he tightened his grip on the cigar until he had broken and crushed it. "And if I did have it," he added, "I'd damn well keep it."

"No hard feelings, Sheriff," offered Green Eyes. "I see you ain't used to it. Cheer up. It's just another nigger less."

A scraping of feet in the jail hall at the side of the office attracted the attention of both Cap'm Archie and Green Eyes. Willie followed their gaze through the barred hall door and saw six negroes carrying a long black box toward the big jail door. Behind the box marched Preacher Moore, directing and exhorting as he went.

"There he goes now—out of yer jail and out of yer life. It's all over and yer duty's done."

Cap'm Archie squeezed the cigar tightly, crumbling it into tiny bits.

The green-eyed man essayed a cackling laugh. "And so's mine," he continued, picking up the five bills, "so I guess I'll be going."

Willie had been standing by in respectful silence since the

white folks had indicated by ignoring him that they were too busy to talk to him. White people are that way, Willie had learned. Sometimes they will talk with you and laugh with you. And sometimes when they are busy they won't pay any attention to you unless you get in their way or something. Then they will curse you. Willie knew how to get along with white folks.

But things were different now. He had business with Mister Green Eyes.

"Wait a minute, Cap'm, suh," he addressed the green-eyed man.

Green Eyes stiffened, blinked his eyes, passed his hand across his forehead, and frowned. He stuck the money into his pocket quickly and grabbed for his hat.

"Wait a minute, Cap'm," Willie pleaded. "I got ter make my speech."

The green-eyed man turned pale and shut his eyes tightly, gritting his teeth and shaking his head as if in an effort to clear his brain.

"Sheriff," he said with a great struggle for calmness in his voice, "I need a drink. I—I—I'm sort of nervous, I reckon."

"There's the doctor," Cap'm Archie replied calmly, nodding toward the coroner.

"But, Cap'm, suh, wait," interjected Willie, "lemme make my speech—"

The green-eyed man yelled and ran to the doctor.

"Get me a drink, Doctor!" he begged. "A drink! For God's sake. I'm all shot to hell, Doctor. Get me a drink, quick."

"What's the matter, man?" demanded the doctor. "What is it?"

"That damned nigger, Doctor. I'm seein' things. So help me. He wants to make a speech, Doctor—"

"Dat's all right, Cap'm," Willie insisted. "Hit ain't no mean speech."

"O-ww-w-w—Doctor," screamed the green-eyed man. "There he is again."

The coroner and Cap'm Archie caught the hangman and led him to a chair.

"Calm down, man," said the doctor. "Your nerves are upset."

"But that nigger, that damned nigger! I seen him."

"Well, he isn't going to hurt you, man. He's—"

"Naw, suh, I wasn't gonter hurt nobody," Willie assured him. "I jes' was gonter say a few words."

The man struggled wildly, and it was only with the added strength of the two Gibbises and the editor that they succeeded in holding him in his chair. He was alternately crying and cursing, trembling weakly and fighting wildly.

"That damned nigger! I see him! I see him!" he kept shouting. "He wants to make a speech!"

"Hold him until I can fix a hypodermic," ordered the doctor.

"I jes' gonter make my speech," Willie pleaded again in an effort to calm the green-eyed man. "I ain' gonter do nothin' but jes' tawk."

But instead of being soothed, the man became more violent and but for the utmost strength of four men, he would have escaped. They held him, though. Held him in the chair while his eyes glared in wild frenzy, his huge neck swelled even bigger, his face turned purple, and his breath came in short rasping gasps. "Git away, damned nigger. I see you. Ow-ww-ww!"

"I jes' on'y got a few words I wanner say," Willie began again. And after one lunge at the sound of Willie's voice the man quieted down and his eyes stared glassily at nothing, although his neck still bulged. The color of his face changed to an ugly blue and his mouth dropped open and dripped frothy saliva. And while the green-eyed man sat limp in the chair Willie Malone completed his speech:

"I jes' wanner say I ain' got no hard feelin's agin nobody an' I don' want nobody to has no hard feelin's agin me. An' I wants to meet you all in heaven."

MINSTRELS OF THE MIST¹

By BEN LUCIEN BURMAN

(From *Pictorial Review*)

CAPTAIN WALLINS leaned over the hatchway of the *Gipsy Jack* and brought his foot squarely down upon the fingers of the brown deck boss, who was cringing down the ladder into the hold. "D—— half-breed nigger!" he roared as the deck boss snatched his hand away and bounded recklessly below. "I'll teach you to go contradictin' me on my own towboat! Next time I'll fire you and beat yer coffee skin off you in strips. That's what I'll do. In strips."

His face scarlet and passionately aquiver, he waddled into his cabin, to return a moment after bearing a flute in his puffy hands. The red faded from his fat cheeks as he affectionately regarded the ebony instrument. "Good thing I learned to play you when I was a kid," he mumbled. "About the only thing keeps a man with all my troubles from goin' crazy, I guess."

He glanced at the flooded waters of the river speeding past the prow of the towboat, took a seat upon a chair, and, lifting the flute to his lips, began a labored, squeaky piping which the scowling Tennessee mountains overlooking the stream echoed back in discord and disdain. He had been thus engaged for perhaps a quarter of an hour when the reedy murmur of music on the shore caused his face once more to redden with wrath and his pendulous mouth to sputter a curse.

On the porch of a shanty-boat moored beneath a tree lay a long, straggly limbed rustic of perhaps the same age as the captain and, like the captain, playing a flute. His wiry, uncut hair was red, though a red not so bright as the crimson checker-board squares painted on every surface of the shanty; a flowing, thread-bare necktie was knotted about his collarless neck; his angular

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body was clad in a faded orange shirt and frayed green trousers. Blinking his sleepy eyes as he held the flute at his mouth, he appeared like a lean and amiable cat chewing a bone as it basked in the sun.

Captain Wallins shook his fist. "You low-down river rat!" he bellowed to the musician of the shanty. "I told you three times to quit mockin' me! And I ain't goin' to tell you no more. Put away that flute!"

The other's fingers continued to dart up and down his battered instrument. Ending the solo in a spirited flourish, he rose to a sitting position, yawned and serenely called to the towboat, which was chugging nearer: "I told yuh two days ago an' two days afore that an' every time yuh pass that I ain't mockin' yuh. I'm playin' 'cause I like music."

The captain rocked with sardonic laughter. "Listen to him, Crigger," he grunted to the mate, who stood mending a capstan handle. "Listen to him, would you?" Then he turned again to the shanty-man. "River trash like you ain't got sense enough to count two an' two! Lot you know 'bout music, you do!" he shouted. "You quit mockin' me with that flute! Or am I goin' to have to make you?"

"Might be a little careful how yuh're callin' names," the shanty-man responded quietly as the *Gipsy Jack* swung up until its gun-wales fairly scraped the sides of his pigmy craft. "Some people that's called Lige Gallup names has been sorry they done it. I'm a shanty-boatman 'cause I like shanty-boatin', not 'cause I have to be. Yuh jest be careful, I tell yuh. I know all about yuh, I do.

"I ain't been on this river but a couple of weeks, but that's long enough to find out about yuh an' yer man-killin' towboat. Yuh ought to be hangin' frum a tree, yuh ought. Mebbe yuh think 'cause yuh killed three niggers on yer boat without anythin' happenin' to yuh, yuh kin boss everybody yuh see. But yuh can't. I ain't heard nuthin' 'bout the President of the United States givin' yuh the river." Tranquilly he brought the flute to his lips and began to pipe a merry tune.

Captain Wallins barked a command to the pilot-house. The *Gipsy Jack* veered until the paddle-wheel squarely fronted the shanty. The captain barked a second order. Bells in the engine-

room tinkled softly; the paddle-wheel began to revolve with explosive rapidity. The yellow surface of the river was churned into a sea of foaming, turbulent billows, upon which the shanty-boat danced and staggered, pitched and floundered, in frenzied endeavor to retain its balance. The feeble supports which held up the floor of the porch snapped under the onslaught of the waves; supports, floor, and porch pillars all dropped crazily into the water.

"Don't you want to play somethin' now, Mr. Gallum, or Gallon, or whatever you said yer name was?" Wallins cackled as the shanty-man clung desperately to his drunken home. "If you don't, I'll play you somethin'. Somethin' fittin' for river trash." Pounding out the time with his corpulent foot, he burst into the song of the ragman, a song which, once on the lips of every city-dweller, had in its dying popularity found its way to the remote Southern rivers and there rested. The introduction and verse noisily ended, he lowered the flute mockingly and chanted the refrain:

Any rags? Any bones? Any bottles to-day?
It's the same old story in the same old way!

"How does that suit you, Mr. Gallon?" he shouted. "That's what you are. A river ragpicker. Worse than a ragpicker." Again he lifted the flute to his mouth, and began a whining repetition of the verse.

A rifle on the shanty flamed, a bullet stung past Wallins's cheeks. As though by the hand of a magician, his flute became the fragments of ebony and nickel shining at his feet.

"There's a new tune fur yuh," the shanty-man called gravely. "Next time the tune'll have death in it. Up in Kentucky where I comes frum we fixes bullies like yuh quick. It's Lige Gallup warnin' yuh. Gallup. Not Gallon, like yuh said. Don't fergit it."

The skipper gaped in numbed bewilderment; then waddling up the stairs to the pilot-house, he thrust the steersman aside, himself seized the helm, and savagely pulled the backing-bell. The *Gipsy Jack* snorted in answer; like a misshapen wooden dragon born to run backward, she charged stern foremost to the shore. The timbers of the paddle-wheel crunched hungrily against the

gaudy hull of the shanty; the stricken craft groaned, crumpled, and disappeared beneath the flooding waters.

Sullenly the captain relinquished the helm. "Get her out into the river," he muttered to the pilot.

He turned as the door of the wheel-house was flung open. Through it bolted the mate, his face livid beneath his scraggly bronze beard. "Ain't you goin' to try to save him, Capt'n?" he panted.

Wallins plunged a hand into a pocket, withdrew a pink coconut bonbon, stuffed it into his mouth, and munched it doggishly. "I ain't goin' to waste all day account of a river rat. You know as well as me I got to get down to Kinnikineck Furnace with this tow of pig iron."

The mate advanced in uneasy rebellion. "You don't know what ye're doin', Capt'n. This means hangin'; that's what it does. This ain't no nigger you can kill an' have nuthin' said about it. He's a white man. And a Government man besides. He keeps the light on Hurricane Towhead. It's hangin', I tell you."

"Nigger or no nigger, I'll run my boat the way I want to! Don't you go contradictin' me." He thrust a second bonbon to join the first. "Who's goin' to see? There ain't a livin' soul in three miles of here. Was it my fault his shanty got caught in a flood eddy and smashed into me? Who is he, anyways? A shanty-boatman! The Gov'ment'd thank me for gettin' rid of him. You tend to your business and I'll tend to mine."

The mate shuffled to the door. "This is my business. You can get hanged if you want to. But I won't. I'm goin' to get him if he ain't drowned already."

The captain started passionately forward, then turned away. Morosely he watched while the mate on the deck below kicked off his shoes and dived into the river; moodily he signaled the engine-room to reduce speed, and slowly circled the *Gipsy Jack* about the spot where the mate's head bobbed at intervals above the swirling stream.

At last he saw the swimmer rise to the surface bearing the limp form of Gallup. He slouched outside the wheelhouse and descended the stairs. "Teach him a lesson," he mumbled dourly. "Low-down shanty-boatman! Gov'ment ought to start a campaign to wipe out all them shanty-boaters. Same way they do

flies and snakes." He looked on listlessly as the mate brought his dripping burden aboard; shrugged his shoulders as the rescuer's ministrations brought a shudder of life to the orange-and-green clad body.

The shudder was as a spark igniting some inward, vital fire. Gallup gasped, quivered, sat up. Dazedly he glanced at the trees bordering the shore in brilliant emerald; drowsily he peered into the unkempt face of the mate bent over him, then at Wallins, who stood leaning against a life-boat munching bonbons. "I'm goin' to kull yuh," he murmured to the skipper. "First chance I git. I give yuh warnin'. It ain't right fur a man like yuh to be alive."

The captain snapped in two the pink confection in his hand, and meditatively regarded the creamy paste forming its center. He turned to the deck boss, whose brown fingers still bore the marks of his boot. "There's a rope hangin' above you, Jeff," he rumbled. "Get it an' tie the trash up." When the negro had obeyed, he went on to the fettered shanty-man: "Maybe next time you won't be in such a hurry to shoot fifty-four-an'-a-half-dollar flutes out of people's mouths."

Gallup's eyes flashed dully under his red-crescent brows. "A man can't play the flute no better than yuh ain't got no right to have a flute."

The captain's body dilated with rage as a squat, unwieldy balloon swells with gusts of hydrogen. "Say that again," he snarled infuriately. "Maybe I didn't understand what you was speakin'. Say it again."

"A man can't play the flute no better than yuh ain't got no right to have a flute," Gallup repeated in quiet defiance. "I guess I know flute-playin' when I hear it. I was the best flute-player in all Clay County. A man what used to play in a movin'-picture orchestra in Louisville taught me. When yuh play it sounds like—like—a dyin' rabbit."

"You'll pay for that." From his coat Wallins jerked out a short rod of bamboo studded at one end with thin triangles of metal. "I'll teach you to make remarks about me what's been playin' a flute ever since I was a kid. You know what my niggers calls me sometimes, Mr. Gallon? They calls me 'Bee.' 'Bee' Wallins. I got that name first when I was runnin' a convict

camp before I took to steamboatin', an' this here pretty little stick is what give it to me. It's my sting."

He laughed at his own uncouth humor. "A friend of mine brought it to me from the rubber-fields in Africa. I ain't never used it on a white man before, but it ain't too late to begin. And I'm goin' to begin unless you take back what you just told me. Say I'm a better flute-player than you are. Say it!"

"Yuh play like a dyin' rabbit. Worse than a dyin' rabbit."

Brutishly Wallins lifted the bamboo; savagely, repeatedly, he brought it down upon the shanty-man's breast. "That's just a starter," he cackled as he wiped the bloody instrument upon a piece of waste and restored it to his pocket. "And you get more of it until you say what I told you to say. White man or no white man. Shanty-man ain't no better than a nigger, anyway."

Gallup's countenance was a stoic mask. "Yuh better finish yer job an' kill me," he murmured. "'Cause if I live nuthin'll keep me frum killin' yuh. Nuthin'. I give yuh warnin'." He turned his head and gazed at the drifting shore framed between two bars of the railing. "What's goin' to come of that light over at Hurricane Towhead I'm takin' care of? There'll be a lot of boats sunk if that lamp ain't lit."

"There ain't goin' to be no boats sunk. There ain't two boats comes up here a month besides me. That light ain't goin' to be missed. You got to think of a better excuse than that for gettin' away from me. You stay here till you say what you was told to say. An' I got more than one way of breakin' you." He shambled over to the deck boss. "Take him down to the barge, Jeff, and let him shift some of them iron pigs from port to starboard. It's leakin' a little. Mr. Gallon ain't very strong to-day and liftin' them nice two-hundred-pound pigs'll give him muscle. An' better put that ball an' chain I keep for the niggers on him so he won't try to swim to shore."

Smiling, he watched as the deck boss slunk below with the tottering shanty-man; grinning, he listened as the musical clink of metal against metal rang up from the barge. "That'll break him," he exulted. "Ain't nothin' like pig iron for stubbornness. Twenty-four hours an' he'll be on his knees to me or my name ain't Bee Wallins."

Late in the evening, after the Summer mists had veiled the

ship in a webby, spectral cloak, Wallins took his accustomed seat at the bow, and, removing the cotton wrappings from a long package brought from his cabin, exposed his second flute, which he had hitherto used only at rare intervals, an instrument of silver trimmed with ivory. He touched the smooth mouthpiece to his lips, grunted with satisfaction, played three wheezy, monotonous airs, and was beginning the introduction to a fourth, when a faint fluty echo rippled up from the hold where Gallup had been imprisoned for the night.

He stood immobile, in fat stupefaction; a moment after hurtled down the stairs. Gallup lay stretched out in a bunk, the iron ball chained to his leg tucked comfortably out of sight beneath a blanket; as he lay his fingers coursed up and down his shabby flute. He gave no sign of recognition as Wallins stamped into the room; made no resistance as Wallins snatched the flute from his hand.

"Mockin' me again, ain't you?" the skipper boomed. "I didn't know you had this hid on you, or I'd have took it away when you first come on board. They ain't been workin' you hard enough; that's the trouble. I'll send Jeff down to take care of you in about a minute. You'll work all night and all day to-morrow too. Twenty-four hour shifts."

Gallup made no answer.

Wallins waddled to the door. "Sorry I had to take yer flute. You might have played it in yer spare time."

He slammed the door vehemently behind him, muttered a command to the deck boss, and after a brief time once more heard the muffled clinking of metal as the shanty-man shifted the cumbrous iron pigs. He resumed his seat on the chair, lit a gilded pipe, and set before him a box of salted peanuts. Alternately smoking and eating, he had devoured three-fourths of the box's contents, when there was a dull splash at the bow. Sauntering to the rail, he peered into the darkness to ascertain the occasion of this unusual noise, but spun around quickly as footsteps sounded on the stairs and the swarthy, cadaverous form of the deck boss appeared above the landing.

Fawning, excited, the negro sped to the captain. "Ah done it," he panted.

Wallins gorged his mouth with peanuts. "Done it? Done what?"

The eyes of the deck boss bulged whitely. "Ah done what you-all wanted. Done—got rid of him. It's black as a graveyard on de ribber now, and Ah seen my chance. Ah moved de plank runnin' frum de barge to de boat so dat when he come across it instead of walkin' on to de boat he walked right into de ribber. Didn't you-all hear him splash?"

The folds of the captain's chinless face shook passionately. "You mean—he's drownin'?"

The deck boss nodded and retreated cringingly to the stairway. "Ah thought you-all wanted him dead, Cap'n," he expostulated. "Ah thought sure you wanted him dead. Ah seen how mad you was 'cause de mate saved him dis afternoon, an' Ah thought if Ah done away with him you'd see Jeff was de best niggah you had on de ship an' forget dat what you-all said about beatin' him—an' firin' him. Ah ain't got no other ship to go to. Ah thought—"

"You thought? You thought? What do I care what a half-breed nigger thinks? Don't you go contradictin' me!" Wallins's fist shot out and felled the offender to the reverberant landing. "Who told you to do it, I ask you? Who told you? Ruinin' my plans! I'll do my own killin' when I want it done! I don't need no help!" He stabbed the writhing negro with the toe of his boot. "Get up! Dive in an' fetch him out! If he's dead he won't die by hisself! He'll have a nigger to keep him company!"

The captain dashed up to the pilot-house as the negro plunged down to the boiler-deck. The beams of the two searchlights fixed to the smokestacks sprayed suddenly, dazzlingly, over the churning water. In a moment they had touched a red-tipped head, and a white arm clutching a thin black line. Gallup had caught a drifting branch of a tree, and with it was fiercely striving to hold himself above the eddies. But the galling weight chained to his leg dragged ponderously downward; his head had twice sunk beneath the swells when the deck boss swam up, and, thrusting a life-preserver beneath his exhausted body, towed him to the *Gipsy Jack*.

Whisky from the skipper's flask awakened his deadened senses. He coughed. "I won't say it," he muttered.

Wallins voluptuously sniffed the neck of the flask. "What you gruntin' about?" he demanded.

"Yuh kin drown me a hunderd times an' I'll never say yuh're a better flute-player than me. Yuh—yuh play—like a dyin' rabbit. Worse than a dyin' rabbit."

The captain took an indignant drink. "You—you think it was me made you fall in the river?"

"I know you done it."

Wallins spun round to the mate, who stood leaning against a davit. "You see?" he growled. "There's shanty gratitude for you. Waste half a hour fishin' him out of a flooded river an' he turns around an' says you was tryin' to drown him."

Gallup tugged at a piece of driftwood snagged in the laces of his decrepit shoes. "Yuh—yuh saved my life?" he asked.

The skipper nodded.

Gallup freed the wood and tossed it into the water. "Yuh're queer, yuh are. Queer, but yuh got some good in yuh anyway."

Wallins shifted disquietly. "Don't go givin' us none of yer Sunday-school hymns," he grumbled. "I didn't save you 'cause I fell in love with you all of a sudden. I didn't want you to die till I've had the satisfaction of hearin' you say what I told you to say. That's all."

"Anyways yuh saved me. An' that's a lot." He glanced at a lofty wooden pyramid bordering the river. "There's Panther Mine Tipple," he went on patiently. "There's a lot of freight-trains runnin' out of there. I kin hop one an' be back to Hurricane before mornin'. I want to git back to my light. Bad. Let's yuh an' me let bygones be bygones. Yuh put me off on shore here an' I'll hop a freight to Hurricane."

"Not till you've said what I told you to say."

"I'll never say it." Gallup squeezed the water from his drenched trousers. "Mebbe yuh are a better flute-player. I don't think so. But mebbe yuh are. There's one way to settle it. Yuh play, then I'll play. The crew'll be judges. Niggers knows a lot about music. If they say yuh kin play better than me, I'll say it to yuh too. Then yuh kin keep my flute fur the one of yers I busted an' I won't say nuthin' about yer takin' me an' interferin' with commerce an' navigation.

"If they says I kin play better than yuh, then all yuh have to

do is tell me I kin, give me a couple of dollars fur the shanty yuh smashed an' let me go to shore. Yuh kin keep my flute an' I won't say nuthin' to the inspector, jest the same. That's fair, ain't it?"

"I won't do it. I'll make you say it. You think I'm scared of a Gov'ment inspector?" Wallins took a long drink from the whisky-flask and replaced the cork. A crafty smile spread over his reddening face. "You'll go by whatever the men says?" he demanded.

"Yep. But I can't play right with a ball an' chain on my leg."

"All right. Jeff'll unlock it. I'll take yer proposition. Get up."

They trudged into the dingy saloon which, in the days when the *Gipsy Jack* was a packet sailing to New Orleans, had hummed with the converse of dapper-coated and silken-gowned travelers. Now it teemed with kegs of nails destined for the carpenter-shop, and aromatic crates of fruit for the commissary of Kinnikineck Furnace. Rolling, hoisting, stacking, the crew cleared a space at one end of the gloomy chamber, then clambering upon the adjacent mounds of crates and kegs, waited the commencement of this singular duel.

The antagonists took seats upon faded plush chairs, remnants of the *Gipsy Jack's* vanished glory. Wallins gave back to the shanty-man the dilapidated flute he had taken away. "You first," he grunted.

Fondly Gallup rubbed his finger over the scarred instrument. "I'll play yuh 'Susie on the Mountain,'" he announced to the hushed audience. "I guess that's my best piece. One place Susie's supposed to be standin' by a brook. Yuh kin hear the water runnin'. Mighty pretty right there. Listen fur it." He began to play, smiling, confident, now in an eager, joyful staccato, now in a solemn, mournful diminuendo, ending in a blithe, prolonged trill.

Wallins shined his silver instrument upon the sleeve of his jacket. "I'll play you 'The Midnight Fire Alarm.' It's got bells in it. Bells is harder to play than water." Stamping out an experimental measure with his clumsy foot, he set the flute to his lips. It wailed and droned in a steady flow of labored, amateurish discord, then, with a shrill flourish, ceased.

Gallup watched staidly as the skipper wiped the ivory mouthpiece. "Ask 'em which is best," he said.

The crew buzzed with excitement. Wallins beamed upon them. "Who's the best player, rousters?" he cackled. "Him? Or me? Ye're the judges. Judge fair."

The deck boss fawned forward. "'Scuse us, Capt'n," he mumbled. "Us niggers can't tell with jes' one piece. Will you-all please play us another? We wants to make sure."

Wallins glanced at his adversary.

"I'm willin'," Gallup drawled. "Let's see. This time I'll play yuh the 'Anvil Chorus' frum 'Il Trovatory.' Forgot about it before. That's the best piece I know, I guess, instead of the other. You kin hear the Gipsies fixin' horseshoes in it as plain as daylight." The flute tinkled euphoniously. Here and there a delighted negro, infected by the stirring rhythm, swayed from side to side.

Morosely the captain cleaned the mouthpiece of his instrument with his gaudy necktie. "Ain't no need of tellin' you this one," he snapped when the other had concluded, and plunged without further preliminary into the lugubrious verse and chorus of the ragpicker's lament. Gallup leaped up, then shrugged his shoulders, and dropped back to his seat.

Wallins ended his piercing solo. He stood up and jovially confronted the crew. "You've heard both of us play," he grunted. "Now it's for you to decide who plays best. Judge fair." He singled out a shriveled Ethiopian wearing the blue kepi of a French poilu. "Who you vote for, Gunny?"

The rouser's lips twitched. "Ah—Ah votes fur you-all, Capt'n."

Wallins grinned. "One for me, anyway. Now you, Banty! Chip! Buffalo! You vote for me? Well, that's four out of four. Pretty good for a starter." One by one he made the rounds of the ragged circle of spectators, then lifted his whisky-flask and drained it jubilantly. He leered at the shanty-man. "Well, Mr. Gallon," he chortled. "Here's sixteen votes for me and not one single vote for you. I hope ye're satisfied now. You might have said it when I first told you to and saved yerself an' me a lot of trouble. So say it now, if you'll be so kind and obligin'."

Gallup tucked his flute within his radiant shirt. "Yer men are

scared of yuh. They ain't sayin' what they think. Let 'em vote the way people does in elections. Secret ballit, they calls it."

The skipper's cheeks flushed to a quivering purple. He whipped out the metal-studded bamboo and was about to advance upon the immobile shanty-man when a whisper from the deck boss at his side caused him to thrust the rod back into his coat. "All right," he muttered to Gallup. "Have yer secret ballit."

He glanced inquisitively about the littered chamber, then ripping off one of the white labels pasted upon the nail-kegs and jerking free a crimson poster decorating a fruit-crate, tore them into squares. "Give one of each color to each rouser, Jeff," he commanded malignantly. "Then collect the papers in yer hat. Red, they votes for me. Red. Blood. Understand? An' white, they votes for the river trash. It's dark in here, an' nobody can see what color they drop in the hat. Nobody."

The negro distributed the ballots. A moment after, with a decrepit derby extended in his hands, he shuffled back, and, stooping between the antagonists, poised the hat a few inches above the floor. "Red fur de capt'n, white fur de shanty feller," he crooned. Deftly he twirled the brim. The ballots fluttered to the carpet. One square of crimson paper shone like an odd-shaped spot of blood upon the yellowed cloth; all the others were white.

Gallup made a laborious count upon his fingers. "There's fifteen fur me," he announced. "I'll be goin' now when yuh tell me what yuh agreed to tell me."

Wallins stared at the spots on the rug in leaden bitterness. "I'll tell you nuthin'. And you ain't goin' to leave this boat." He wheeled upon the deck boss. "You lyin' half-breed!" he snarled. "You told me they'd vote for me just the same in a secret ballit, didn't you? I'll teach you!" His fists lashed out.

The negro groveled, and sought to shield his shiny face. "Ah didn't do it apurpose, Capt'n," he whimpered. "Ah thought they'd be skeered."

His protestations ended as the shanty-man darted to the deck and the captain sped waddling after. Gallup poised at the rail; cleared it with a violent dive. He reappeared shadowily above

the swells; the captain, at the ship's side, fired three shots from a revolver.

"You shoot worse than yuh play the flute," the shanty-man called derisively, continuing to drive his steely body to the shore. But as he spoke he was leaving upon the water a dancing thread of invisible crimson, blood from a jagged bullet-hole in his arm. Spent, he reached the land, bandaged the wound with a strip torn from his shirt, and gazed at the *Gipsy Jack* smokily dissolving up the mists of the river. "I'll git even," he muttered. "Don't yuh worry. I don't know how, but I'll git even."

He built a fire, dried his clothes, and, stalking up the bank past the coal-mine to the freight-yards beyond, climbed onto a coal-train starting on its long voyage to the plains. Three hours later, as he recognized the squat water-tower at Hurricane, he leaped to the ground, and, trudging once more to the shore, began walking the two muddy miles up the river's edge to his light.

On the bank, up which the river was creeping, were heaped great mounds of iron pigs ready for the furnaces, while in the stream itself could be seen the tops of similar mounds which had already been caught in the flooding embrace. Gallup's face hardened. "I'll git even fur all them pigs yuh made me carry," he mumbled. "Jest wait. I don't know how. But I'll git even."

He arrived at the inlet where his shanty had been anchored, gritted his teeth as he saw a fragment of the bow bobbing at the end of the mooring-line, then plodded to the wooden light-post, upon which hung an extinguished lantern. Loosing the rope, he lowered the lantern, lit it, and restored it to its place at the top of the pole. The exertion brought a stinging pain to his injured arm. Somberly he gazed over the growling, white-flecked stream. Then he clambered into a rickety rowboat lying high on the bank and fell asleep.

The sun had been shining for three hours when he awoke and breakfasted upon two ears of corn brought from a near-by field. The meal finished, he tramped to the solitary pine-tree rising majestically a quarter of a mile from the river's edge, climbed it, drove a nail into the trunk, and, returning to the stream, occupied the remainder of the day in searching the driftwood for planks with which he could construct a new shanty.

At dusk he lowered the signal-lantern, lit it, but instead of

hauling it up the pole, stalked off to the solitary pine, and hung it upon the nail. He stumbled back through the twilight, the lantern on the tree glowing redly through the mists. He peered up the darkening ribbon of water. "She ought to be gittin' here about nine o'clock, the way I figger," he mumbled. "I got it calculated to a couple of feet, I guess. An' without hurtin' any of them niggers. There's some good niggers on that boat." The night fog thickened.

He watched until the red and green lights of the *Gipsy Jack* showed dimly round a bend of the river; breasting the fierce current, he swam out to an inundated tree, and, climbing into the branches, waited. Gravely he saw the vessel swing to find the channel for which Hurricane Light had stood as a faithful, unwavering guide; grimly he watched it steam blind and reckless to the shore.

It struck with an explosive crackling of timbers, followed an instant later by a babble of shouts and curses. The lights blazed out; smaller lights, matches and electric torches, sprang into being in the darkness. Above the roar of the water and the din of maledictions rose the booming voice of the captain uttering commands. From his watery hiding-place Gallup beheld the rousters leap one by one into the stream, dragging after them a cable with which to moor the damaged vessel to the land. Up and down the bank strode the mate, directing with his flash-light; the captain stood in the bow, bellowing profanity.

Remaining motionless until he calculated that all but a few of the crew were on the shore, he dropped silently into the water, and swam to the black hulk of the ship. He pulled himself upon the fantail. At the railing fronting the engine-room he saw the foggily outlined form of the deck boss; he crept to the opposite side of the vessel, and, barefoot, sped along the dark passage-way to the bow. He leaped upon the captain. They swayed, struggled an instant, noiseless as two battling ghosts. Wallins, overwhelmed by the suddenness of the attack, crumpled to the boards. Gallup pinioned his limbs with a hempen cord, and gagged his mouth with a handful of moss. Impassively he stared down at his captive.

"Yuh're a fool," he pronounced. "I knowed yuh'd do it. Jest what I figgered. Yuh're so used to bullyin' yuh thought yuh

could bully yer way through a flood an' a fog. I could have sent yer boat to the bottom right here if I'd wanted to. But I didn't want to drown yer crew. An' there's another reason."

He whipped a hatchet from his belt, and with it tapped the rope whose shore end the chanting blacks were hauling toward a tree-stump. "Yuh made a agreement with me yistiddy, an' then yuh busted it. Yuh ain't fit to be alive, yuh ain't. I ought to kill yuh afore yuh live another minute. But I'm goin' to give yuh a chance to keep yer agreement. I'm goin' to break yuh the way yuh tried to break me. That's the other reason.

"Yuh say I kin play the flute better than yuh. If yuh don't I cut the rope in two an' the current'll carry yer boat down to Hurricane Steel Mill. It's draggin' everything that way. Them piles of pigs is standin' just a couple of inches out of the water. I seen 'em last night. They'll rip the bottom out of yer man-killin' boat. An' then she'll kill the last she'll ever kill—yer-self."

From the obscurity of the port-side passageway came the sound of shambling footsteps. Uplifting the hatchet, Gallup crept forward. Crouching behind a smoke-stack, he sprang into the path of the shuffling intruder. It was the deck boss. Fiercely the shanty-man clutched his arm. "Don't yuh make no noise," he whispered. "Don't yuh scream. I ain't got nuthin' again yuh. He made yuh do what yuh done to me. But don't yuh move frum where yuh are. An' don't yuh dare to make a noise."

Releasing the shaking negro, he returned to the captain and partially removed the moss gagging his mouth. "Will yuh say it?" he muttered.

Wallins gulped, "I'll say nuthin'."

The shanty-man listened to the weird droning of the rousters heaving on the bank. "They'll be comin' back in a minute. Will yuh say it?"

"No."

Gallup struck three blows with the hatchet. The cable severed; the grotesque, tugging blacks toppled one upon the other as a row of dominoes collapses under the finger of a child. The *Gipsy Jack*, freed of her fetters, began a giddy race down the torrent.

The deck boss, who had remained pressed against the wall, as

though set there by a hypnotist, darted in panic to the rail. Frantically he peered over the side. "We's driftin'!" he gasped, scurrying to the shanty-man. "She's goin'—"

Gallup thrust him away. "Yuh're all right. Don't yuh worry. We got plenty of time. We kin git off in the life-boat." He gazed down at the misty face of his prisoner. "I'm goin' now," he murmured. "Is there anythin' yuh want—afore yuh die?"

For a moment the skipper made no answer. Then he spoke, in gruff deliberation. "Get me my flute."

"Where is it?"

"On the chair."

Gallup struck a match, and by its light found the glittering instrument. "Yuh want to play somethin'?"

The other nodded.

The shanty-man loosed the cords binding the skipper's right arm. "I guess I'd do the same if it was me," he said softly. "But yuh'll have to play with one hand. I can't trust yuh with both of 'em untied."

He extended the flute. Wallins grasped it. "I'm goin' to play you a tune," he mumbled. "The best tune I know. An' fittin' for the occasion." He brought the ivory mouthpiece to his lips; over the water wheezed the dismal accompaniment for the dolorous refrain:

Any rags? Any bones? Any bottles to-day?

It's the same old story in the same old way!

Infuriately Gallup jerked his hunting-knife from his waist; slowly, reflectively, he thrust it back into its sheath. "Yuh're a bad man. But yuh're brave. Brave. I ain't got no right to kill a man as brave as yuh."

He faced the deck boss. "Git the lifeboat ready," he called, and stooped to unbind the captain's bonds.

Wallins stumbled to his feet. With quick, expert eye he studied the billows breaking against the foamy sides of the ship. He turned to the shanty-man. "I hate to lose my boat," he muttered. "The mist is clearin' an' there's a chance of workin' her in to shore. But—but I—can't hold the wheel by myself in a current like that. Not by myself."

"All right. I'll help yuh. Yuh're a brave man."

They mounted to the pilot-house; together they clung to the struggling wheel and swung the vessel round a bar until it swept into the smooth waters beyond. Gently it touched the land. The deck-boss leaped over the side and made it fast.

The shanty-man stalked into the boiler-room to dry his clothes before the glowing furnaces. The captain followed, then departed, returning with a long, tubular object in each hand, one black and battered, the other silver, trimmed with ivory. He held these out to Gallup. "Take 'em," he said gruffly. "Yer own flute an' my ninety-dollar silver one. That's kind of part payment for yer shanty I busted. Ye're a better man than I am. An'—ye're a better—flute-player."

With his rough fingers Gallup caressed the velvety surface of the flute of silver. "Folks up in Clay County always used to say I could play pretty fine," he drawled. "But yuh kin play too. Mebbe not no better than me. But jest as good. Jest as good."

Wallins shook his head. "I can't. You play a hundred times better than I do. More than that. A thousand times. Don't you go contradictin' me."

Pensively Gallup flicked off a particle of soot which had drifted upon a key. A wistful smile touched his thin lips.

"Let's yuh an' me play a duet," he said.

MADEMOISELLE ¹

By ELISABETH FINLEY-THOMAS

(From *The Century Magazine*)

MY first meeting with Mademoiselle occurred one morning in my Cousin Clorinda's converted—or perverted—farm-house at Westbury.

The Federal Income Tax Bureau places a high valuation on Clorinda, but to me she represents solely the confusions, the discomforts and imaginary obligations attendant upon riches, unadministered by common sense.

Consequently I find difficulty in cherishing Clorinda with the ardor which she demands of me in my rôle of bachelor relative. For years, in fact, until my "Psychology of Napoleon Bonaparte" attracted the volatile attention of a fashionable book reviewer, she quite forgot or ignored those "ties of nature" celebrated in the old hymn. As for the "habits of affection" mentioned by the same authority, I did not find Clorinda habit-forming in that direction when she finally "took me up" with capricious violence.

Occasionally, however, I invertebrately succumb to a fifteenth telephone call transmitted by her various butlers, footmen, and secretaries, and let myself in for a week-end of a homesickness that brings me back to New York by an early Sunday evening train. My desire for flight on these occasions is due to my inability to stand the grinding routine of over-solvency; Clorinda is completely caught in the machinery, and her guests become involved with her.

There is of course a mockery of freedom, a decalcomania of British customs, in Clorinda's hospitality. You are entirely neglected. Your hostess neither meets you at the station, greets you upon arrival, nor presents you to other visitors. "You know everybody, of course," is the nearest approach to a life-belt

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that I have ever known her to throw to a foundering outsider. Under this system individuality should perhaps expand. That mine fails to respond is, in part, due to the fact that I am hampered by the wrong kind of personal luggage in the way of unfashionable idiosyncrasies. I am archaic. I like eating breakfast in a dining-room, and I am a hopelessly early riser. Clorinda's Anglophobia has not yet instituted the buffet of cold roasts and chafing-dishes, and one is still condemned to the meager provisions of the breakfast-tray. A single rose in a glass vase, of a tint to match the china, in no way compensates me. I resent the two triangular pieces of thin toast, the small pot of coffee, and the pallidly refined egg, sole indiscretion, one must opine, of a virgin hen.

On the morning of my meeting with Mademoiselle, I had awakened earlier than usual with a criminal sense of violating by this first matutinal act the fastidious etiquette of the bedchamber. The hands of the clock confirmed my heinous vulgarity. Rolling over I made an effort to doze modishly. It was useless. I determined to dress without waiting for the valet to bring me, an hour later, my impeccably "boned" boots. Presently I was stealing, like a second-story man, down the stairway, mindful that my heels should not tap a reveille on the polished wood of the landings. I would find a corner somewhere, I reflected, and a book that I could read. My night-table had offered me the fashion magazines, "Eat and Grow Thin," "The Tabooed Duchess"; and I am still of the decreasing minority that enjoys Addison.

It occurred to me also that I would prevail upon some compliant minion to serve me my breakfast downstairs. But my defiance of the conventions had forfeited the respect of the attendants. They made no compromises in my favor.

In the library the vacuum-cleaner almost caught my heels, as I seized a book at random from shelves regularly stocked like a mouth too full of teeth; and in the living-room the carpet-sweeper threatened equally to involve me. I fled to the terrace, but the cold swish of a garden-hose inundated the stonework and incidentally my boots. Cleanliness can be as objectionable as godliness.

"Damn Clorinda." I felt in my pocket for a time-table.

"If monsieur fears the humidity—" The voice came from the

sun-porch that gave upon the terrace. In the doorway stood the quaint figure of Mademoiselle, the middle-aged French governess whom I had often noticed nervously shepherding Clorinda's little black sheep about the house and garden. To my surprise she seemed to be trembling with excitement. The jet beads that hung over the plain alpaca frock which fitted her small round figure with a certain coquetry heaved and clicked as her breath quickened.

Now although I am elderly and may have begun to resemble Mr. Pickwick, my senility has not yet reached the point where I conceive of myself as representing adventure. Mademoiselle's emotion intrigued me. Her deprecating gesture of welcome invited toward a table where the three spoiled unhopefuls of my cousin sat breakfasting picturesquely after the manner of fashionable child life as delineated in "House and Terrace" and "Home and Gardens." The trellised walls, the green-painted furniture, the pale-blue smocks of the children, the yellow oranges and the gaily decorated plates, conformed to the convention established by modern illustrators. The scene was not without attraction.

"I really do need shelter," I said, laughing and looking down at my bespattered morning-suit, as Mademoiselle drew a chair toward the table.

"I should scarcely have ventured—" she was saying, "but the desire, knowing that monsieur was the biographer of the Emperor! It is that I also pass my time in the company of the great men. Salute *monsieur votre cousin, mes petits*," she fussily admonished her charges.

The "House and Terrace" youngsters came out of their picture long enough to curtsy-bob with sulky reluctance. Having ordered from a striped-bellied footman a he-man's breakfast of ham and eggs, to be vulgarly fried, I observed Mademoiselle as she fumblingly readjusted the bib about the neck of Clorinda's youngest. She was evidently nearing sixty, yet there was about her that air of blighted youth which prolonged innocence often gives to nuns and old maids. Winter must have followed close on spring. As she resumed her seat, her round blue eyes looked out wistfully at me from under the frizzly thatch of a transformation drawn to a tight knot on the top of her head, and from above the

full contour of her smooth cheeks the soft tremulous lips made her resemble, in a sort of futile femininity, the ineffectual beauties of the Greuze portraits. Mademoiselle was but too evidently a child lost in its sixth decade.

"Yes, monsieur," she went on with the released volubility of people condemned to habitual silence, "in my solitude I frequent only the great, and above all Napoleon. When one is brought up in certain traditions, the very names are magic: Marengo, Sebastopol, Jena." Her thin voice took on a martial tone; her small chest expanded.

"Madame your cousin made me a present of your noble work, a *chef d'œuvre*, monsieur. I was glad that you consider Josephine insufficient. She was not *à la hauteur*, monsieur. Nor yet did she know how to efface herself. I have always felt that I could have understood the Emperor. Figure to yourself that I possess a great treasure, an inkstand, monsieur, used by himself, which he presented to one of his generals, an ancestor of mine. *Oui, monsieur*. And it has been my talisman; from it I draw courage. Ah, yes, even little lives need courage. '*En avant*,' I hear him say, '*quarante siècles nous regardent*.' And I believe it, monsieur, that the centuries watch us!"

She was transformed, glowing. She did not notice that Fifine, evidently fearless of the disapprobation of the centuries and unappreciative of Napoleon, had stuck out her tongue.

"I even offer to the children at times as a recompense when they have learned well the fables of La Fontaine that they may write from my inkstand."

"I hate Napoleon," remarked Fifine succinctly.

Mademoiselle's momentary flush blanched under the insult to her hero.

"Go to your room at once, my child, and copy the first four tenses of the verb *devoir*."

"I'll jolly well tell mother we're fed up on Napoleon," muttered Fifine as she passed my chair. "Napoleon, Chateaubriand, Lamartine, the whole bunch!"

I hastily covered these remarks of the retreating Fifine by the suggestion that even Napoleon and the poets must be an insufficient antidote for the care of a lot of spoiled children and its attendant monotony.

"Ah, monsieur," replied Mademoiselle, "you understand! It is not that I do not love children, but—my little Jack, take your fingers from your bread and milk, *à bas les petites pattes!*—but I am forbidden to correct them, to form them. *Mon Dieu!* there must be monotony, even in the life of the married woman, but it is the monotony of the affections. This is that thing infinitely more profound, *l'ennui*. But I abuse the patience of monsieur."

"Perhaps you suffer above all the nostalgia of your Paris," I hazarded sympathetically.

"How you have reason—but conditions—the franc—my economies placed badly with a brother-in-law! For many years to come I shall see myself forced to remain in a strange land."

"You will be drawn back in the end. No need for Parisians to throw sous in the fountain of the Place de la Concorde." I tried to speak lightly.

"You think so?" There was a note of yearning in her tone.

"I am so sure that I hereby give you rendezvous at Voisin's any day you mention."

Her blush had the wild rose tint of a young girl's. She constricted her smile to the limits of formal propriety; then she became confidential again. It was evident that she was as ravenous for talk as a long-starved man before his first dish of food.

"You jest, monsieur. But figure to yourself that once I really *did dine au restaurant.*"

I looked at her inquiringly, awaiting the recital of the incident.

"Yes, it was with my brother-in-law. I was returning from a post in England. He and my sister met me at the Gare du Nord. The boat-train was late. We lived far in the Quarter of St.-Sulpice. So he said, '*Allons, mes petites, rigolons* for once' (he had the character very gay, Alphonse!); 'let us eat at the café opposite. It was a dinner at fixed price. We had an excellent *petit vin de Bordeaux* and a black coffee as well as a *pousse café*. The whole thing was done quite *en prince*. I remember it was very cold crossing the bridge afterward on the *impériale.*'"

Half the joy of remembering is remembering together. I lied, in the effort to create good fellowship. "I recall that restaurant very well," I said. This lonely little creature was infinitely pathetic.

"How that finds itself!" she responded joyously. "I dare say that you, monsieur, have dined also *chez* Foyot and at the Café Royal?"

I confessed.

Anne and Jackie had jumped down from their seats, whining and pulling at Mademoiselle's skirts.

"*Tout de suite, mes enfants, tout de suite.* Excuse me, monsieur." She rose. "Solitude makes one loquacious."

"In this case, mademoiselle," I answered, "the result has been insufficient. I shall ask for more." And I spoke truly. Mademoiselle interested me more than any one I had ever met in my cousin's house.

"Where did you unearth that deliciously quaint little governess, Clorinda?" I asked a few hours later, when my cousin, quite the last word of sporting elegance in her tweed suit, had resumed her duties as a nonchalant hostess of the most approved English type.

"Oh, Eve de la Tour Maubourg recommended her. She is of *la petite nobless*, Napoleonic of course; she will have told you that. She was crazy to meet you, but don't let her bore you. She is a chronic nuisance on the subject of Napoleon. Some relation of Eve's went to the Sacré Cœur with her. She speaks wonderful French, but she is too old for the children. They get bored. I shall have to get rid of her in a few weeks. Amuse yourself, will you, while I see the chef about to-night's dinner. The house-keeper is ill. Isn't it funny how that sort of person always gets ill? I suppose she's bilious. They invariably are. I'm going to put you next Winona to-night. She is the only woman I know who really reads the books she says she does. I dare say she has read yours."

Clorinda disappeared indoors with a little gesture.

It was eleven o'clock, but no other guests had as yet appeared. I again found myself alone with the volume I had taken from the library. It turned out to be a book by Sully-Prudhomme with uncut leaves. The sun shimmered over the sunken garden. I could see the white dresses of the children and a small dark note in the midst of the riotous brilliance of the parterres, which

I took to be the black alpaca of Mademoiselle. I strolled out toward it across the intervening lawn.

She was sitting on a bench busily working at a *petit point* embroidery.

"May I join you?" I said. "I love to talk of Paris. I used to see the French girls stitching at their tambours, just as you are doing now, in the Gardens of the Luxembourg, when I was a student. I lived in the Rue Madame and crossed the gardens every day on my way to the Sorbonne."

Her face brightened. "How you know our habits! All the young girls of the Rive Gauche go to the Luxembourg—Napoleon, by the way, inhabited the palace when he was consul. We always sat in the shadows of the statue of Marguerite de Valois, my sisters and myself. We were accompanied of course. And we all dressed alike. One spring we had toques with blue and black stripes. We were really very elegant that season."

"I am sure of it," I commented. "Can I smoke?" I settled back on the bench.

"But, yes! I adore the odor of the tobacco, it is so virile."

A loud wail from behind the hedge interrupted us. "*Un instant, monsieur.*" She was gone with her fussy step.

Jackie had fallen on the gravel and, though quite uninjured, now refused to be comforted. Her figure looked old as she lugged him back toward the bench refusing my aid.

"No, no, I must sing to him. You excuse me! It is that that will best quiet him."

Crooning, she rocked the boy back and forward:

"Si le roi m'avait donné Paris, sa grand' ville,
Et qu'il fallût quitter l'amour de ma mie,
Je dirais au roi Henri: 'Reprenez votre Paris;
J'aime mieux ma mie, ô gué! j'aime mieux ma mie!'"

I listened astonished. Her thin voice had a crystalline quality, charming, young.

"They like my little songs, the children." She put down Jackie, who now trotted off to join the others. "I adore music. I once heard 'Mignon at the Opéra Comique, the week before the disaster. Philine, what a rôle! 'Je suis Titania la blonde!'"

She twittered and trilled a bar or two of the famous coloratura

aria, quite unselfconsciously rapt in the enthusiasm of her memories.

"Figure to yourself that I wanted to enter the Conservatoire, to become a singer. But my parents disapproved. Besides, the cachet was heavy, and I should always have had to be accompanied to the lessons. My cousins de Teronville, who remained unmarried, were accompanied until their fortieth year. However, circumstances, after the death of my father, forced us to a greater freedom. I had to give lessons, instead of taking them. I remember the first afternoon that I went out alone. I was on my way to teach an American family lodged in the Hôtel Vendôme. Their windows gave on the Place. One could see the beautiful column. In the Rue de Rivoli I perceived that I was followed. I was frightened, but I had read the romances of Bourget and of Octave Feuillet (though my mother always pinned the pages together in the parts that were improper), and I was excited. Yes, monsieur, I avow that the sensation (one has these weaknesses) was not without pleasure. I hastened; he persisted. At last he accosted me. He was good looking, an *homme du monde*, *joli garçon*, perhaps on his way from the Jockey or the Volnay.

"*'Mademoiselle,'* he said, raising his hat, *'can I offer you to dine?'* He was charming. It was going too far, yet I comprehended his mistake. A young woman well brought up should not have been under the arcades of the Rue de Rivoli at that hour.

"*'I regret, monsieur,'* said I—and I confess to you that I spoke truly—*'I regret, but I am not of the category that you imagine.'* He looked at me sharply, but he recognized the situation at once. He was a man of the world.

"*'You cannot regret it more than I, mademoiselle; you pleased me. Accept my excuses and the expression of my respectful homage. Mademoiselle!'* He was gone. I saw him once afterward. I was walking with my sister on the Avenue des Acacias, in the Bois. We had on our old capes; fortunately he did not recognize us. He was driving with a person very beautiful and elegant, seated on his left. You know the significance, monsieur. I have often wondered—" She paused. "I have sometimes regretted that I did not accept his invitation, but *noblesse oblige*—As a descendant of a general of the Empire—"

"But, mademoiselle, you must have had many opportunities of sitting on a man's right—a girl pretty, charming, and with such an enchanting voice."

"Ah, monsieur, destiny willed otherwise. I had freshness, a good skin; I was not ugly; but I was the youngest of three sisters. It was unfortunate. Their husbands required considerable dowries. They were less well as to appearance, you see, difficult to place. My parents estimated I might attract with less expense. When my opportunity came, there was practically nothing left for my dot. It was a young man who had seen me at mass. I had noticed him behind the third pillar at the right of my prie-dieu ever since the Trinity. He wore glasses and had rather a sallow skin, and I cannot say that he troubled my devotions. Yet when at Easter his parents demanded for him my hand, I should have been glad to accept. As a married woman, monsieur, one enjoys privileges. However, his people were quite dissatisfied with our pecuniary offer. The affair did not realize itself." She sighed.

"Nevertheless, monsieur," she went on, "I had my romance. It was the summer after my sister married. I was visiting my aunt in St.-Jean-de-Luz. Large hats of the straw of Italy, leghorn you call them, were the mode. I had one, broad, with a wreath of roses and blue ribbons. It was charming. One day I had gone to gather flowers in a field near the railway station. It was a bright sunny day, and I wore a white muslin with an azure sash to match the ribbons on my hat. A train drew out of the station. It moved slowly; suddenly it stopped, halted. Directly opposite me was a compartment of the first class. A young man, dark, sad, romantic, what we call a *beau ténébreux* leaned from the door. Our glances met, hung, it seemed long. My poppies and my cornflowers fell to the ground. The train moved. The young man leaned far out. There was no laughter in his face. He blew me a kiss, not lightly, I know it was not lightly; and, monsieur, what there was of the most extraordinary, I threw him one kiss, two kisses, kisses, kisses, until the train had quite vanished, until the gray smoke lay over the field and I had thrown myself crying among the wheat. He was in earnest, and it is evident if the train had not gone on— How life, monsieur, depends on little things!"

So this was the sum total! She had dined at a bourgeois restaurant; she had had a banal adventure in the Rue de Rivoli; she had been refused in marriage by a commonplace family; an unknown youth had thrown her a kiss!

I took off my spectacles to wipe them. The tears were very near my eyes.

"Mademoiselle!" called Clorinda's voice from the terrace.

She arose hurriedly to her feet. "*Ah, mon Dieu*, it is the hour of the promenade on horseback, and I must prepare the children in their equestrian costumes. Jackie, Fifine, Anne! Monsieur, you excuse me." She bustled away.

For a long time I sat on the bench thinking of the tragedy of defeated womanhood, of the broad white canvas of a lifetime, meagerly scrawled with design, untouched by color.

The big luncheon table, edged with the chatter about polo and the impending visit of a prince (Clorinda's set is associated with those sports that conduct most directly toward Royalty), diverted my thoughts from the episode of the morning. Once I saw through the open door the flutter of a black skirt, and Mademoiselle dragging a reluctant youngster in the direction of an afternoon nap. But though I enjoy character study as a professional exercise and had been, besides, really drawn toward my cousin's quaint old governess, the lovely Daphne Sommerly, next whom I had finally been placed, invariably makes me ignore both my decade and my trade and exalts me to the godlike sensation of being as young and flippant as her glorious self. Indeed she so far prevailed over my homing instinct as to decide me to stay over until the morning. I had intended to take the midnight train. As I went up to bed, after an evening of bridge and chatter, a light streamed from the half-open door of Jackie's room, and I perceived Mademoiselle in a flannel dressing-gown of nondescript color, bending over his cot. He was crying out hysterically, only half awakened from a sleep evidently overpopulated with unpleasant dreams.

"Chut, chut!" Mademoiselle was saying. "It was nothing; he was in his own little bed. A man must never be afraid, not even a *little* man."

"But the big shadow," wailed Jackie, nervous and clinging. "I'm afraid of the big shadow."

"But, *mon enfant*," she reassured him, "it is but the shadow of the big *armoire*. See, your hat-box on top of it makes it look like the shadow of the Emperor with his *tricorne*, the Emperor who feared nothing. '*En avant, soldats*,' he used to say. '*Quarante siècles nous regardent!*'" Mademoiselle brandished the candlestick which represented one of Clorinda's British affectations. "Come, my Jackie; you must be a good soldier."

"But I don't want to be a good soldier, and I don't care what's looking at me! I've got a pain in my stomach."

I passed on toward my room.

It was some weeks later that Miss Vermidelle Hawkins, the young person with a Cossack hair-cut, acquired in Greenwich Village, who types to my final dictation, and deals summarily with the insistencies of the telephone, announced to me that an elderly lady wished to see me.

"She seems to be French," said Vermidelle, "and says she met you at your cousin's."

I guessed at once that it was Mademoiselle and foresaw annoyance. She was interesting as a type, but I was extremely busy. Clorinda had probably dismissed her, and she would want me to help her find a post.

Her woebegone air as she entered confirmed my worst anticipations. She was dressed as usual, neatly, and with a certain elderly coquetry.

"I was sure that you would receive me," she said, sitting on the edge of the big chair, her small, well-shod feet scarcely touching the ground. "It is, monsieur, that I see myself in an alarming situation. I left the house of madame your cousin a few weeks ago, after an incident of the most deplorable. Monsieur, I suffered much in the household. The coldness, the lack of understanding, I had often death in my soul. But I supported all, monsieur, with what courage I could, until the culmination. But when Fifine threw into the duck-pond the inkstand of the Emperor, monsieur, I had a moment of vivacity. I slapped Fifine. . . . You see it was a relic of the family, a thing sacred." She drew out a large handkerchief and blew her nose in its exact middle. "I knew then that I could stay no longer. It would have been unworthy of me, of my family. I presented myself to

your cousin and gave her my resignation. She refused me a reference. Nor, monsieur, would she consent to having the pond dragged to recover the inkstand. I address myself to you, monsieur, for two reasons: first, that I hoped you might persuade your cousin to restore the precious memento, and, secondly, because though I have been daily to the agencies for weeks, I am unable to place myself. My references are good, the Baronne de la Tour Maubourg, Lady Marchendale. One can wish for no better, yet everywhere they demand the sports. I offer the classics, history, our beautiful poetry, Chateaubriand, Lamartine, Victor Hugo. They require the tennis, the golf. And always, monsieur, they demand my age. Again and again the agent has proposed me by telephone, but when the clients see me it is always some excuse. Monsieur, I am discouraged, shattered."

The blurred blue of her eyes shimmered with tears. "A thought came to me: that literary gentleman is kind; why could I not be his amanuensis, arrange his affairs, his papers? I have order, system. I write a clear hand. I could transcribe his beautiful thoughts with sympathy. That has often been my dream, to serve some great man—and in this relation to you, monsieur, my age could only be of advantage." She paused, looking across at me with a sort of desperate hopefulness in her pleading eyes.

"You see," she added, "a friend has been giving me lodging, but she has a husband—I feel myself *de trop*. It would be an indiscretion for me to remain, and I near the end of my resources." Her hands twitched nervously at the clasp of her hand-bag. I began fumblingly to explain to her that for my work I needed an expert typist and stenographer, a woman thoroughly conversant with English, and able to handle my business on the telephone.

"But, mademoiselle," I added, "let me help in some other way."

Her face had fallen into downward lines.

"Perhaps I could learn to type," she said. "My teachers told me I had a good touch on the piano, but the telephone, that makes my despair. I figured to myself that the demands on the secretary of a man of letters were quite different, keeping his shelves in order, caring for his fine editions, sorting his papers. It is unfortunate!"

Two round childlike tears brimmed from her blue eyes and lay

for a moment on her finely wrinkled cheek. She again had recourse to the cotton handkerchief. I was distracted.

"Why won't you be my guest, let us say at the Martha Washington, for example? Just a few days while I consider what can be done for you? You could pay me back afterward," I said hurriedly. It was absurd. I was letting myself in for difficulty. It would be almost impossible to find a niche for her, but she was too forlornly pathetic to admit of reasoning.

She shook her head. "*Mais non, monsieur*. You will understand my gratitude, but it is impossible."

I could see the phrase, *femme entretenue*, written before her eyes.

"I would do as much for an aunt—for a sister," I substituted hastily. She had winced at the word aunt.

She rose rather stiffly.

"I understand," she said. "I am sorry it is not feasible for me to enter your employment in the way I had hoped. However, if you would speak to madame your cousin in relation to the inkstand, I should be grateful, monsieur. Its loss was of ill omen. And should you hear of any situation, where they do not demand either the telephone or the tennis—" Her small figure looked oddly old.

I promised to help, with a confidence I did not feel.

It was late the next afternoon that Clorinda telephoned. I was dressing for dinner and divined an emergency when my man told me it was Mrs. Crothers in person. Probably her guests were thirteen for the week-end, and she wanted me to fill in. I shoved the collar-button into my neck-band and hastened to the telephone, resolved to accept, in the interest of retrieving Mademoiselle's inkstand, and talking over her plight with Clorinda.

"That you, Jim?" Her voice was acridly high-pitched. "You remember that little French governess? Well, she left here weeks ago after a ridiculous tantrum about an inkstand, and now tonight the Emergency Hospital on Welfare Island calls me up about her. It seems she's had an accident, run over by a taxi, or something, and they found my address on an envelop in her purse. The hospital people say somebody should go over there. Imagine, my dear, I've a houseful of guests arriving, and she'd left here

anyway. Couldn't you be a lamb and go and see what it's all about? I dare say she isn't hurt much, or else that she's already dead. How awkward that would be, letting people know and everything! Of course I could just let it go, but she *was* good when Jackie had diphtheria last year. And anyway, I'm so soft-hearted—"

I hung up the receiver with a bang. I had no stomach for the recital of Clorinda's virtues.

The island is the receptacle of many desolations; a huge trash-basket used by the great city opposite it for the flotsam and jetsam that it daily and hourly rejects as unfit for even *its* sinister purposes; a shelter for every sort of human misery.

There was a high wind blowing as I walked along the path by the water, passing the asylum, the prison, the reformatory, on my way to the hospital.

New York, across the river, sparkled, shone, glittered, terrific, Brobdingnagian, affirming itself in shelves upon shelves of human dwellings, in lights upon lights in the towering walls, that had offered no cranny for the poor, ineffectual, inadequate little creature I was about to visit.

A gust carried off my hat. I retrieved it. A prisoner shouted an incoherent obscenity at me as I turned up my coat collar and hurried on.

"She's pretty well all in," said the nurse who led the way to a bedside at the end of the ward. A white screen was around the bed. "They operated for fracture," she added.

Between heavy bandages swathing her neck and head, Mademoiselle's face looked small and white. It was not even bruised.

"She must have been thrown on her back against the curb. The fracture is at the base of the skull."

Mademoiselle lay quite still. Her body beneath the bedclothes made a small straight mound, like a child's grave covered with snow. Her eyes were closed, yet she was babbling incoherently.

"Monsieur de Chateaubriand, I desire a position as secretary to the great Napoleon. It is my right. I have his inkstand. . . . There are so many windows in the walls, but there are no stairs. They keep saying there is no room for me—no room—no room—but if I could only find the stairs—and my references they are

magnificent, all the poets and Napoleon Bonaparte. *Tenez, I am the great-granddaughter of Lavalette. Only without the inkstand you do not recognize me.*"

"She goes on like that for hours," said the nurse, readjusting the pillows with unfeeling kindness.

I sat down on a chair beside her bed. For a few moments she fell into a stupor; then she began to toss.

"Quiet, deary," said the nurse. "They ought not to move in these fracture cases," she explained.

Mademoiselle was talking again, moaning now. "It's at the bottom of the lake, 'The Lake of Lamartine'; you know the poem. And the lake is black, black—oh—oh—" her wail rose to shrill terror. "I am alone—the country is so strange, and I've dropped all the poppies . . . and the shadow—and I am afraid—afraid—" She whimpered like a lost child.

Suddenly the scene in Jackie's room on the night of my first meeting with her rose to my memory. "Hush, hush!" I said soothingly, and then loudly, dramatically, that they might pierce the clouded senses, I spoke the words she must so often have whispered to her own heart:

"Courage, soldats, quarante siècles nous regardent."

All at once she sat up, flung her arms wide, looking straight before her. The light shone on her white face, on her eyes clear and blue.

"It is the Sun of Austerlitz!" she cried. Her voice rose crystalline, joyous, young. She was still smiling as she fell back upon the pillows.

THREE LUMPS OF SUGAR¹

By AMORY HARE

(From *Cosmopolitan*)

“WE live here because what little we have goes further. When we have made our fortunes by our mighty pens we will go back to the States.”

It was Raymond's wife who spoke. Raymond was smiling his slow, slightly satirical smile and looking at the line of hills beyond the garden wall. Only a few days before I had run across him in Paris, ten years after we had left Yale together. The war was between, and over a small iron table we watched each other curiously as we sipped our *vin ordinaire*.

Raymond's was a face which was strongly Latin in the best sense. Yet he had no Latin blood. His people were Welsh, but had been long in the States. He had gone over in the first flight when the war came, serving brilliantly with the French until incapacitated by a succession of illnesses and minor wounds. He had had pretty hard sledding from then until the end of the war; in fact, he wondered if his luck would ever really be on the mend.

For some time now he had been doing a bit in journalism, but of course I would remember that he had been shooting at writing fiction when at college; and at that he had not done a great deal. I probably had never heard of a novel called “Stephanie Dormer”—well, anyway, he had written it and the best publishing house in America had brought it out. It had gone quite well. And there had been a number of things in the magazines. But it was cheaper to stay in France and send things home for publication.

Did I know that he and Edna Craft had married? Yes. That girl we met at the Bromptons' in New Haven. She was writing, too. Had taken it up only recently, and was making more than

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he did himself. They had a little place near Grasse. I must come down and meet her. He wrote his address on a cigarette paper and left me, smiling his gently satirical smile.

I went down to Spain for a while and then I wandered about Morocco, being one of those persons who can do what they please, because I am "a bachelor of moderate means." That is what Edna Craft, Raymond's wife, called her heroes. Most of them were "bachelors of moderate means," but a good many of her stories were about "a handsome young married couple." I found that out when I went down to visit Raymond before going home.

Sitting in that garden on the side of the hill with its fruit trees spread against the warm wall at my back and the roses running in a riot over the terrace stones at my feet, I pondered upon the writings of Raymond and Edna. Whence this aniline coloring in the tales about the "handsome young married couple"? It was extraordinary! To live as Edna did in the midst of saffrons and amethyst, of blue hazes and purple vineyards, and take from it a group of greens and reds as raw and strident as a modernist painting! Where did it come from?

I asked Raymond. He could not tell me. And I perceived that I had touched upon a point still sensitive from recent wounds. He turned upon me dark, unhappy eyes.

"The fact of the matter is, she sells her tales and I don't sell mine. Without them we could not remain even here." There was a short pause and then he added with clenched teeth: "But I swear I'll be a waiter in a New York hotel before I'll sign my name to the sort of thing that is getting over now. Edna can do it if she sees fit."

He gave me some manuscript of his own. I read it until midnight. It was beautifully written, and full of that quality of gracious leisure so wanting in the New World. As the features of the face in an old portrait emerge from somber and indefinable backgrounds, so the characters in his stories emerged from their surroundings.

"Nothing wrong with your stuff," I told him. "Go on writing it. Don't try to adjust yourself to the times. The times will come round to you some day. You've something dark and warm and living in your work. Go on writing your sort of stuff. Go on."

He gave me a strange stare. "Go on, and let Edna support me with *her* sort of stuff. No, thank you."

I wandered about the hills with them the next day, and after the evening meal, which we had on the terrace, Raymond made our coffee in a little brass samovar. Edna chattered and Raymond's deft hands moved among the cups. Into Edna's he dropped three lumps.

"How many?" he said to me.

"One," I replied.

Into his own he put nothing.

"So what I say is," Edna was saying, "as one has got to live, there's no good being squeamish. If you go into fifteen editions with young ladies of questionable status and the men who pay their bills, why not do it until you are independent and can write what you please or tell creditors and editors to go to thunder? It's common sense. But Ray can't see it. What's the good of doing beautiful stuff like his if no one will ever buy it?"

"What, indeed?" Raymond asked gently.

I experienced a sense of spiritual discomfort.

"The English have a very useful term," I said vaguely. "They say 'on the right side—on the wrong side.' Raymond, I suppose, thinks that the sort of thing he writes is on the right side—"

"And that the sort of thing I write is on the wrong side. All I say is that Raymond can't afford to have altruistic ideas about literature just at the moment. My stuff may be on the wrong side of art, but the fact of the matter is it pays for the house. Results are what count to-day. I don't mean to stay here forever. I'm an American, not an artistic dilettante; I mean to get on."

Raymond was smiling his gentle, slightly satirical smile.

"Sooner or later we *are* what we are," he said. "What I mean is that whatever a man may aspire to be, artistically, unless he has very good fortune indeed, he is beaten back to whatever his commercial value may be. If his writings or paintings are not a success, he has to ask himself what native ability remains that is marketable. As often as not he finds that he is quick on his feet or has a sentimental tenor voice—in which case we find him, a little later, on a vaudeville circuit, likely as not."

He walked with me to my train and left me before it came in. "Good-by," he murmured. "*Bonne chance!*"

I wrung his hand. "Let me know when you come to the States," I said. "I shall be back on this side of the world this time next year, God willing, and will look you up then."

He shook his head. "It's most unlikely that we will meet again," he said. "But you will see Edna, undoubtedly."

"I suppose all brown eyes have that strange, unhappy look," I said to myself when he had left me.

Each year that I went abroad, I remembered them in time to write them that I was coming, but I never received any reply to my letters and as it happened I was almost never in the south of France.

On a particular afternoon I had been sleeping in a dignified attitude of refined decorum most of the way from Philadelphia to New York when the stop at Manhattan Transfer woke me. The woman who had been seated across the aisle from me got out and left her magazine. I reached for it and my eye chanced upon the title of a tale.

"Passion's Winepress, by Edna Craft."

I folded the large limp sheets of advertisement, through which I well knew I should have to navigate my way before I should be able to acquire the gist of Edna's story. And, going to the Charlton for a bite of dinner, whom should I find at the table next but one to mine but Edna Craft herself.

She saw me at once and as I was alone she did the proper thing, introduced me to her companion, and asked me to join them. At first I could not make out whether he was her husband or her brother. He proved to be her literary agent. Through the entire conversation she did not refer to Raymond in any way—I assumed therefore that he was either dead or ditched.

The talk was all in regard to Edna's triumphs, her manager referring to her affectionately as "this little gold-mine." He paid for the dinner, including mine, in spite of my protests.

By the time coffee was served I was thoroughly miserable. I thought of Raymond with his dark, brooding face and agile ways, dexterous and swift of hand, not given to speaking much; and a feeling of utter sadness stole over me. I might have known that he would not succeed, and I should have done something for him. He had not that thing which one must have to get on—that ability to shoulder one's way through the crowd.

The waiter had brought coffee and was ministering to the tiny cups. Into Edna's cup, without inquiry, he dropped three lumps. I watched them slipping in. They made so little sound.

"Two," said the literary agent.

"One," I murmured, looking up.

The waiter smiled down at me—a gentle, slightly satirical smile. His eyes met mine for the one instant necessary for one man to plead with another. And, only a few minutes later, the check was brought and the bill was paid. Only I had happened to see those three lumps dropping into Edna's cup unasked. Only I had happened to look up at the man who put them there.

TRIAL BY ARMES¹

By JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER

(From *Scribner's Magazine*)

VIEWING herself carefully in that stupendous mirror she could yet discover nothing new or illuminating. Her features were not good—her nose, for example—they were not harmonious, and yet together they had not prevented the accomplishment of a very great deal. Really an enormous lot . . . and they seemed to have brought her more than a little trouble. It was the trouble that now concerned her. She turned slowly and faced her father-in-law. He was lighting a cigarette in his precise, despotic manner. "The question is," he said precisely, "if you want such a mirror in your dining-room? Wouldn't it be better in the hall? I think so." The dining-room, repeated in the glass which reached to the far ceiling, filling the wall between two far-removed windows, seemed absolutely endless, like a plain, a whole county, in the French taste.

"It does make it rather huge," she agreed.

But that wasn't important. It was spring, at last a really warm day, but she was oddly cold. She wanted to smoke—it could be a very useful act of defense—but she had left her cigarette-case in another room, and she was incapable just then of searching for it. Even the effort of sending for it was beyond her. She couldn't, at that moment, explain her need to Mr. James Moderan. She was cold, the whole truth was, with fear. She had just recognized it. It was a quality she'd had very little knowledge of and it left her decidedly sick. Like a weight, a cold weight of iron, in her stomach. But she would have to say something. "You're right of course; but then you always are. About things like that. It would be better in the hall."

"About things like that?" he repeated her words in the form of an inquiry. "Aren't you limiting me just a little?" All she

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could think of in reply was—perhaps. She didn't say it. She was too tired and then it would sound rude. It wasn't easy even for her to be rude to him. He dealt with that very finally and well. Yet God knew there was every reason why she— After all it would be perfectly reasonable if she left the room, his presence, forever. Forever. But, of course, she wasn't like that. She didn't want to be. It was so foolish. Still, something must be done. Purely for herself. And that surprised her. She had done so much for herself in the last year that to have to begin again so soon was disconcerting.

The man beside her was apparently lost in light and pleasant thought. He seemed to be the most remote, the most impersonal, figure in the world. An idiotic impulse seized her to laugh; she wanted to laugh until even that immense room was completely filled with the sound of her scoffing mirth. For one thing she was so very young. So ridiculously young. If she had been older, ten years older, thirty that was, the whole situation would be easier. Unimportant. Then she wouldn't have cared. But now it was harder than hell. Because she wanted something very positively. She wanted that something and not at all the other.

She knew what it was, too, and it was happiness. She had determined when she married—with her husband's feminine voice in her ears—to be happy. She even knew how to bring that about. By simplicity. She'd make her life up out of pleasant details never in conflict with its main accepted fact. In short she had determined to be rather old-fashioned—not because of the implied morality but because she decided that it was intelligent. The way to be happy. It all lay in the region of her mind, she had thought; a part of mere conduct and reason. But now her mental security was gone and its place taken by fear.

"I am getting some champagne," her father-in-law said; "I really need it. Will you have a glass? You know that I like you to be cheerful. I mean there is no good reason why you shouldn't." He took her hand casually, quite paternally in fact. For the moment. "No champagne, thanks," she answered clearly. "Somehow I've never liked it in daytime. I think it belongs to dinner, or afterward, but not before." He said seriously that there was a question if champagne, or any other charged wine, was proper at all for dinner. "You never see it in France," he

said. "At least you never did. Now you can see anything anywhere."

With that silently she agreed. Anything. It occurred to her that she might speak to him, at length, and carefully explain what was in her mind. Not about champagne. But she gave that idea, that hope, up at once. It would be no good. He'd pay no attention to her. He wouldn't believe her. And then she couldn't tell him what was in her—her heart. It would all sound ridiculously ancient and unconvincing. It was, in view of the rest, even a little unconvincing and ridiculous to her. She wasn't quite the person, her situation wasn't quite the situation, for such feelings. They belonged to a different society. Definitely. She walked to a window. Turned her back on the room:

Below her the formal sunken gardens reached uninterrupted for more than half a mile to James Moderan's great house. At that distance it still showed itself to be immense, a gray immensity, formal and French. Between it and where she lived with Provost there were fountains sheeted in silver spray, broad graveled walks in geometrical patterns, close-cut turf, walls with urns and flights of steps and statues, and endless stiff bands and circles of flowers. Now mostly tulips. Orderly purple hedges of lilacs. Below her she mechanically counted fourteen gardeners busy setting in boxwood. Four carried each piece, its roots and earth carefully bagged, and put it in the prepared trench.

But it wasn't, she protested to herself, the Moderan money that threatened to overwhelm her. She hoped she wasn't as vulgar as that. And, after all, she had never been poor. Every one in Canton who knew of him allowed her father his million. In reality they were looked on as rich. Only, of course, in the sense of the Moderans, they had no money at all. Simply none. The Moderans had so much that in effect it retired upon itself, it defeated its own bulk and vanished. In connection with it she could discover no sign of sheer possession. It was without limit and without form. It allowed no desires and no acquisitions. The money seemed to create things automatically outside of her wishes or needs. Dinners and dresses and motors and miles of gardens. There were around her boxwood mazes and pools and bowling greens and orchards, wall gardens and herb gardens and meadows just now gay with lambs, fields with brush-

and-rail jumps and a track, groves of trees and too many buildings to remember. And against the Moderan money it was all rather less than nothing.

That was what confused her—the damned money was never apparent. It was a power, vague and limitless, rather than a reality. It couldn't be blamed or even talked about. To her, beyond such a formless realization, it had no substance. It meant nothing. It couldn't charm or seduce or reward her. It didn't even influence her. Except in its own strange way. She heard the servant come into the room and put down the tray with the champagne. "You won't change your mind?" her father-in-law suggested.

"Thank you, no. Do you mind very much if I look out the window?" she continued politely. "I have to see as far as possible."

He didn't, naturally. He stood beside her, so close that their shoulders nearly touched, a glass in his hand. "The box will look rather well there," he went on; "although it will have to be kept down to a foot high." Suddenly she asked: "What was your father like? I'm so sorry he died before I could know him. When I look at all this I'm apt to think about him." James Moderan said that his father had been a remarkable man. It wasn't, she thought, a remarkable description. "But I seem to find that you are always a little unfair to me. It's unfair to look at the gardens with my father in your head. He had nothing to do with them. He had no need for them.

"He deserves a great deal of credit but not all the credit. You could spare me some, a little, with justice. My dear child, his generation, his opportunities, were different from mine. And I believe it is even a greater responsibility to have money than to make it. Certainly it's more difficult. When he began there was only America, only the American market, to consider. I have the world. Then there is the world of beauty, and no one will deny that I've added to that."

"Of course not," she answered absent-mindedly. She was concerned by nothing he had said. The sense of dread was almost a tangible thing in her throat. More than half a mile of sunken gardens. The tulips were like ribbons laid on the grass, against the walls. The fountains wore silver veils like brides. Why,

then, had she married Provost? But that wasn't important now. She mustn't get lost in a useless questioning. Perhaps she was wrong to bother. Perhaps her feelings were no better than conventional. The result of a large ignorance of actual life. Why did she bother?

Very well, then, she wouldn't; she'd stop acting like a child out of a Sunday-school book. She would be hard. That was the thing. It was the thing to be hard. Life was like a game, and she must play it as well, as coldly, as possible. She must match what she was against life and in that get as much as possible. Anyhow, she had begun splendidly. Married to Provost Moderan. Even if he had a feminine voice. Hands more flexible, softer, than hers. She could be stiff enough for both. But she must be more practical. For example, she must discover what it was that she was afraid of—

Why, it was herself! Could anything be more absurd? More ridiculous? It wasn't what the Moderans had or were, but just herself. That was, she had a few qualities she knew of, two or three determinations that gave her confidence; but outside of them she was ignorant. There were intimations of things in her that were distantly disturbing. She didn't know them by name, she couldn't single them out and regard them severely. She only realized them in the form of premonitions. Afterthoughts. It was extraordinarily dark inside of her. Against that she had put all she did know. She had backed it to win. And now it struck her sharply that she was in the rotten position of pulling a race.

She was amazed to find such a large and unexplored world within the narrow limits of her own body. She weighed a hundred and fourteen. Why, Columbus and Magellan might easily get lost in her. Never find the safety of the lands they looked for. She had scarcely put a foot into her own being. For that reason she rather hated to let go what she was almost certain of. Rather she wanted to make a good race. She had hardly started and already she was thinking of not riding. "That won't do," she said in a voice so unexpectedly clear and loud that it startled her. It had the sound of a cry for help.

"I don't know what it is that won't do," James Moderan said; "you've grown so secretive with me. But at least there is no doubt in your mind about it." Obviously she could add nothing

but a nod to that. Since she couldn't go on with an explanation. The determination to be hard, reasonable, had left her; but whether it had been defeated by a contrary decision or the fear she didn't know. But that, too, was unimportant. At present the fear, the dread of herself, was uppermost. Very well, then, she'd have to meet it. Discover more about it. All that was possible. It wasn't enough simply to realize there were parts of her she was uncertain of. Possibilities she couldn't predict. No, just that couldn't help her. Yet, even to herself, she couldn't put her exact position into words. It was so ugly. Anyhow, yet, it had no reality. It no more than threatened her.

To put it into words would give it too much importance. Too much reality. To put it into words, as a matter of fact, might give it reality. She felt that she didn't want to have it in her head. Pronounced. The thing to do, naturally, was laugh it off. Laugh it all off. If she could only be sure of doing that—of getting away with it—everything would be splendid again. But of course. However, she wasn't certain of succeeding. If she were, there could be no trouble. No fear. But she wasn't. And then if it had simply been a situation—like a situation in a book—she felt she could have met it. She would simply say so and so and so and so, and it would be over. But it wasn't clear like that. It was vague like a storm just gathering above the horizon. Like the Moderan money. It might be nothing or it might leave the gardens and the houses in a broken tangle. The worst might pass directly over her, happen to her, and leave her untouched. She didn't know.

"Provost loves beauty too," she said, returning to James Moderan's explanation of himself. He regarded her intently. "Yes," he admitted at last. "But Provost is even farther from the source than I am." That, she recognized, was a devastating remark. Not the sort of thing a parent said. It had the detached air of having been spoken by one man about another. Just two men. It was even a little sharper than that. Instinctively she wanted to combat it, but she didn't know how. He had been so very searching. There was so much truth in what he had said. She could only acknowledge it. But she was a shade impatient. "I know that," she told him. "But he might be farther from the source and nearer beauty, mightn't he? I mean in a sort of

scale with you in the middle and your father and Provost at each end." He laughed. "You didn't choose much of a position for my father. And after showing such a great interest in him." He touched her shoulder with his fingers. Very lightly. "Aren't you rather letting yourself get into what, I believe, is called a state? A little crosspatch. You mustn't be that, do you see?"

She turned and gazed intently into his face. Her body was tense with a repressed indignation. There was a pressure of words against her lips, but she kept them tightly closed. Silent. She felt that if she spoke now it would be fatal. Any advantage, any safety, she still had might be lost. Forever. Always. She had an appalling momentary understanding of what always meant. It came and went like lightning and left her numbed. She was so harassed that she smiled at him. A smile like a whispered appeal. Faint. At the same time she moved back. And that left her arms out. In air. A gesture tired like her smile, and not longer in duration.

There were footsteps, and, to her enormous relief, she saw that it was Provost. He came directly up to them. "Anette," he said, in a high-pitched excitement, "I stopped to see the baby, and I don't like the trained nurse we have at all. I really don't. She has hands like God knows what. She's too clumsy. I think we ought to get rid of her." If only he hadn't begun about, chosen, the nurse. "She's very good, as a matter of fact," she replied. "Elinor had her for a year and thinks she couldn't be better. Anyhow, Provost, you mustn't bother about things like that. I can do them. I really can. You'd be surprised." Provost Moderan dropped his hand inside her arm. "I don't doubt it," he assured her; "but I watched this woman and she can't even tie a ribbon. She'll end by tearing everything. Don't you think we could get some one more sensitive?"

"We might but I'm not going to try. I have perfect confidence in the one we have." She pressed his hand against her side. "Don't worry about ribbons." Suddenly she released herself and went out through a convenient door to the terrace. The sunlight was pale but distinctly warm, and yet she was cold. Stone steps led down to the sod and she sat on them with her back definitely to the house. If only Provost hadn't complained about the nurse

just then! However, being unfair to Provost would get her nowhere. She returned to herself:

To put it plainly, what was the matter with her? Did she, without realizing it, show some dreadful lack? Perhaps she was wrong. Perhaps she had always been wrong. Then it was hopeless. But she didn't quite think so. Not altogether. Very well, on the definite side—what was it, what was the happiness, she wanted? No, she had answered that. How could she get it? How could she be sure of it? At last she had asked herself an intelligent question. In the first place she had taken for granted that every possibility lay within her. She had depended, as usual, upon her own self. Exclusively. She'd had complete confidence in what she had called her character. She wasn't a weak person.

Now, she sharply realized, that wasn't enough. The truth was that she wanted something outside of herself. She was finding out that she couldn't stand alone. Tremendous discovery. She had always consciously thought of life in the terms of entire independence. And until now it had worked. Certainly it had worked in Canton, Ohio, and on the Maine coast: here and there she had picked out of life what she wanted, what attracted her, and added it to an amusing whole. She had composed her existence in the manner of a landscape-painter, selected the colors and time of day, the background and the figures in the foreground. Specially the figures in the foreground. But it had all been exterior to her. A deliberate canvas. In return she had given a bright attention and uncertain presence. Non-committal. Untouched she had been enormously self-confident. Self-sufficient.

She had been until now entirely successful. But now, in the face of disaster, her confidence was leaving her. Her assurance had almost reached the vanishing-point. She felt horribly lonely. If—for years—she had cried she thought she could cry now. But at least there was no danger of that. I can't go on like this, she said to herself. Anyhow that was something positive. A gain. But if she couldn't, what could she go on with? What was it that would make such a difference to her? A possible answer came into her mind, but it was so absurd, so stupid, that she disregarded it at once. She had thought of Provost.

In times of great difficulty a girl was supposed to turn to her parents. It was held to be the approved, the safe, thing to do. And that, the idea of turning to her mother and father, now made her smile. A long while ago, ten years ago at least, she had stopped doing that. Even then it was useless. A nuisance. Her mother was so utterly different from her. A half of what was in her thoughts would have shocked her mother into a frenzy. Or at least she would have pretended the distress. Gone to bed. Oh, at once. Her mother's attitude toward life was very picturesque and innocent. Although the innocence had a peculiar quality. It wasn't always convincing. But it was maintained on the surface at any cost. With the greatest verbal extravagance. Looking back over their later contact she realized that her mother's attitude toward her affairs, her daughter's affairs, had been dominated by a kind of questionable curiosity. Her mother got, she thought, a vicarious excitement out of her child's beginning experience. For that reason principally she had told her nothing.

Her mother showed the effects of an early and distinctly inferior social level. Life attracted and shocked her at the same time. She contradicted her feelings, her curiosity, by her words. She now talked incessantly about how few clothes women wore. Yes, she was like that. It was the same with regard to what she called society. She read everything the papers printed about, for example, the Moderans, and made sharp remarks about their divorces. The way they lived. But she never missed a notice. Her father was different:

The most evident thing about him was that he was frightfully bored at home. With his wife. But then he managed to be home very little. It was often necessary for him to go to Chicago or New York. He was quite possible-looking, quite young-looking, and she was certain that, away from Canton, he had a big time. The biggest imaginable. She could tell—if her mother couldn't—when he had been drinking. But at home he was conventional and dull and inattentive. He rather liked his younger daughter the best. At least he talked more to her, gave her more money. For example, he practically never had friends for dinner. At his house. The men almost never, and the women, naturally,

not at all. When there was a formal dinner, a party, he was well enough; a little too pleasant, a shade too loud, and dull.

But all that, where she was concerned, had changed when she got engaged to Provost Moderan. Actually, her mother had grown afraid of her, and her father polite. He held long, meaningless conversations with her about God knew what. He recited to every one with enormous satisfaction the homely history of the first Moderan to become imposing. "A plain man," he always said. He usually added that he hoped his daughter, in such luxurious circumstances, would keep on in the way she had been brought up. Of course he didn't. It was a lie. He wanted her to be continually in the papers. Draped with pearls. In England at a Drawing-Room. Drinking champagne at smart watering-places. That was what he secretly wanted. Perhaps he even hoped she might introduce him to celebrated and very gay ladies.

Her mother, naturally, was worse. She continually referred to Provost and continually mispronounced his name. She had bought for her the most impossible sheer nightgowns. Nightgowns which, at the first opportunity, had gone to servants. Her mother had got for herself an extremely expensive town car and attempted a buffet breakfast, in the manner of the Moderans and England. She was certain that if Provost hadn't wanted to marry her then her mother would not have seriously interfered with a more informal arrangement—

No, she couldn't go there for advice. For help. Perhaps she had been unfair. Too bitter. Her mother and father, actually, were very generally liked. It might be enough to say that they didn't understand her. They could have no idea of the life she had become a part of. They were useless. And with that she dismissed them. But the thought of Provost returned. It had been her intention to be very correct, very patient, with him. She had thought this could be done by an effort of the will. Her will. She had seen their life together entirely as an arrangement of her own tact and determination. It was all to be the result of her own cleverness. This had been when her self-assurance was still unimpaired. When she had been certain of herself. She had really asked for nothing—certainly nothing like help—from Provost.

She had, she realized, accepted him as an obligation. She was

intensely grateful to him, she felt she loved him; but all her responsibility had seemed to consist in watching and giving. She was the managing force. When now she was considering going to him for assistance. Admitting that she was insufficient. She had thought of it, but, of course, it couldn't be done. It would be too dreadful. How could she put it in words? Yet she began to see that she had something very definite invested in Provost. He was like a bank where she had put a great deal of money. It wouldn't do for him to fail. This was a new attitude, a new conception of her marriage, and it amazed her. Why, she was married to Provost. He was hers. They'd had a child!

She wanted, she began to see, to admire him. To have a feeling not limited by his voice, the extreme flexibility of his wrists. She wanted, in short, some one other than herself she could depend on. Turn to. Her self-sufficiency, it seemed, had gone with a crash. She wanted to go to Provost! And the great difficulty of her position was that she couldn't. It was impossible. Unthinkable. What engaged her was the further discovery that no one else would do. Not within the terms she had decided for herself. For her life. Some one later, perhaps. It might be a very definite, a very able, some one. But that couldn't happen until what she was, what desperately she wanted to be, had died.

She looked out into the incredible extended beauty of the sunken garden. The fourteen gardeners had finished setting the boxwood hedge and they were walking soberly off. They were followed by trails of smoke from short blackened pipes. Far away, on a terrace, there was a small activity—servants in short white coats with silver buttons arranging the tea-table. Mrs. James Moderan always, in summer, had tea at that spot. At the hour of five. She lived that way, within an intricate timed schedule of events which she never ignored. Her appearances, her movements, were like the advertised, the perfectly planned, appearances of a famous actress. They were as good as that, as effective, and as really meaningless. As James Moderan's wife she was magnificent. But you couldn't go to her. See her informally. She'd give you all the time you needed, listen attentively, with her fixed comprehending smile. What good was that?

A shadow was widening down the length of the garden. Where it fell the sod was quite blue. The red-petalled tulips were like

rubies. There was a shadow over the far activity of the tea-table. She could see white dresses. The minute notes of hats. Servants in white and silver. On the left there was an impressive grove of oak trees. Bathed in an amber and still light. Not a leaf stirred. In imagination she felt the thick wetness of the sod. She knew where, in the meadow, there was a pale lavender sweep of quaker-ladies. Buttercups would be along. Watercress in the beds of the streams and mint under the banks. She liked the cool smell of mint and the secret smell of boxwood better than the scent of roses. Oh, infinitely better. She was really very nice and it was too damned bad. To have it lost. Spoiled. She really wanted to do the nicest things. She liked little things—the quaker-ladies, for example.

None of the Moderans knew he had quaker-ladies. They simply never saw them. But then they were just as indifferent to the orchards. To their deer and their rare—and screamingly funny—water-birds. She supposed they couldn't be aware of everything. There was so hideously much. She didn't love Provost, but she wanted to. That, at last, was the truth. She terribly needed to. Love, she discovered, was something you gave. Quite different from admirable conduct. Quite. You gave it, although it was an inseparable part of you, and naturally the giving hurt like hell. You gave yourself. That was it. A present. But you gave to something, some one, that could hold you. A feminine voice! Weak hands weren't so good for that. If she gave herself to Provost, really, could he hold her—against her fear? And could she do it? She meant was it possible against the present circumstances? Could she put it into words . . . to Provost?

It would be too awful. Very well, what else was there to hold her firm—safe—safely to the very little she recognized—the cherished determinations formed in ignorance and trust? Nothing. Simply nothing. It was Provost or nothing. A small quirk of bitterness ran through her. Why didn't Provost do something? Why didn't he demand her—all of her? How feminine, how sufficient without her, was he? An enormous danger was squarely before them and he was sublimely ignorant of it. Or perhaps he wouldn't care. It might be that he had very little pride of that sort. Lord, she hoped he had! And while she

might give him her love she couldn't give what she needed from him. That had to be Provost. Like a rope in a swift current. A current too swift for her without help.

How much of his grandfather—a plain man—was in him? James Moderan had intimated that he was far from the source. But was he too far? Wasn't anything left? The trouble was that if she did turn to him and it was a failure it would be all over. Definitely. She could see, then, her following impatience. An impatience soon careless. She didn't like Mrs. James Moderan. She was too perfect. Good-by, Anette, she whispered. It was too bad when she had been so nice. But it wasn't over yet. Not altogether. There was Provost. Was it better to jump and perhaps land on the far, safe bank, or slide slowly into the water—the mud? Her instinct naturally was to jump. If only the details could have been different, there would have been no doubt in her mind. No difficulty. How could she express it? By the truth. But the truth included so much. So many people. Probably they would all regard it as no more than an impertinence. That aspect of the truth they had condemned forever as bad taste.

Some one came up behind her. It was Provost. "Where is your father?" she asked. "He's sending some telegrams. The place here was closed and he had to telephone them to the city." He sat beside her. "Aren't the gardens sweet?" Provost went on. "And I can see that tea is on. As usual. I don't know how mother does it. Everything is so exact, I mean. The truth is, she works like the devil. No rest. I don't see why she does it. Really. And she never makes a mistake—with names and all that—not one little mistake." At least he hadn't said tiny. That was in their favor. "Anette, you're so different. You do what suits you, and if they like it they can come along. If you see what I mean. You couldn't be funnier. I watch you all the time and I'm practically in spasms. The way you won't be influenced. You'll be yourself or absolutely nothing. The liberty bell is nothing."

"That sounds disagreeable," she observed. "As if I didn't realize there was any responsibility except myself. I'm trying to realize that more than anything else. Just now. I mean I've got to. I hope I will, Provost." She would, of course, he replied.

Provost patted her reassuringly on the arm. "Good girl. Every one approves of you. I hear them talking about it, do you see? I think you are quite all right."

"Do you?" she said. "Really. That's a great help. I used to think I didn't need help. But I've changed my mind. I—" She stopped sharply, appalled by what she might say, where it might lead her. All of them. There were no words for what she wanted to tell him. Ask. Why, he might hate her. Oh, but very easily. Leave her. Outraged. When it should be she. But if he might kill the fear in her it would be worth any risk. If he could. Were able. A question returned in a slightly new form. How much did Provost love her? Money, in great amounts, as a matter of fact, came between people. It made other people, more amusing or exciting people, so terribly easy to get. She had watched it with Provost at dinners. Parties. It held so much that it destroyed special, particular, things. Things like love, for example. It substituted simply everything outside for the few doubtful, the obscured, things within. The things within were such a bother. They required so much hard thought. Resolution. Then, too, no one was interested or helped you with them. They were a nuisance to other people.

With money you could take a fast car, or a faster private train, and get away. And you did. Oftener than not. And quite right, too, if you felt like that about it. Love rather stayed around the house. She could see that clearly. You had babies and saw that the windows were washed. The windows behind her were immaculate. But she had nothing to do with it. Nothing in the world. If she went away they would still be immaculate. She didn't have to speak about it. A housekeeper did that. She could discharge the housekeeper, but she knew she wouldn't. What was the use? There were more amusing things to do than bother about windows. Ordering. All she did now was to say there would be ten for dinner. Or twenty. Or two thousand. That was all. And she liked it that way. But love was different.

"You're pretty quiet," Provost said. "It's rather unnatural."

"I was thinking about money," she admitted.

"I hope you don't want any. I haven't had more than two dollars in my pocket for a week." He found a crumpled dollar

bill, two quarters, a nickel and some pennies. He dropped it into her lap. "Just like that. I'm a pretty generous husband, you'll find." She returned it to him. "Don't be foolish. You'll need it for rent or the milk or something. I might waste it on silk stockings." Provost asked how much silk stockings did cost. She had no idea. "Those thick ones for golf were— No, I can't remember."

"How about the ones with the panels of Venise rose-point?"

"Don't, Provost," she begged him.

"There you make me quite a little sick," he replied. "That was a dreadful place you were brought up in. You have an idea it's a disgrace for a man to know about rose-point. It's fearfully robust, of course, but silly. I wish I could get it out of your head."

"Well, I was thinking about money. Rather, what it did to you."

"You'll never have to bother about that."

"You're wrong," she said earnestly. Her fear turned into an acute fright. Fright at what she might say. She had a feeling that the situation was getting beyond her control. God, she hoped the rope would hold her. "It wasn't the silk stockings," she continued. "Different from that. A great deal more important. At least for me. I was thinking that after a certain amount money stopped being just money. It was something different. Power, perhaps. Like water changing to steam. Water changing into steam." She repeated that. It was so true. It expressed so exactly what she meant.

"And steam is dangerous," she added gravely. "It blows up things. Money is dangerous. I didn't suppose it was but it is. I thought I could get away with it very nicely. A jump in a paddock. I've been patting myself on the back. The garden is sweet, Provost." He nodded, obviously surprised. "But, do you see, it's getting to be all in shadow? Even the youngest, the reddest tulips. Yes, I thought I was quite able. That it was easy."

"Listen," Provost interrupted, "get somewhere. I don't care what it is, but reach it. In a little, if you keep on, I'll be crazy. I will. You've got a prayer-meeting sort of voice and I haven't

an idea what it is you are saying. Have you been buying some bad stock or just some subscription books from a bird at the door?"

"Don't interrupt," she warned him. "It's serious." He could see that, he added. "I'd like to be happy, Provost." Her voice had intimations of a wail. "I don't want to be upset. Changed. Not any. You see, I am now. Or at least I was. And I'd made up my mind how to do it. I thought it out before our wedding. Provost, I didn't marry you for money, but I wouldn't have married you without it. That's as clearly as I can say it. As honest. But I did have a decided feeling about you, too. Or it would have been impossible."

"I think you'd better stop," he told her. "I hate soul-searching. Besides, it's so useless. Specially nonsense like this. Sheer nonsense," he grew shrilly indignant. "You married me and that's enough. After all, I didn't find you outside a café. You didn't need money. You had plenty. And I don't want to listen to this. I know you're honest without it. And if you're getting around to something disagreeable, I wish you wouldn't. You don't want to leave me?" She smiled directly into his eyes. "Well, then, go to hell with it. Will you? And stop reading confession magazines."

He turned a little away from her. Almost sulky. Provost was really very good-looking. Delicate, of course, very fair, but good-looking. She couldn't imagine better clothes. Except for his socks, and they were too fragile a rose. He was young, too. She had forgotten to allow for that. Twenty-five. Perhaps he was too young for complete dependence. Perhaps, wanting to, he wouldn't be able to help her. It would take a great deal of understanding. Balance. The odds against them, against their ages, were frightfully long.

"Sometimes I have the strangest feeling about your father," she said. "He doesn't seem real to me. I mean the way you do. He's like a force instead of a person. He's so perfect where he is. With so much. No one else in the world could do it as well. Your mother is marvelous, of course. But he doesn't make the slightest effort. It's all so easy. So perfect. Do you know, I have never seen him with new clothes on. He must buy them. I can't think how he manages. His riding-breeches. The

polish on his boots. It's like preserved quinces. And then his manner, Provost. He takes everything for granted." She fell into a little silence. "Everything," she repeated. Although it was audible, the word was addressed to no one. To herself.

"I know what you mean," he agreed. "Lots of people feel that way about him. The way it affects me, you'll be surprised to know, is that it keeps me away from him. I never get near him. Not really. He won't let me. Or he can't. That's better. Anette, I wouldn't say this to any one else, he's frozen by what he has. Or what he is—"

"Frozen," she interrupted him; "oh, do you think so?"

"I know just what you mean," he reiterated. "He's like the thing that controls an enormous power. A switch. He puts it on and off. Anette, I don't believe he has a particle of feeling. Except perhaps for himself. And I've never seen that. He is always quite calm. Telling people what to do. He never does things himself. I don't mean that. He must. But you'd never guess it. I've seen him drink two quarts of champagne. But no one would have guessed it. It didn't do anybody any good. He was just a little quieter than usual." Provost fell silent. Then, "I wonder," he said. "I wonder?" She asked what he was wondering, but he only shook his head. "Little girls—" he told her, leaving his implication at once suspended and clear. "Damn it, he can't be a Puritan," Provost burst out. "He can't be. But no one, simply no one, gets a thing on him. I've watched him, but it's useless. He likes all the pretty ones. He's perfectly grand to them . . . all. He gives them beautiful presents, you know that, but just because they're a part of the picture."

"You'll remember I met your father before you," she proceeded. "When I was at French Lick. And he was divine to me. I almost always had his car, and he was almost never in it. Then when you came with the Fannings he had me to dinner the first night. He put us together. Provost, it was your father who married us! We really had nothing to do with it. I never realized that before, and you can't think how relieved I am. Do you see, I wasn't mercenary. I had nothing to do with it. You had nothing to do with it. Your mother didn't either. Since she wasn't there."

"Very well, then," Provost replied. "Why did he? Can you

tell me? A small thing like that might explain him. I mean, Anette, to be perfectly frank, there were other girls you'd think he would back first. Girls near us here. People he's always known. You'd think he'd want an older wife with what was coming. Want me to wait." She said:

"He liked me, Provost."

Provost was impatient. "What's that got to do with it? We were talking about something really important to him."

"He liked me, Provost," she repeated.

There was a long silence. Except, where she was concerned, for the loud beating of her heart. Her fear grew into a sensation of impending calamity. It was no longer a cold weight inside her but the blackness of the storm about her head. I've ruined it all, she thought. I ruined it because I wasn't strong enough to stand alone. I couldn't meet life. I've failed. Suddenly she wasn't sorry for herself but for Provost. She had been only silly to think for a minute he could give up so much for her. Give so much to her. But then she had wanted him, wanted something special from him, so terribly.

In the end she would pay for it. She would lose all, little or big, that she'd had. And the littlest little might have been enough. More than enough. So much more than other women had. But she had wanted the most. He stirred sharply. Then he rose. She gazed up at him and saw that his face was white but composed. Except for his full lower lip. It trembled but his hands were still. Provost put them in the pockets of his jacket and stood looking out over the sunken garden. It was now filled with shadow. The tea on the far terrace was at an end. Only servants, in white and silver, were left. Removing the tea-things.

Provost didn't speak and she couldn't. She had put him beyond the sound, the appeal or help, of her voice. She had made it impossible to help him. He must be lonelier now, more shockingly alone, than she had ever been. And he was younger than she had remembered. She had only thought of him as a man married to her. The man she had married. When the truth was he was hardly more than a boy. With a very special character. He was, to put it as brutally as possible, feminine. His voice was feminine and his hands, his wrists, were weak. In so desperately wanting him to help her she had forgotten his great need to have

her help him. She had promised herself to do exactly that. Always.

"You must excuse me." He was, at last, speaking to her. But in a strange voice. A strange manner. His manner was coldly formal, precisely courteous. Like his father. His voice was thin, as usual, but frozen. She looked up questioningly. "But, of course," she said. He turned and left her. An enormous weariness settled over her. The shadow left the garden. In its place there was a pure transparent twilight. The amber radiance had faded from the oak trees. The quaker-ladies were exactly the color of evening, and they would be lost in it. The lambs quiet by their feeding mothers. There were footsteps behind her, but she didn't turn. She couldn't stir. It was Provost. He took the place beside her he had left.

"It was a good thing I went in," he said in his customary pitch. "Father was about to have the mirror taken out of the dining-room. I told him at once that though the ground was his, any house we lived in was our house. I told him the mirror must stay where it was. I liked it there. I liked what it showed me." She laid a hand on his knee. "I told him," Provost Moderan said, "that if he moved it, if he touched it, I would kill him." The very quality of his voice took any bravado from his declaration. It was a literal and profoundly convincing statement. The twilight flowed up from the sunken garden, from under the oak trees, and made them one.

THE HALF PINT FLASK ¹

By DuBOSE HEYWARD

(From *The Bookman*, New York)

I PICKED up the book and regarded it with interest. Even its format suggested the author: the practical linen covered boards, the compact and exact paragraphing. I opened the volume at random. There he was again: "There can be no doubt," "An undeniable fact," "I am prepared to assert." A statement in the preface leaped from the context and arrested my gaze:

"The primitive American Negro is of a deeply religious nature, demonstrating in his constant attendance at church, his fervent prayers, his hymns, and his frequent mention of the Deity that he has cast aside the last vestiges of his pagan background, and has unreservedly espoused the doctrine of Christianity."

I spun the pages through my fingers until a paragraph in the last chapter brought me up standing:

"I was hampered in my investigations by a sickness contracted on the island that was accompanied by a distressing insomnia, and, in its final stages, extreme delirium. But I already had sufficient evidence in hand to enable me to prove—"

Yes, there it was, fact upon fact. I was overwhelmed by the permanence, the unanswerable last word of the printed page. In the fact of it my own impressions became fantastic, discredited even in my own mind. In an effort at self-justification I commenced to rehearse my *impressions* of that preposterous month as opposed to Barksdale's *facts*; my feeling for effects and highly developed fiction writer's imagination on the one hand; and on the other, his cold record of a tight, three-dimensional world as reported by his five good senses.

Sitting like a crystal gazer, with the book in my hand, I sent my memory back to a late afternoon in August, when, watching

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from the shore near the landing on Ediwander Island, I saw the "General Stonewall Jackson" slide past a frieze of palmetto trees, shut off her steam, and nose up to the tenuous little wharf against the ebb.

Two barefooted Negroes removed a section of the rail and prepared to run out the gang plank. Behind them gathered the passengers for Ediwander landing: ten or a dozen Negroes back from town with the proceeds of a month's labor transformed into flaming calico, amazing bonnets, and new, flimsy, yellow luggage; and trailing along behind them, the single white passenger.

I would have recognized my guest under more difficult circumstances and I experienced that inner satisfaction that comes from having a new acquaintance fit neatly into a preconceived pattern. The obstinacy of which I had been warned was evident in the thin immobile line of the mouth over the prognathous jaw. The eyes behind his thick glasses were a bright hard blue and moved methodically from object to object, allowing each its allotted time for classification, then passing unhurriedly on to the next. He was so like the tabloid portrait in the letter of the club member who had sent him down that I drew the paper from my pocket and refreshed my memory with a surreptitious glance.

"He's the museum, or collector type," Spencer had written; "spends his time collecting facts—some he sells—some he keeps to play with. Incidentally his hobby is American glass, and he has the finest private collection in the state."

We stood eyeing each other over the heads of the noisy landing party without enthusiasm. Then when the last Negro had come ashore he picked up his bag with a meticulousness that vaguely exasperated me, and advanced up the gang plank.

Perfunctory introductions followed: "Mr. Courtney?" from him, with an unnecessarily rising inflection; and a conventional "Mr. Barksdale, I presume," from me in reply.

The buckboard had been jogging along for several minutes before he spoke.

"Very good of Mr. Spencer to give me this opportunity," he said in a close clipped speech. "I am doing a series of articles on Negroid Primates, and I fancy the chances for observation are excellent here."

"Negroid Primates!" The phrase annoyed me. Uttered in that

dissecting voice, it seemed to strip the human from the hundred or more Negroes who were my only company except during the duck season when the club members dropped down for the shooting.

"There are lots of Negroes here," I told him a little stiffly. "Their ancestors were slaves when the island was the largest rice plantation in South Carolina, and isolation from modern life has kept them primitive enough, I guess."

"Good!" he exclaimed. "I will commence my studies at once. Simple souls, I fancy. I should have my data within a month."

We had been traveling slowly through deep sand ruts that tugged the wheels like an undertow. On either side towered serried ranks of virgin long-leaf pine. Now we topped a gentle rise. Before us was the last outpost of the forest crowning a diminishing ridge. The straight columned trees were bars against a released splendor of sunset sky and sea.

Impulsively I called his attention to it:

"Rather splendid, don't you think?"

He raised his face, and I was immediately cognizant of the keen methodical scrutiny that passed from trees to sea, and from sea back to the last wooded ridge that fell away into the tumble of dunes.

Suddenly I felt his wire-tight grasp about my arm.

"What's that?" he asked, pointing with his free hand. Then with an air of authority, he snapped: "Stop the cart. I've got to have a look at it."

"That won't interest you. It's only a Negro burying ground. I'll take you to the quarters to-morrow, where you can study your 'live primates.'"

But he was over the wheel with surprising alacrity and striding up the slight ascent to the scattered mounds beneath the pines.

The sunset was going quickly, dragging its color from the sky and sea, rolling up leagues of delicately tinted gauze into tight little bales of primary color, then draping these with dark covers for the night. In sharp contrast against the light the burying ground presented its pitiful emblems of the departed. Under the pine needles, in common with all Negro graveyards of the region, the mounds were covered with a strange litter of half-emptied medicine bottles, tin spoons, and other futile weapons

that had failed in the final engagement with the last dark enemy.

Barksdale was puttering excitedly about among the graves, peering at the strange assortment of crockery and glass. The sight reminded me of what Spencer had said of the man's hobby and a chill foreboding assailed me. I jumped from the buckboard.

"Here," I called, "I wouldn't disturb those things if I were you."

But my words went unheeded. When I reached Barksdale's side, he was holding a small flat bottle, half filled with a sticky black fluid, and was rubbing the earth from it with his coat sleeve. The man was electric with excitement. He held the flask close to his glasses, then spun around upon me.

"Do you know what this is?" he demanded, then rushed on triumphantly with his answer: "It's a first issue, half pint flask of the old South Carolina state dispensary. It gives me the only complete set in existence. Not another one in America. I had hoped that I might get on the trail of one down here. But to fall upon it like this!"

The hand that held the flask was shaking so violently that the little palmetto tree and single X that marked it described small agitated circles. He drew out his handkerchief and wrapped it up tenderly, black contents and all.

"Come," he announced, "we'll go now."

"Not so fast," I cautioned him. "You can't carry that away. It simply isn't done down here. We may have our moral lapses, but there are certain things that—well—can't be thought of. The graveyard is one. We let it alone."

He placed the little linen-covered package tenderly in his inside pocket and buttoned his coat with an air of finality; then he faced me truculently.

"I have been searching for this flask for ten years," he asserted. "If you can find the proper person to whom payment should be made I will give a good price. In the meantime I intend to keep it. It certainly is of no use to any one, and I shan't hesitate for a silly superstition."

I could not thrash him for it and I saw that nothing short of physical violence would remove it from his person. For a second I was tempted to argue with him; tell him why he should not

take the thing. Then I was frustrated by my own lack of a reason. I groped with my instinctive knowledge that it was not to be done, trying to embody the abstract into something sufficiently concrete to impress him. And all the while I felt his gaze upon me, hard, very blue, a little mocking, absolutely determined.

Behind the low crest of the ridge sounded a single burst of laughter, and the ring of a trace chain. A strange panic seized me. Taking him by the arm I rushed him across the short distance to the buckboard and into his seat; then leaped across him and took up the lines.

Night was upon us, crowding forward from the recesses of the forest, pushing out beyond us through the last scattered trees, flowing over the sea and lifting like level smoke into the void of sky. The horse started forward, wrenching the wheels from the clutching sand.

Before us, coming suddenly up in the dusk, a party of field Negroes filled the road. A second burst of laughter sounded, warm now, volatile and disarming. It made me ashamed of my panic. The party passed the vehicle, dividing and flowing by on both sides of the road. The last vestiges of day brought out high lights on their long earth-polished hoes. Teeth were a white accent here and there. Only eyes, and fallen sockets under the brows of the very old, seemed to defy the fading glimmer, bringing the night in them from the woods. Laughter and soft Gullah words were warm in the air about us.

"Howdy, Boss."

"Ebenin', Boss."

The women curtsied in their high tucked-up skirts; the men touched hat brims. Several mules followed, grotesque and incredible in the thickening dark, their trace chains dangling and chiming faintly.

The party topped the rise, then dropped behind it.

Silence, immediate and profound, as though a curtain had been run down upon the heels of the last.

"A simple folk," clipped out my companion. "I rather envy them starting out at zero, as it were, with everything to learn from our amazing civilization."

"Zero, hell!" I flung out. "They had created a Congo art before our ancestors drugged and robbed their first Indian."

Barksdale consigned me to limbo with his mocking, intolerable smile.

The first few days at the club were spent by my guest in going through the preliminary routine of the systematic writer. Books were unpacked and arranged in the order of study, loose-leaf folders were laid out, and notes made for the background of his thesis. He was working at a table in his bedroom which adjoined my own, and as I also used my sleeping apartment as a study for the fabrication of the fiction which, with my salary as manager of the club, discharged my financial obligations, I could not help seeing something of him.

On the morning of the second day I glanced in as I passed his door, and surprised him gloating over his find. It was placed on the table before him, and he was gazing fixedly at it. Unfortunately, he looked up; our glances met and, with a self-consciousness that smote us simultaneously, remained locked. Each felt that the subject had better remain closed—yet there the flask stood evident and unavoidable.

After a strained space of time I managed to step into the room, pick up a book and say casually:

"I am rather interested in Negroes myself. Do you mind if I see what you have here?"

While I examined the volume he passed behind me and put the flask away, then came and looked at the book with me. "'African Religions and Superstitions,'" he said, reading the title aloud; then supplemented:

"An interesting mythology for the American Negro, little more. The African Gullah Negro, from whom these are descended, believed in a God, you know, but he only created, then turned his people adrift to be preyed upon by malign spirits conjured up by their enemies. Really a religion, or rather a superstition, of senseless terror."

"I am not so sure of the complete obsolescence of the old rites and superstitions," I told him, feeling as I proceeded that I was engaged in a useless mission. "I know these Negroes pretty well. For them, Plat-eye, for instance, is a very actual presence. If you will notice the cook you will see that she seems to get along without a prayer book, but when she goes home after dark

she sticks a sulphur match in her hair. Sulphur is a charm against Plat-eye."

"Tell me," he asked with a bantering light in his hard eyes, "just what is Plat-eye?"

I felt that I was being laughed at and floundered ahead at the subject, anxious to be out of it as soon as possible.

"Plat-eye is a spirit which takes some form which will be particularly apt to lure its victims away. It is said to lead them into danger or lose them in the woods and, stealing their wits away, leave them to die alone."

He emitted a short acid laugh.

"What amusing rot. And I almost fancy you believe it."

"Of course I don't," I retorted but I experienced the feeling that my voice was over-emphatic and failed to convince.

"Well, well," he said, "I am not doing folk lore but religion. So that is out of my province. But it is amusing and I'll make a note of it. Plat-eye, did you say?"

The next day was Thursday. I remember that distinctly because, although nearly a week's wages were due, the last servant failed to arrive for work in the morning. The club employed three of them; two women and a man. Even in the off season this was a justifiable expense, for a servant could be hired on Ediwander for four dollars a week. When I went to order breakfast the kitchen was closed, and the stove cold.

After a makeshift meal I went out to find the yard boy. There were only a few Negroes in the village and these were women hoeing in the small garden patches before the cabins. There were the usual swarms of lean mongrel hounds, and a big sow lay nourishing her young in the warm dust of the road. The women looked up as I passed. Their soft voices, as they raised their heads one after another to say "Mornin', Boss," seemed like emanations from the very soil, so much a part of the earth did they appear.

But the curs were truculent that morning: strange, canny, candid little mongrels. If you want to know how you stand with a Negro, don't ask him—pat his dog.

I found Thomas, the hired boy, sitting before his cabin watching a buzzard carve half circles in the blue.

"When are you coming to work?" I demanded. "The day's half done."

"I gots de toot'ache, Boss. I can't git ober 'fore termorrer." The boy knew that I did not believe him. He also knew that I would not take issue with him on the point. No Negro on the island will say "no" to a white man. Call it "good form" if you will, but what Thomas had said to me was merely the code for "I'm through." I did not expect him and I was not disappointed.

Noon of the following day I took the buckboard, crossed the ferry to the mainland, and returned at dark with a cheerful, wholesome Negress, loaned to me by a plantation owner, who answered for her faithfulness and promised that she would cook for us during the emergency. She got us a capital supper, retired to the room adjoining the kitchen that I had prepared for her, as I did not wish her to meet the Negroes in the village, and in the morning had vanished utterly. She must have left immediately after supper, for the bed was undisturbed.

I walked straight from her empty room to Barksdale's sanctum, entered, crossed to the closet where he had put the flask, and threw the door wide. The space was empty. I spun around and met his amused gaze.

"Thought I had better put it away carefully. It is too valuable to leave about."

Our glances crossed like the slide of steel on steel. Then suddenly my own impotence to master the situation arose and overwhelmed me. I did not admit it even to myself, but that moment saw what amounted to my complete surrender.

We entered upon the haphazard existence inevitable with two preoccupied men unused to caring for their own comfort: impossible makeshift meals, got when we were hungry; beds made when we were ready to get into them; with me, hours put into work that had to be torn up and started over the next day; with Barksdale, regular tours of investigation about the island and two thousand words a day, no more, no less, written out in long-hand, and methodically filed. We naturally saw less and less of each other—a fact which was evidently mutually agreeable.

It was therefore a surprise to me one night in the second week to leap from sleep into a condition of lucid consciousness and

find myself staring at Barksdale who had opened the door between our rooms. There he stood like a bird of ill omen, tall and slightly stooping, with his ridiculous nightshirt and thin slightly bowed shanks.

"I'll leave this open if you don't mind," he said with a new note of apology in his voice. "Haven't been sleeping very well for a week or so, and thought the draft through the house might cool the air."

Immediately I knew that there was something behind the apparently casual action of the man. He was the type who could lie through conviction; adopt some expedient point of view, convince himself that it was the truth, then assert it as a fact; but he was not an instinctive liar, and that new apologetic note gave him away. For a while after he went back to bed, I lay wondering what was behind his request.

Then for the first time I felt it; but hemmed in by the appalling limitations of human speech, how am I to make the experience plain to others!

Once I was standing behind the organ of a great cathedral when a bass chord was pressed upon the keys; suddenly the air about me was all sound and movement. The demonstration that night was like this a little, except that the place of the sound was taken by an almost audible silence, and the vibrations were so violent as to seem almost a friction against the nerve terminals. The wave of movement lasted for several minutes, then it abated slowly. But this was the strange thing about it: the agitation was not dissipated into the air; rather it seemed to settle slowly, heavily, about my body, and to move upon my skin like the multitudinous crawling of invisible and indescribably loathsome vermin.

I got up and struck a light. The familiar disorder of the room sprang into high relief, reassuring me, telling me coolly not to be a fool. I took the lamp into Barksdale's room. There he lay, his eyes wide and fixed, braced in his bed with every muscle tense. He gave me the impression of wrenching himself out of invisible bonds as he turned and sat up on the edge of his bed.

"Just about to get up and work," he said in a voice that he could not manage to make casual. "Been suffering from insomnia for a week, and it's beginning to get on my nerves."

The strange sensation had passed from my body but the thought of sleep was intolerable. We went to our desks leaving the door ajar, and wrote away the four hours that remained until daylight.

And now a question arises of which due cognizance must be taken even though it may weaken my testimony. Is a man quite sane who has been without sleep for ten days and nights? Is he a competent witness? I do not know. And yet the phenomena that followed my first startled awakening entered into me and became part of my life experience. I live them over shudderingly when my resistance is low and memory has its way with me. I know that they transpired with that instinctive certainty which lies back of human knowledge and is immune from the skepticism of the cynic.

After that first night the house was filled with the vibrations. I closed the door to Barksdale's room, hoping a superstitious hope that I would be immune. After an hour I opened it again, glad for even his companionship. Only while I was wide awake and driving my brain to its capacity did the agitation cease. At the first drowsiness it would commence faintly, then swell up and up, fighting sleep back from the tortured brain, working under leaden eyelids upon the tired eyes.

Ten days and nights of it! Terrible for me: devastating for Barksdale. It wasted him like a jungle fever.

Once when I went near him and his head had dropped forward on his desk in the vain hope of relief, I made a discovery. He was the *center*. The moment I bent over him my nerve terminals seemed to become living antennæ held out to a force that frayed and wasted them away. In my own room it was better. I went there and sat where I could still see him for what small solace there was in that.

I entreated him to go away, but with his insane obstinacy he would not hear of it. Then I thought of leaving him, confessing myself a coward—bolting for it. But again, something deeper than logic, some obscure tribal loyalty, held me bound. Two members of the same race; and out there the palmetto jungle, the village with its fires bronze against the midnight trees, the malign beleaguering presence. No, it could not be done.

But I did slip over to the mainland and arrange to send a wire

to Spencer telling him to come and get Barksdale, that the man was ill.

During that interminable ten days and nights the fundamental difference between Barksdale and myself became increasingly evident. He would go to great pains to explain the natural causes of our malady.

"Simple enough," he would say, while his bloodshot eyes, fixed on me, shouted the lie to his words. "One of those damn swamp fevers. Livingstone complained of them you will remember, and so did Stanley. Here in this subtropical belt we are evidently subject to the plague. Doubtless there is a serum. I should have inquired before coming down."

To this I said nothing, but I confess now, at risk of being branded a coward, that I had become the victim of a superstitious terror. Frequently when Barksdale was out I searched for the flask without finding the least trace of it. Finally I capitulated utterly and took to carrying a piece of sulphur next to my skin. Nothing availed.

The strange commotion in the atmosphere became more and more persistent. It crowded over from the nights into the days. It came at noon; any time that drowsiness fell upon our exhausted bodies it was there, waging a battle with it behind the closed lids. Only with the muscles tense and the eyes wide could one inhabit a static world. After the first ten days I lost count of time. There was a nightmare quality to its unbreakable continuity.

I remember only the night when I saw *her* in Barksdale's doorway, and I think that it must have been in the third week. There was a full moon, I remember, and there had been unusual excitement in the village. I have always had a passion for moonlight and I stood long on the piazza watching the great disc change from its horizon copper to gold, then cool to silver as it swung up into the immeasurable tranquillity of the southern night. At first I thought that the Negroes must be having a dance, for I could hear the syncopation of sticks on a cabin floor, and the palmettos and moss-draped live oaks that grew about the buildings could be seen the full quarter of a mile away, a ruddy bronze against the sky from a brush fire. But the longer I waited listening the less sure I became about the nature of the

celebration. The rhythm became strange, complicated; and the chanting that rose and fell with the drumming rang with a new, compelling quality, and lacked entirely the abandon of dancers.

Finally I went into my room, stretched myself fully dressed on the bed, and almost achieved oblivion. Then suddenly I was up again, my fists clenched, my body taut. The agitation exceeded anything that I had before experienced. Before me, across Barksdale's room, were wide open double doors letting on the piazza. They molded the moonlight into a square shaft that plunged through the darkness of the room, cold, white, and strangely substantial among the half obliterated familiar objects. I had the feeling that it could be touched. That hands could be slid along its bright surface. It possessed itself of the place. It was the one reality in a swimming, nebulous cube. Then it commenced to tremble with the vibrations of the apartment.

And now the incredible thing happened. Incredible because belief arises in each of us out of the corroboration of our own life experience; and I have met no other white man who has beheld Plat-eye. I have no word, no symbol which can awaken recognition. But who has not seen heat shaking upward from hot asphalt, shaking upward until the things beyond it wavered and quaked? That is the nearest approach in the material world. Only the thing that I witnessed was colored a cold blue, and it was heavy with the perfume of crushed jasmine flowers.

I stood, muscle locked to muscle by terror.

The center of the shaft darkened; the air bore upon me as though some external force exerted a tremendous pressure in an effort to render an abstraction concrete: to mold moving unstable elements into something that could be seen—touched.

Suddenly it was done—accomplished. I looked—I saw *her*.

The shock released me, and I got a flare from several matches struck at once. Yellow light bloomed on familiar objects. I got the fire to a lamp wick, then looked again.

The shaft of moonlight was gone. The open doors showed only a deep blue vacant square. Beyond them something moved. The lamp light steadied, grew. It warmed the room like fire. It spread over the furniture, making it real again. It fell across Barksdale's bed, dragging my gaze with it. *The bed was empty.*

I got to the piazza just as he disappeared under a wide armed

live oak. The Spanish moss fell behind him like a curtain. The place was a hundred yards away. When I reached it, all trace of him had vanished.

I went back to the house, built a rousing fire, lit all the lamps, and stretched myself in a deep chair to wait until morning.

Then! an automobile horn on Ediwander Island. Imagine that! I could not place it at first. It crashed through my sleep like the trump of judgment. It called me up from the abysses into which I had fallen. It infuriated me. It reduced me to tears. Finally it tore me from unutterable bliss, and held me blinking in the high noon, with my silly lamps still burning palely about me.

"You're a hell of a fellow," called Spencer. "Think I've got nothing to do but come to this jungle in summer to nurse you and Barksdale."

He got out of a big muddy machine and strode forward laughing. "Oh, well," he said, "I won't row you. It gave me a chance to try out the new bus. That's why I'm late. Thought I'd motor down. Had a hell of a time getting over the old ferry; but it was worth it to see the niggers when I started up on Ediwander. Some took to trees—one even jumped overboard."

He ended on a hearty burst of laughter. Then he looked at me and broke off short. I remember how his face looked then, close to mine, white and frightened.

"My God, man!" he exclaimed, "what's wrong? You aren't going to die on me, are you?"

"Not to-day," I told him. "We've got to find Barksdale first."

We could not get a Negro to help us. They greeted Spencer, who had always been popular with them, warmly. They laughed their deep laughter—were just as they had always been with him. Mingo, his old paddler, promised to meet us in half an hour with a gang. They never showed up; and later, when we went to the village to find them, there was not a human being on the premises. Only a pack of curs there that followed us as closely as they dared and hung just out boot reach, snapping at our heels.

We had to go it alone: a stretch of jungle five miles square, a large part of it accessible only with bush hooks and machettes. We dared not take the time to go to the mainland and gather a

party of whites. Barksdale had been gone over twelve hours when we started and he would not last long in his emaciated condition.

The chances were desperately against us. Spencer, though physically a giant, was soft from office life. I was hanging on to consciousness only by a tremendous and deliberate effort. We took food with us, which we ate on our feet during breathing spells, and we fell in our tracks for rest when we could go no farther.

At night, when we were eating under the high, white moon, he told me more of the man for whom we were searching.

"I ought to have written you more fully at the start. You'd have been sorry for him then, not angry with him. He does not suggest Lothario now, but he was desperately in love once.

"She was the most fantastically imaginative creature, quick as light, and she played in circles around him. He was never dull in those days. Rather handsome, in the lean Gibson manner; but he was always—well—matter of fact. She had all there was of him the first day, and it was hers to do as she pleased with. Then one morning she saw quite plainly that he would bore her. She had to have some one who could *play*. Barksdale could have died for her, but he could not play. Like that," and Spencer gave a snap of his fingers, "she juggled him. It was at a house party. I was there and saw it. She was the sort of surgeon who believes in amputation and she gave it to Barksdale there without an anesthetic and with the crowd looking on.

"He changed after that. Wouldn't have anything he couldn't feel, see, smell. He had been wounded by something elusive, intangible. He was still scarred; and he hid behind the defenses of his five good senses. When I met him five years later he had gone in for facts and glass."

He stopped speaking for a moment. The August dark crowded closer, pressing its low, insistent nocturne against our ears. Then he resumed in a musing voice: "Strange the obsession that an imaginative woman can exercise over an unimaginative man. It is the sort of thing that can follow a chap to the grave. Celia's living in Europe now, married—children—but I believe that if she called him to-day he'd go. She was very beautiful, you know."

"Yes," I replied, "I know. Very tall, blonde, with hair fluffed and shining about her head like a madonna's halo. Odd way of standing, too, with head turned to one side so that she might look at one over her shoulder. Jasmine perfume, heavy, almost druggy."

Spencer was startled: "You've seen her!"

"Yes, here. She came for Barksdale last night. I saw her as plainly as I see you."

"But she's abroad, I tell you."

I turned to Spencer with a sudden resolve: "You've heard the Negroes here talk of Plat-eye?"

He nodded.

"Well, I've got to tell you something whether you believe it or not. Barksdale got in wrong down here. Stole a flask from the graveyard. There's been hell turned loose ever since: fires and singing every night in the village and a lot more. I am sure now what it all meant—conjuring, and Plat-eye, of course, to lead Barksdale away and do him in, at the same time emptying the house so that it could be searched for the flask."

"But Celia; how could they know about her?"

"They didn't. But Barksdale knew. They had only to break him down and let his old obsession call her up. I probably saw her on the reflex from him, but I'll swear she was there."

Spencer was leaning toward me, the moon shining full upon his face. I could see that he believed.

"Thank God you see it," I breathed. "Now you know why we've got to find him soon."

In the hour just before dawn we emerged from the forest at the far side of the island. The moon was low and reached long fingers of pale light through the trees. The east was a swinging nebula of half light and vapor. A flight of immense blue heron broke suddenly into the air before us, hurling the mist back into our faces from their beating wings. Spencer, who was ahead of me, gave a cry and darted forward, disappearing behind a palmetto thicket.

I grasped my machette and followed.

Our quest had ended. Barksdale lay face downward in the marsh with his head toward the east. His hands flung out before him were already awash in the rising tide.

We dragged him to high ground. He was breathing faintly in spasmodic gasps, and his pulse was a tiny thread of movement under our finger tips. Two saplings and our coats gave us a makeshift litter, and three hours of stumbling, agonizing labor brought us with our burden to the forest's edge.

I waited with him there, while Spencer went for his car and some wraps. When he returned his face was a study.

"Had a devil of a time finding blankets," he told me, as we bundled Barksdale up for the race to town. "House looks as though a tornado had passed through it; everything out on the piazza, and in the front yard."

With what strength I had left I turned toward home. Behind me lay the forest, dark even in the summer noon; before me, the farthest hill, the sparse pines, and the tumble of mounds in the graveyard.

I entered the clearing and looked at the mound from which Barksdale had taken the flask. There it was again. While it had been gone the cavity had filled with water; now this had flooded out when the bottle had been replaced and still glistened gray on the sand, black on the pine needles.

I regained the road and headed for the club.

Up from the fields came the hands, dinner bound; fifteen or twenty of them; the women taking the direct sun indifferently upon their bare heads. Bright field hoes gleamed on shoulders. The hot noon stirred to deep laughter, soft Gullah accents:

"Mornin', Boss—howdy, Boss."

They divided and flowed past me, women curtsying, men touching hat brims. On they went; topped the ridge; dropped from view.

Silence, immediate and profound.

WHEN IT HAPPENS¹

By JAMES HOPPER

(From *Harper's Magazine*)

AS I came across Sam Nolan the other day he pounced upon me eagerly. "Just the man I want to see!" he cried. "I've been looking for you, I've got something for you. Something you can use, something good this time. I've had my appendix cut out!"

"Yes?" I said, a bit guardedly. Out of an unbounded admiration for my craft and a touching wistfulness to help, he is ever coming to me with subjects for my pen. "Oh, I've got a story for you," he'll say. "You know the Grand Central Station? Lots of people swirling around—some arriving, some departing—trains tooting. Why don't you write a story about that?" No, he is not quite that bad. But almost.

"Come to lunch with me," he said heartily. "I have an hour. I'll tell you all about it. All about my appendix and the hospital and everything."

So we sat at a small table in a quiet corner of the club's dining room, and he began to tell me about his appendix and the hospital and everything. And after a while I found myself waking to the fact that he was really giving me something this time. A bit in spite of himself, as it were. Giving me more than he knew. Because, as he talked, weighing every detail in his painstaking desire to be of service to me, I was seeing what he did not see: I was seeing his wife, his terrible wife.

He never sees her, of course (not as she is); but we, his friends, ever do. And we call her "terrible," using the word not in the classical sense, but rather in the colloquial—which holds less meaning—and yet so much more. His terrible wife.

She rides poor Sam; she sits upon his head; she weighs upon him, a mountain of unrelenting purpose. She it is who is re-

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sponsible for all these rows and rows of ugly houses with which assiduously he warts the plains, while plaintive somewhere within him still dwells the ghost of the dream of the House Beautiful. She it is who holds him to an undeviating pursuit of the dollar, in a welter of affairs, in a deafening boiler-factory of ignoble complications, while he, poor man, now and then still wistfully thinks that, with the children almost grown, the pressure relaxing, he might gradually reduce his business a little, and have leisure once in a while to read a book (he had a wistful respect for books), or once more to play the flute (he played it very well before marriage, and would like to play it again).

Of course, we all know he will never, never play the flute again; that he is in for life.

That is what I was seeing all the while as he conscientiously told me all about the cutting-out of his appendix; and that is what he was not seeing at all.

On the morning preceding the day set by his surgeon for the operation he had slipped over to the hospital all alone, "without a soul knowing of it." His family, his wife, were at the seaside for the summer; he did not wish to worry them. Once in his room in the hospital, however, he had felt very lonely. "Every one seemed so far away," he said. He had almost revolted, walked out. But by this time he was no longer owning himself. He was in a huge machine, things were being done to him as though he did not own himself. At regular intervals he was made to swallow an unexplained pill. Lunch was brought and he was commanded to eat. He was ordered to bed. A barber came and shaved him. A steward scrubbed him with antiseptics. He was caught in a machine, in a funnel, sliding down toward the thing awaiting him in the morning.

He felt far, far from everybody, far, far from the mild sunshine of what had been his life, but he made no move; it did not even occur to him it was possible to get out of the funnel.

Then in the morning they had placed him in a little low chair with casters and had swiftly rolled him along long halls to the white operating room. The feeling of being in the funnel had increased; he was now in the last little narrow part of the funnel. His loneliness had become a desolation; he felt like raising a

shout, anything, toward the outside. Instead, he had carefully adopted an attitude of brisk jollity. Inside the operating room every one was sheeted in white, with white turbans and looked like fantastic giants. He was lifted to the table, the mask was placed over his face.

"And then," he said, "I took a back-flip into eternity. That's just what it felt like—a prodigious back-flip down and through eternity."

When he returned from this interesting voyage he was a dryad petrified in a tree. He was all of stone, and the only part of him he could move was the lid of one of his eyes which he could just barely raise. And across this slit of vision something was passing to and fro like the wing of a gull. White, light, flitting, like the wing of a gull.

It became a cap. The cap passed to and fro. It vanished, returned, vanished. Suddenly it reappeared, very large now, quite near, and a voice "sweet as a chime of low bells" (that is the expression he used, Mr. Sam Nolan) sounded a phrase, "Are you in pain?"

Immediately he tried to reassume the pose which had been his last effort. "Is it out?" he asked, in a manner jolly and brisk—and was shocked to hear only a sort of dismal murmuring.

"Yes," said the voice sweet as chimes. "It's all over. But are you in pain?"

A gentle solicitude was about him like a haze; he did not want to show off at all now; he wished to answer with faith and with truth. Was he in pain? Was this pain he was feeling? One fact was evident: he was stretched out like the four points of the compass in the exact center of a clearing, under a broiling sun, pinned there by a stake driven through his body. A long moment of fixed thinking rid him at length of the clearing and the sun. He was not in a clearing, beneath the sun; he was in the hospital, beneath a roof. Back in his bed. But to that bed he was pinned like a butterfly; nailed by a spike that went through him, the mattress, and down into the floor.

"Not so much pain," he answered, "as some sort of very certain discomfort."

He immediately became very proud of that phrase. He had pronounced it just right; with an English accent.

When Sam Nolan had reached this point in the recital of his adventure (men get their adventure as they may) he abruptly stopped and looked at me with his good, honest, slightly bulging eyes. We had begun lunch late, so that by now we were nearly alone in the big darkish room. "Is all this any good to you?" he asked anxiously. "Are you getting anything you can use? Shall I go on?"

And I saw that what he had told me so far was not what he had been eager to tell me. He had thrown it in for good measure, out of a desire that I should miss nothing—perhaps, also, as a delay. What he really had been eager to tell me he had come to now. But he had fallen into the throes of a doubt, of an embarrassment. His honest face was flushed, he smiled in a forced way.

"Why, you are giving me a lot," I cried encouragingly. "Please go on!"

It was hard, I could see that. But finally he had leaped the hurdle. "Well," he said, "I found out something else which might be of use to you. It's—you know, how in the papers, every now and then, you read about a man falling in love—in love with his nurse. Well, that's it. I think I know pretty well how it happens, when it *does* happen—"

I was looking at him steadily, and he made a sudden little gesture of denial, half frightened, half violent. "Not that I did, of course!" he cried stoutly. "I didn't fall in love with my nurse. No! I'm an old married man. *You* know, John, how close Clare and I are. But you understand that I mean—you see it in the paper every once in a while—how some man falls in love with his nurse. Well, while I was in the hospital a little thing occurred which gave me somewhat of an idea as to how that sort of thing might happen!

"It's partly the dope," he went on hurriedly. "The dope, of course, has a lot to do with it. You see, you're pretty well full of morphine after an operation. And it's also the temperature: you nearly always have a temperature. You're sort of out of your head, you're not normal—*that's* how it happens! Oh, I've got a pretty good idea of how it happens, when it does happen!"

"Go on," I said.

He went on. That first day after the operation had been a

hard one. He had suffered discomfort and pain and semi-delirium.

"I kept making a rule in my head, over and over again. A rule for future guidance. Do you know what it was? 'No operation, however successful, is worth the trouble.' I kept saying that to myself over and over again.

"I kept doing something else, too. My watch was on the stand at my side. I'd look at it, then lie back. Then when I thought two hours had gone by, I'd look at the watch again—and only two minutes would have passed. Two *minutes*, not hours!

"Then I'd say to myself, 'I won't stand it. Each minute is just like an hour, and there are so many minutes! I'm going to throw myself out of the window!'

"But then I wouldn't throw myself out of the window, but just lie there. And after a while I'd think, 'Now, surely two hours have gone by,' and I'd look, and again it would be two minutes. 'I won't stand it,' I'd say. 'I'm going to throw myself out of the window.' But I wouldn't."

It was during the interminable stretching of this burning, tossing, enfevered misery that her coolness slowly established itself about him and filtered into him. Her coolness. The coolness of her voice "sweet as chimes." Of her white starched garments, of her light hands. Of her efficiency.

Her efficiency! He waxed quite lyric over that. I wish I could remember all he said; but I was so stupefied by this spectacle of my business man suddenly run poetically amuck that I sat there staring, marvelling at the miracle without registering. One of his phrases I still recall—"The beauty of efficiency."

It seems that she had that to an extraordinary degree. It had never occurred to him before that simple efficiency had beauty; now he knew it. He assured me that it did. A beauty cool, pure and white, which aroused in the beholder a tenderness!

Throughout the length of that long, hot, miserable day this had sifted to him, cooling his fever, smoothing his tortured nerves, but it was when evening came, he said, that something peculiarly charming had occurred.

"A little thing," he said, "something, I understand, quite customary to nursing routine—rather to be expected—but which

somehow took on with me that night the most unreasonable emphasis. The most unreasonable!"

It had been announced by a series of small preparations, but even at that he had not believed it possible. A cot had been brought in and set up. Later blankets, sheets, a pillow.

Then, suddenly, she had vanished.

"And when she returned," he said, "she had been transformed, she was another being. You see, all day she had gone about in her uniform, white, starched, gleaming, like a light armor. But now she had on soft garments. And on her head, instead of the stiff white cap, was one all soft and smoky-blue, with just one little rose. I can't tell you how enchanting the change seemed to me, all doped up as I was. It was as if while she had been gone she had stepped into fairyland."

Even then, he had not really believed possible what was about to take place. She went about the room in a last ordering of things already well ordered, then bent over him. "Now, is there anything more I can do for you?" she asked.

He answered there wasn't, that he was all right.

"You are sure there is nothing you want?" she repeated, with gentle insistence.

"You know," he said to me now, "with all her efficiency, there was something a little childish about her. Childish and innocent. It—well, it drew the heart.

"'If there *is* anything,' she said very earnestly—and she seemed such a little girl—'you won't be afraid to call me, will you? You'll call me?'

"Then I saw that it was true, really true. That the couch, the blankets, the pillows had been brought for her; that she was going to sleep here, in my room.

"Looking back now, I don't see why I should have felt that way about it. It's done regularly in hospitals. I suppose I was light in the head. But I can't tell you what a wonder and a delight filled me now at the thought. This seemed to me the most incredibly charming thing—that little Efficiency should sleep in the same room with me—the *prettiest* thing!

"She slipped about and put out all the lights, all but one; she shaded this low. Then she slid herself out on the couch, and

composed herself for sleep. There was a big white pillow at the head; she took it into her arms and drew it to herself, against her breast; she curled up like a little kitten, and in a jiffy was asleep. Sleeping very quietly, without a sound—*just* like a little kitten!”

He halted, he was searching in his head for a better expression than the one he had used. But he came back to it. “It was the *prettiest* thing, John,” he said penetratingly.

“I couldn’t believe it,” he went on. “Every now and then I’d raise myself on my elbow to make sure. ‘She really is there,’ I’d whisper to myself. But as soon as I’d get tired and fall back out of sight I’d begin to doubt again; I’d have to get up on my elbow again. I’d stay up that way as long as I could, looking at her over there, curled up on the couch *so* cutely, hugging that pillow. Even as I looked I would not quite believe. ‘Incredible,’ I kept saying to myself. It was *too* wonderful; I couldn’t realize such a beautiful thing could be given to me, an old drab like me. I’d keep raising up to make sure. It wasn’t a very good exercise for a man who’s just lost his appendix, was it?”

I murmured that it very probably was not.

“All the same,” he said, with something like a defiant exultation in his tone, “that is how I spent the night! Getting up on my elbow to look, falling back when too tired, getting up on my elbow again. And I remember it as the most delicious night! The moon came up outside after a while and shone in through the window; it touched her, it made her little corner of the room a little cave filled with fairy light. And she was so pretty and so cute in there, little Efficiency at her rest! So sweet! She was so sweet there, in that light, sleeping so quietly, curled up like a little cat, and hugging that pillow to her heart—I’ll never see anything like it again—never!

“The moon moved very slowly, the light remained upon her a long time. I kept getting up to look, getting up to look, and each time a new marvelling at my heart. John, she was so sweet, sleeping there in that little luminous cave made by the moon. I couldn’t believe it; I couldn’t believe something so beautiful could be happening to me. And thus I spent the night, John!

“But is all this of any use to you? Am I giving you anything at all?”

I came in from far away; I sat there, blinking. "Yes," I said after a moment. "You are giving me something."

"It seems—so strange now," he apologized. "Almost—foolish."

"Go on and tell me more," I said.

But he had come to some sort of block. I could see that. He was studying me furtively, appraisingly. "You really want me to go on? You're not bored?"

"No, I'm not bored!" I said.

"What I wanted to tell you about next," he started doubtfully, "is something that occurred three days later. But—well—I don't know—

"You see, I was still a bit out of my head—I want you to remember that. And they were still giving me morphine—don't forget that."

It seemed that a well-intentioned friend, learning by chance that Sam was in the hospital, had written to Mrs. Sam about it. And she had come down post-haste on the first train.

It was the third day after the operation and a sultry afternoon. In the afternoon, he explained to me, he would be feeling worse than any other time. He was told that his wife was downstairs, waiting to come up to see him.

"It was then something terrible happened," he said to me now.

He choked a little, reddened, but looked me straight in the eye. "I found," he said, "that I did not want to see her at all.

"My wife, John! I did not want to see her at all!

"I didn't want to see her, I didn't want to see any one at all! I wanted to remain just as I was up there in my little room. Alone in that small, clean, white, quiet world built about me by Marjorie Downe.

"It wasn't only that, John; but there was a sort of despair about it. I tell you truly: I did not want to see her. Wasn't it queer? And terrible?"

She was told to come up; there was a perfunctory knock at the door; she came in and took her place at his bedside.

"I was altogether desperate, John—it was the *queerest* thing! I was trying to hide it from her, of course. I was trying to talk to her in our regular, accustomed manner. But, do you know, I couldn't! I couldn't remember what had been my usual, my familiar manner; I couldn't remember the *tone*. It would come

out all wrong, all the inflections wrong. Just as when you miss the right note. What I said kept sounding as if I were talking to a stranger. I'd listen and I'd know I was talking as if to a stranger, and I wouldn't be able to change it, I wouldn't be able to remember the right tone. Everything I tried would twist around into that wrong way, of speaking to a stranger. It was terrible.

"After a time, John, she began to speak of a project close to her heart—that of our building a new house. The old place, you know, has become insufficient. The children entertain now, and they are a bit ashamed of the old place. Perfectly reasonable, all that; we do need a new house. But, do you know, when she began to speak about it I suddenly went quite wild! I felt as if a hole were being punched in my circle—the enchanted circle which had been drawn about me here, which kept all such things out. Everything began to pour in now—all the mix-ups, the complications—just the idea of moving all that furniture, all those books . . .

"John, suddenly I found myself tearing at my hair. Violently, with both hands. In the most melodramatic manner. Such as you used to see in cheap plays. Tearing away at my hair with both hands. In the most *foolish* manner!"

He came to a stop, looking at me with his flat, honest face twisted with a rueful smile. He seemed to have stopped for good. "What happened then?" I urged.

"Well—she—Mrs. Sam—was surprised, of course. Sat there looking at me in amazement. And a little disgust, dare say—naturally! But she saw I was not up to par, was not quite right. She cut her visit short."

The big dining room in which we were sitting was now empty. Curtains had been drawn; even the waiter who had been hovering about our corner was now gone.

"And that was my wife, John," he said, "my own wife! Isn't it strange what a little illness, a little pain, a few grains of some strange drug can do to one? How utterly, for the time being, they can change one? Alter and twist the real and fundamental nature? My own wife, John! Isn't it queer?

"Anyhow, I've told you all. I'm a bit ashamed to have told

you so much. But I've done that because you are a writer, John. I feel that we poor dubs who go about, busy as anything, creating nothing, owe it to you fellows to tell you anything that may help you. Help you to get things right. And now you have an idea of how it must happen when a man falls in love with his nurse—as you read in the papers often. If ever you have to get that into a story, you'll know pretty well how it may happen—”

He was fumbling along the bench behind him, he had half risen. “Yes,” I interrupted, “but *you* didn't, did you? You didn't fall in love with your—with—what is it you called her? With Marjorie Downe?”

“Oh, no, not I!” he said hastily. “Why, I am married, John! Happily married—you know how close we are, Clare and I! No question of anything like that for me. But I did get a pretty good idea as to how it happens when it *does* happen, and that's what I've been trying to get over to you. About the morphine and everything.”

We had risen, ready to go, cramped with our long stay; we were facing each other in the large darkish place. “How did it end?” I asked brutally.

He made a vague gesture. “It ended—well—just naturally. You see, in a few days the doctor told me I no longer needed a private nurse; the regular staff service would do. Well, the thing was clear, then. A private nurse costs something; I had no right spending a lot of money that way—when it was so much needed elsewhere—besides the cost of the operation and everything, and my lying idle, my business probably going to pots. I let her go.”

He looked at me fixedly. “I gave her a pair of gloves,” he said.

His eyes were remaining fixed on me, he did not seem to be able to let go. Then suddenly his face screwed up in a quick spasm, and two tears squeezed out of his eyes. He was appalled; I could see he was appalled at this which was taking place in him. His hands reached out and clutched me. He held on to me like a man choking, who wants his collar loosened, like a man with a heart attack who blindly wants to be held up—and as, helpless, I stood still, looking out over his head, pretending not to

see, the movement of his body, transmitted to mine, shook me as if with short hard sobs.

There—it was over—he had mastered himself; he let me go. And catching up our hats we walked out together, I and the man who thought he had some sort of an idea as to how it happens when it does happen.

NORTH IS BLACK¹

By OLIVER LA FARGE, 2nd

(From *The Dial*)

IT is true that we say that North is black, and cold, and bad because of the stories of our old men, but those are good stories. They had them from the old men before them, from the time that there were no Americans. The Navajo have been here ever since the land was made, the Americans are new.

It is no use to show me that picture of mountains in the North again. I know it is white because it is all snow. I know those mountains. I have seen them. Yes, why do you suppose they call me North Wanderer? I went there, I came back with many horses. Ask my people about the horses Nahokonss Naga brought with him. Yes, that is why I went, to steal horses. I stood on a high place, praying, and my prayers fell away from me, down into the valleys. My prayers got lost, they would not fly up to the Four Quarters. It is bad there.

Give me more coffee.

I speak with one tongue, I went to steal horses. I was always brave. When I was a boy they took me to San Carlos, where the Apaches are. They taught me to talk American. I ran away, and lived all alone until my hair grew. When my hair was long again, I had made myself a bow and arrows, moccasins, a skin blanket. I had stolen two horses. I was always like that.

It is true there are good horses nearer than there. I was three moons going, and three moons coming, but I wanted to see.

Then I will tell you the truth. I am old, it is good someone should know. But you must not tell. I know you, you will not tell; no one would believe.

You see that fire? If you try to shut it up in a box, it will burn the box. I was like that. The soldiers would not let us go

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on the war-path. There was no work for us. Sometimes we went down to raid the Moqui a little bit, to steal sheep, but not enough. We young men were looking for trouble.

A man with a big red beard came and made a Trading Post near the railroad, a few miles from my mother's *hogahn*. I lived there, because I did not think of marriage; all the time I was studying to be a singer, learning about the Gods, and the Medicine. I was like the Black Robed Preachers at Chin Lee, I did not think about women.

Red Beard was not like other traders, he was the other kind of American. They don't have that kind out here, I got to know about them later. They are different. Red Beard was sick, that was why he came out here. He did not care about the trading. He was honest with us and we made money off him. He never understood us. He was a good man.

He had a lot of friends coming to see him, from the East. They, too, were different. They liked to wear little pistols. At this time, Americans only carried pistols when they thought there would be trouble, then they had big pistols, not like the ones most of Red Beard's friends carried. And Red Beard's friends never shot anything. Most of them did not know how to shoot. They had bad manners, like the people at Grand Canyon. We were not used to that then, two or three times we were going to kill them.

Their women came out with them. There was one who was tall, and straight, and had black hair, like an Indian's, and brown eyes. She pulled her hair tight, tying it behind, like a Navajo. I fell in love with her.

I was digging holes to plant corn one day, and I saw She-Rain coming up the valley, with a rainbow behind it. I thought, "That looks like that American Girl." Then I was frightened, for I knew I must be in love. How could any man think that the rainbow, that is the Way of the Gods, looked like a woman, unless his eyes were twisted with love?

The next time I was with Mountain Singer, learning Medicine, I sang the Hozogi. When I said, "I walk with beauty all around me," my mind wandered to her, I forgot about the Gods and the Holy Things. I said to Mountain Singer, "My mind is bad." He told me to fast.

When I had fasted for four days, I returned to my mother's

hogahn. When I came in, she said, "What is the matter with you?"

I said, "Nothing."

She asked me again, "What is the matter?" Again I told her, "Nothing."

She asked me four times, and the fourth time she said, "Warrior-With-Gods, tell me what is the matter with you?"

When she called me by that name, I had to answer true. I said, "I am sick inside, I am bad inside; I must cleanse myself."

My mother said, "You will not wash out your sickness, nor pray it out. That is man's talk."

I had already fasted. Now I let down my hair, praying. I went into the sweat bath. All the time that I was there I sang. When I came out and jumped into the creek, I felt all well again. I ran, singing and leaping.

Then I saw mother-of-pearl dawn in the East, all-color rain, and the rainbow. I heard the Four Singers on the Four Mountains. It was mid-day, and clear, and the desert was silent. I had seen that American Girl come out of the post to watch me running. So I went back to my *hogahn*, and sat down, covering my face with my blanket.

My mother said, "By and by she will go away, then you will get well." My mother was a wise woman.

After that I tried to keep away from the post, but I was like a horse on a rope. She used to hire me to guide her to places. When I had been with her and she was friendly to me, I used to feel weak, so that after I went away I sat down and groaned. Sometimes, though, I would want to leap and run, because I had foolish thoughts. When the corn began to sprout I was like that all the time. She should not have been so friendly to me.

One day she said to me, "I will give you this bracelet if you will let me ride your pinto horse."

He was the best horse anybody had round there. I answered, "You do not need to pay me to ride my horse; but if you will give me the bracelet, I should like it."

Her face was strange when she gave me the bracelet. I was afraid she would laugh at me, but she did not. My heart sang. I did not understand them, those people.

She wanted to go up to the top of Blue Rock Mesa, where the

shrine is, where you can see for many days' ride all around. So I took her up there. She was not like most Americans, the way they act. They talk fast, and shout, and spit over the edge. She was quiet, and looked, and thought about it, like an Indian. Then she made me tell her the names of all the places we could see. I showed her the mountains where the Utes are, you could just see them, like a low line of smoke in the north.

She said, "To-morrow I go up there."

I told her, "It is far."

"I am going in the iron-with-fire-in-it. I am going to my brother's house, far beyond there. He lives there because there is good hunting. You can come there."

When she began, my heart was sick; when she ended, my heart was high with joy, that she should want me to follow her. I thought I would make sure. I said, "I do not know that trail."

She told me she would show me on the map when we got back to the Post. I did not know about maps, then; I thought it was strong medicine. She told me about the trail, then she told me about one of the mountains you have in that picture. You see it a week before you come to it, and it is marked so that you can tell it. She showed me a picture of it. While she was talking, her voice broke once; when she got through, her face was strange. Again I thought she was going to laugh at me, but she did not, so I read those signs, and was glad.

I did not watch her go, there was no use. I went on learning to be a singer, to make myself strong. My heart was happy, and I learned well. I traded close with Red Beard, to get money. I had Mountain Singer make me a fire drill, with turquoise and abalone-shell and mother-of-pearl and black stone on it, because it would be dark in the North, and I knew I would need it. I made more arrows, with fine points to them. A man came to the Post who had a rifle, the best I had ever seen, and lots of cartridges for it. It took me three weeks to steal that rifle. Every day, I drew the North Trail in the sand. I gave that girl a name, Nahokonss Atad—that is, in American, Northern Maiden.

A lot of time went by this way. When I was ready, I went and gambled with my money. I knew that I could not lose, my medicine was sure. I gambled with some Americans, with their cards;

that was easy. Then I gambled with Indians. I won very much, so that I was rich.

At the moon of tall corn there was a squaw-dance over in Blue Canyon. I told my mother I would go there, and see if I could find a girl I liked to marry. She saw me gathering all the jewelry I had won.

"That is well, if you do not lose your way." She said, "Have you good medicine, lots of corn pollen?"

My face was ashamed when I heard that, but no one could have stopped me then.

I painted my pinto horse, so that he was an ugly dun color, and I tied a horse-hair around his hock to make him lame. I packed my jewelry and buckskin on him, and my good blankets, and dressed myself in old American clothes, with an old blanket. I had much jewelry for her, and a silver bridle to give her with the pinto horse, I did not want it stolen. I tied turquoise to my gun to make it strong.

All that night I sang, but not at the squaw-dance; I sang to go North. At dawn I started.

It was a long trip. When I was far enough North, I took my hair down and braided it, saying I was a Pai-Ute carrying a message for some Mormons. The Pai-Utes are always poor, and they are friends of the Mormons; they let me pass. I passed beyond the Ute country, through tribes I did not know. I talked signs with them, asking for this mountain. Once I had a fight with some Indians, and two times with Americans. Those Indians scalp every one they kill, like the Utes.

I was three moons on the trail. Then I came to where snow was. It was the end of harvest moon, too early for snow, I knew I was coming to the North. I hoped to meet some of the Frozen Navajo, who live up there, but I did not. By and by it got to be all snow and colder than it ever is here. That was not like winter snow, but deep like all-year snow that you see on the north side of Dokosli, high up. Then I saw the mountain.

I had not seen Indians for a week, it was all ranches and cattle. There was a railroad, and a big town. I made camp where there were some woods, away from the town. I had stolen a hat from a ranch I passed near, leaving a lot of fine horses, because I was

afraid to make trouble. Now I wound my hair up around my head, so that the hat covered it. I took off my head-band. With my old American clothes, I looked like a Mexican. I talk a little Mexican. So I went into town.

That town was big. It did not look as though I could ever find Northern Maiden there. And I could not ask for her, I did not know her name. All I could do was walk around and look. I saw places where they sold bitter-water, and thought I would buy some. I had tasted it before, but never enough. The first place I went into the man said, "Hey, Injun, get the hell out of here."

Then I went into another, and I spoke in Mexican before the man noticed me. So he sold me drinks. I bought a lot. They cost ten cents, and I spent a dollar for them. Then I felt so good I began to dance a little bit. One of the men said, "Hey, that Greaser's drunk, throw him out."

They threw me out. One of them kicked me hard when I went through the door. I fell down in the snow. My sight was red with anger. I walked away, out of the town, to the woods where my things were. There I made ready for the war-path—let down my hair, and took off my American clothes. I thought, none of the people in that town carry guns. Now I shall take my very good gun and shoot them, all those people. I shall burn their houses. While I am doing this, I shall find Northern Maiden; her I shall take away, and go back to my own country, with many horses, and much plunder. That way I thought.

I began making war medicine, praying to the Twin Gods. I held my gun across my knees, that my medicine should be strong for it, too. Praying like that, I fell asleep there in the middle. That is a bad thing.

When I woke up, it was night, and I was cold. I was shivering. The fire was out. My head hurt. When I thought how I had gone to sleep in the middle of my prayer, I was afraid. I put on my clothes, and made a fire with my fire-drill. Then I prayed, for a long time I was praying. But my prayer would not go up; it fell down where I said it. All of a sudden I was sick for my own country, for the smell of dust on the trail when the sun is on it, for the sound of my horse's hoofs in the sand. My heart was sick for the blue South, where the rainbow is, and tall corn growing by red rocks. I remembered the smoke of my mother's fire,

and the thumping as she pounded the warp down in the loom.

Then I thought how far I had come, and how I was near to Northern Maiden, and how she was waiting for me. My medicine was very strong, it was the bitter-water that had made me feel like that. I thought that I would be ashamed to go back now, and I was a brave, who did not run away from things. So I rolled up in my blanket and went to sleep again. I was like that, we were warriors in those days.

There was game in the hills behind those woods, so that I had enough to eat. When I was not hunting, I stayed in the town. I stayed eight days, until I began to lose hope. Then I saw her. She was in a wagon with a man. They had two good horses with it; they were not as good as my pinto. I followed them out of town, and saw their tracks in the snow, along a road. Then I ran to my camp.

I threw away my American clothes then. I sang, and while I sang I tied up my hair like a Navajo. My head-band was good, my shirt was worked with porcupine quills, my leggins had many silver buttons. My belt was of silver, my necklaces and bow-guard were heavy with silver and turquoise. I put the silver bridle on my horse, to make him look well, and so that when I gave it to her, with the pinto, she should know it was my own. Then I rode out, still singing.

I looked all around me. I said, the North is not black. The ground is white; where the sun strikes it, it is all-color. The sky is blue as turquoise. Our old men do not know. I galloped along the trail. I sang the song about the wild-cat, that keeps time with a horse galloping and makes him go faster. That way I felt.

I started in the morning, I got in just after noon. It was a big ranch, there were many horses in the corral, but no sign of cattle. That is not like an American's ranch. They were just getting out of the carriage when I rode in. When they saw me, they cried out. She was surprised, she did not think I would come. I sat still and rolled a cigarette. Inside I was not still. I looked at her, and my heart kept on saying, "beautiful, beautiful," like in a prayer.

She came forward to shake hands with me. Some more men and a woman came out. She told them who I was. One of the men kept on saying, "George, George!" I thought he was calling

some one. Later I found out it was his way of swearing. They were different, those people.

She told me to put my horses in the corral. She went with me while I unsaddled my pony. Her face was flushed, she was glad to see me. I could not speak, I was afraid all those people would see what I was thinking. When we were alone in the corral, I gave her the pinto horse, and the bridle. At first she would not take them. She gave me a room to sleep and keep my things in. Then she took me into the big room where the people were.

There were her brother and his wife. They were good people. There were two other men who were good people. One of them knew Indians, he could talk American so that I could understand everything he said. There was another man who was not good. His mouth was not good. He had yellow hair, but there was a dark cloud around his head. I could see that, especially when he was thinking bad things. I did not like him, that one. There were other people who stayed with them and went away again, but these were there all the time.

They were nice to me. I stayed there a long time. Those men were always going hunting, they took me with them. I was a good hunter, so they thought well of me. They liked a man who could do something better than they could. They thought well of me because I had come so far. They asked me to play cards with them. They did not play cards the way the Americans here taught us, except the man I did not like. I won from them, but never very much. I did not think it was good to win too much from them. They were my friends.

The man I did not like was called Charlie. He, too, wanted Northern Maiden. He was not like those others. Sometimes when they had friends and drank bitter-water, one of the women would tell them they had too much, or one of the other men would. Then they would go out and walk around until they were all right. I did not take anything. Sometimes, when there was another woman staying with them, one of the men would be making love to her. If she told him to stop, he always stopped. This I saw, different times, when people came to stay with them. But Charlie was the only one who made love to Northern Maiden. He did not stop when she told him to. One day I was coming down the long room they had that ran between the other rooms. He

was out there, trying to kiss her, the way Americans do. I walked up. He got red in the face and went away. I made talk to her as if I had not seen anything.

I stayed there a long time. I thought, when it was time for spring in my own country, I should ask Northern Maiden to come with me, and I thought she would say yes.

One day I was walking into the door of the big room, when I heard some one inside say my name. Horse-Tamer they said, that was my name, that people used. The man's voice was angry, so I listened. I could not understand everything that they said, they were talking fast in American. But I understood that Charlie was telling them that I cheated at cards. This made me angry. They said that if they caught me, they would run me out. They called me a damn Indian. I was angry; because I knew that Charlie cheated, too, as I have said. I did not understand this, so I went to Northern Maiden.

I told her that the cowpunchers taught us to cheat at cards, that we thought it was part of that game. An Indian is better at it than an American. I did not say anything about Charlie. She said that her kind of American did not cheat at cards, any more than they told lies. They were always honest. So they trusted every one who played in a game, that was why they were so angry. They would run out any one who cheated when they trusted him. Then I understood.

I took my money and went in where they were. I said, "Here is your money, that I have won at cards. I did not know you did not cheat, until I heard you talking. The Americans who played with us always cheated. Now I will not cheat. That is my word. It is strong."

Northern Maiden's brother said, "The Indian's all right."

The other one, who knew about Indians, said, "Yes, what he says is true. He will not cheat any more. Let him play."

Charlie was angry, but he was afraid to say anything.

So then I played with them some more, and I watched Charlie. I knew what I wanted to do, and I took my time, like a good hunter. Finally my chance came, it was like this.—We were playing poker. Charlie used to hide a good card from the pack. When he thought he could use it, he put it in the palm of his hand. Then when he reached down to pick up his draw cards, he

mixed it with them. He discarded one more card than he should. Sometimes he slipped it in with the other discards; sometimes, if it was a good card, he kept it out. I knew it would be no good to find the card in his clothes, they would think I had put it there. I had to catch it in his hand, and he was quick.

This time there were a lot of people there, some men from other ranches, cowpunchers. There was a lot of money, and Charlie got excited. I was sitting next him. He did not like to see me next him. I waited till I saw he was about to use his card. I got my knife ready. When his hand was sliding along the table, before he got to the draw, I put my knife through it. He screamed, and every one jumped up. I took out my knife. There was the ace of diamonds, and he held two other aces.

Charlie went out of the room. He was white in the face. The cowpunchers stood around for a little while, then they went away, too. I said nothing, waiting for them to thank me. These three men, the ones who lived in the house, went off into a corner and talked. I could not hear what they said. Something was wrong.

The man who understood about Indians came over to me. The rest went out.

"Now," he said, "you must go away. It is not your fault. Charlie is one of us. You were right to show that he cheated, but not in front of all those cowpunchers. Now we have lost face with them. We are all made ashamed. You should have told us, and we should have caught him when no one else was here. When we see you, you will make us remember that you, an Indian, showed up our friend in front of those people. When you are here, we shall be ashamed. If a white man caught a friend of yours in front of a lot of Moqui, would you like it?"

I said, "I see. Now I go."

He shook hands with me. "You are a good man," he said, "I want to be friends with you. I shall come and see you on your reservation. We shall hunt together."

I said, "Your talk is straight. It is good. Now I want meat and coffee and sugar to take on the trail."

He brought me what I needed while I was saddling my horse. He gave me the money Charlie had won from me. He wanted to give me more.

"He will go to the train to-morrow," he said, "he is too weak now, you made him bleed a lot."

It was in the middle of the afternoon that I rode away. I went up to a high hill behind the ranch-house. There I made camp. When I had a fire lighted, a little one that would not make smoke, I began my medicine. It was not good. My prayers fell away, down into the valley. I saw that a man could not pray there, where there was only one direction, North, the Black One. I wanted to go back to where there was East, and South, and West, Mother-of-Pearl dawn, Blue Turquoise, and Red Shell. I prayed the best I could. I used the last of my corn pollen. When the sun set, I made black paint with ashes. I drew the Bows of the Twin Gods on my chest. I put a black line on my forehead. I stripped to my breech-clout, moccasins, and headband. I took off all my jewelry except my bow-guard. I took my bow, because a gun makes too much noise. Long after it was black night I went back to the ranch.

They were all in the big room, except Charlie, sitting round the fire. I came in quietly. I hid in a corner behind a chair. All the time I had my bow ready. They did not say much, but sat, not talking. One by one, they got up to go to bed. I was hoping that Northern Maiden would be the last, but if she was not, I had enough arrows. I could not have come so well to her bedroom, it was upstairs. That house was built like a Moqui house, with two floors.

My medicine was good. She stayed sitting and looking at the fire. I could see that she was sad. That did my heart good. In the firelight she was beautiful. I stood up.

Then Charlie came into the room. I was in the corner. I did not move. He never saw me. I made ready to shoot him. He walked over until he stood in front of Northern Maiden. For a little while they looked at each other. I waited. Then he spoke.

"I'm sorry."

She said nothing.

"Can't you forgive me?"

Then she spoke to him. She got up and stood very straight. I could not understand all those things, that they said. They were talking in American, and using words I did not know. They used

words we have not got. But this I understood. She loved him. Now she sent him away, for the thing he had done. She said she was very angry. But I saw that she loved him. She gave him a ring, the ring that Americans give when they are going to marry a woman. Now she gave it back to him. I saw she was that kind, that she sent him away, although she loved him, because his heart was bad. She told him that he was like a snake. She meant he was all bad.

He went away again, holding his face down. His hand was tied up. He looked like a sick man. I let him go.

Northern Maiden sat down in the chair. She began to cry, like an American, hard, so that it hurts, and does no good. I came, then, and stood in front of her. She looked up. She did not start. She was not afraid of me.

I said, "I did not know, now I do; I would not have done this. Here is the bracelet you gave me. I should not have it."

She said, "I understand."

Then I went away. I rode all night.

I came home at the time of short corn. I had twelve good horses with me. I met a man prospecting in Chiz-Na-Zolchi. I got a good mule from him. These I showed to the people who asked me why I went away. It was good to see the canyons again, with the washes full of water from the snow. It was good to hear my horse's hoofs in the sand, and smell the dust of the trail.

I sat down by my mother's fire. The smoke was rising up straight. She was weaving a man's blanket. She said, "This is for you, your blanket is worn out. You must choose yourself a wife, you are too much alone. That is the best medicine for you, to have a house and children. When the corn is green, tell me the one you want. I shall ask for her."

I saw that she was right. I said, "It is good. You will ask for one."

But I did not care if she were old or young, beautiful or ugly.

YARBWOMAN ¹

By ROSE WILDER LANE

(From *Harper's Magazine*)

THE yarbwoman's granddaughter paused in their cabin doorway, seeing the blacksnake uneasy on its beam. She held the heavy field-hoe poised on her shoulder and looked across the marshy land where mists were rising through the slanting sunlight of dawn. Pools were glitters among the reeds, dewdrops blazed, and the Branch ran sparkling into the smooth rosiness of the river's shallows. Martha Rose could see no one on the river path, nor on the loop of red-clay road on the hill beyond the gorge. But the blacksnake rippled down the log wall, paying no heed to her. Martha Rose turned her head. "Granny," she said, "that's some one a-comin'!"

The yarbwoman by the chimney place answered, "'Tis Haden Garner."

The cool weight of the snake went in an instant over the girl's bare instep, and the snake was a swift darkness pouring into its hole under the wall. Old Haden Garner's boots thumped heavy on the porch's end steps. Martha Rose said, "Howdy, Mr. Garner."

He nodded, his eyes slow and keen upon her. Her own gaze grew cool and steady; the young head lifted till the dark braids were level with his bristling gray eyebrows. He strode forward, and the breadth and height of the cabin doorway let his great body through. A motion of his head commanded her to follow.

The yarbwoman sat still. Withered and small and neat, she sat on the clean hearth, watching a little pot steam among the coals. An aromatic odor rose from it, filling the room with strangeness. Old Haden Garner set his squirrel gun against the wall and dropped by its butt his morning's kill of squirrels. The

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yarbwoman's glance flickered an instant upon the heap of little furry bodies spotted with blood. She said, "What air you a-wantin', Haden Garner, from the yarb-doctor of Garner's Hollow?"

Haden Garner set himself upon the bench by the chimney place. He said, "I am a-wishin' speech with you-all an' Martha Rose."

The yarbwoman's gaze returned to the simmering pot.

Deliberately old Haden Garner looked at the room. He looked at the two beds, plump and smooth in bright patchwork quilts, at the unspotted whitewashed walls, and the bone-white floor on which a rag rug lay. His muddy tracks were dark smears on that floor. He looked at the clear panes of the window. All these meant work, work done by Martha Rose. He spat into the coals.

"I was up along to Millersville county seat, yesterday was two weeks ago," he said. "'Pears by law that this yere land on which yore cabin stands 'tis mine."

Small sputters of bubbling came from the pot, the aromatic odor grew stronger. The yarbwoman said softly, "We been a-reckonin' I heired it from my man's paw."

"You-all hold nary title to it," old Haden Garner told her. "By law an' title, all the land on this yere side of the Branch, it belongs to me."

Martha Rose spoke breathlessly. "When granny was a young thing the Branch it run on 'tother side of the cabin from what it does now."

"The law, it takes nary account of Branch's meanderin's," the man said. "I hold title to the Branch's edge. An' also, the Bennett kin, they hold title to all land now on 'tother side the Branch. Their line, it runs from Lone Pine peak due north to the river. Thar's nary foot of land, nor yet this cabin, that's lawfully yore'n." He added after a moment, "I took lawyer's advice on it."

Martha Rose's voice struggled against the fact. "Nary foot of land—nor yet our cabin—" Her breathing could be heard in the stillness.

The stout bench protested under old Haden Garner's weight, settling comfortably upon it. The yarbwoman bent more intently above the pot. Steam rose in folds about her face, so wrinkled

that it seemed hardly human. Perhaps a breeze moved among the roof beams, for a faint rustling came from the bunches of dried herbs, each swathed in white cloth, that hung there.

"I ain't a-aimin' to take nary advantage of the fact," said Haden Garner. "What I aim to do is to wed Martha Rose. I am a widow-man twicet over. I have need of a woman, an' my house also. I reckon Martha Rose will suit me mighty well. As for yore granny," he said to the girl, "I will give her leave to bide yere in this cabin till her dyin' day."

Martha Rose said nothing. Shadowed by her sunbonnet, against the dazzle of sunlight on the marsh land, her face was dim to him. He got to his feet. "The circuit rider, he'll be along this away, come Saturday two weeks," he said. "I'll wed you then."

It was finished. A Garner would wed the yarbwoman's gal; he would even be generous to the yarbwoman. It came to him as he picked up the squirrel gun that the old woman was staring at his back. He turned, slinging the dead squirrels to his shoulder. The yarbwoman had not moved, she watched the little pot. Haden Garner spoke with a jocular air. "If you-all air a-honin' for fancy fixin's to yore weddin', you best come along up to my house an' red it up. Six months it's been widow-man's house, an' shorely it looks it."

Something softly touched his cheek. One of the swathed bunches of herbs quivered on its string beside his head that towered among them. Beyond it, in the darkness above the beam, two tiny green eyes were fixed upon him.

From the doorway which Martha Rose had left vacant behind his backward stride he said, "Thar's moccasin, or blacksnake, up amongst yore roof beams." His hand was on the field hoe.

The yarbwoman said quietly, "Lay nary hand upon him. 'Tis but harmless gentle creature that 'bides with us an' hunts for mice. Lay nary hand upon him," she repeated, her voice as coldly steady as the gaze of those tiny eyes.

Haden Garner stepped backward through the doorway. A marsh breeze was cold on the nape of his neck. He glanced at the porch beams overhead as he escaped from beneath them. Martha Rose was not in sight; he thought briefly of finding her in her hiding, then let the thought go. In two weeks he would

have her, in his house. Then when he wanted her, he would speak; she would come. He took the marsh path toward the hills.

At the top of the gorge, above the spring that fed the Branch, he killed another squirrel. He picked up the quivering body, glanced at it, and threw it away. This was the season in which half the squirrels were not fit for eating. Then he looked down the slopes at the yarbwoman's cabin. Marsh land and cabin were worthless; the old woman could have them. But on the flat land at the mouth of the gorge was the cornfield with its lines of lusty green. Only two acres, but it was a better cornfield than any of his hundreds of acres of hill land. Martha Rose should pen his ranging shoats and fatten them on that corn she raised. She should cure the fat hog-meat, smoke hams, and make sausages.

In the six feet two of mighty muscle and bone that was Haden Garner, he had never been aware of a nerve, and rarely of a thought. But he smiled now. He felt that Martha Rose would belong to him unwillingly, as his second wife had belonged to him. The use of power gave him pleasure, and he anticipated that pleasure again. He went on through the forest, looking for more squirrels.

Martha Rose had fled around the cabin, and now she came into it. Her granny still sat on the hearth, but the pot of herbs had been set aside to cool. Before the old woman's sharp knees was a saucer of milk, and the blacksnake drank from it. The long body lay in a harmony of curves upon the warm hearthstone, the angular head was bent graciously above the saucer's edge. The yarbwoman softly crooned.

"Granny," said Martha Rose.

The snake lifted its head. Its body flowed like a narrow black stream, charmed to a silence not known to water. The head rose, swaying slightly, a tongue appeared like a tiny flame. The head rose, till the tiny eyes were level with the gleam beneath the yarbwoman's shriveled lids. So they remained, woman and snake, before the black pit of the chimney place and the red mass of the coals, in the sunlit room.

The yarbwoman's crooning went away into silence, a small sound departing on a long journey. The black head swayed further, curved downward, and then, as though to follow that sound, it laid itself upon the floor and led the rippling body after it through the cabin doorway.

The yarbwoman said in tolerant scorn, "Thar's them as keeps cats."

"Granny," said Martha Rose, "whatever are we-all to do?"

"I reckon, Martha Rose, you've nary wish to wed Haden Garner?"

"I hate an' despise him, from bottom of my soul," said Martha Rose.

"Don't wed him," said her granny.

"But, granny, wherever will we go in the wide world, us without bit nor sup, nor roof to shelter under? Whatever will we do? Granny, thar's a-many that comes yere a-seekin' aid from yore knowledge of yarbs an' simples, but yet I call to mind nary a true friend among 'em. We was peaceful yere in the cabin, me a-carin' for the fields, an' you a-rangin' marsh an' woods on yore affairs with the wild things. Nary soul molested us. But granny, thar's none in Garner's Hollow would take us in. They're a-feared of us, granny, an' you a yarbwoman. An' granny, I—I am a-feared to go out from Garner's Hollow, amongst strangers an' strange ways, an' you at yore age, an' feeble."

"Don't wed him," the yarbwoman said.

Martha Rose sighed, "I'm not a-wishin' to do so."

The old woman held her knees in her thin arms, and stared at ashes thickening upon the coals. Her thoughts and her ways were strange to Martha Rose. But she was the girl's granny, and dear. She might die by some roadside in the unknown hills beyond Garner's Hollow, before the girl could find food and shelter for her.

"I am old," the yarbwoman said as though in a dream. "Thar's but little life a-remainin' within this yere failin' body. But I am not a-feared. I know the woods, an' the woods' creatures. Don't you be a-feared, honey gal. The wild things they will watch over us, an' the woods raise up shelters. Thar's a-many things beyond yore understandin', that's well known to me."

A week later the rattlesnake struck Haden Garner.

Seven days had gone by since he had announced, at the supper table in the dirty kitchen-house, that he aimed to take him another woman. "The yarbwoman's gal," he said, and emptied his coffee cup in one loud draught. He set the cup on the greasy table top and wiped his mouth with the back of a hairy hand.

His two sons stopped their gnawing of squirrels' bones to look at him. Then Big Bill laughed. The mighty bellows of Bill's chest were behind his mirth, so that it seemed to shake the room.

"Yo're a-takin' the gal with the corn land!" Bill shouted.

Hogan, the second son, went on eating. He was not pleased with a marriage which would produce children to divide the property when his father died. But Haden Garner ruled his house; his sons, man-grown, no more dared to oppose him now than they had dared when they were children, mercilessly beaten with any club at hand whenever his temper was bad.

Harrison Latimer, the old man's stepson, had not looked up from his plate. He was a slender weakling among these huge men, and rarely spoke. His mother had married Haden Garner in order to give her baby a home, and before he could walk he had learned to be as quiet as possible. Later he had merely fainted under thrashing, and in time Haden Garner and his sons had become so contemptuously indifferent that they almost forgot his presence.

Hogan finished his bone, threw it to the famishing hounds, and said, "The yarbwoman, did she make ary outcry against a-losin' her land?"

His father grunted, shaking his head. "I give her leave to remain in the cabin. She's nary fool, she'll see her advantage an' hold to it."

Hogan said, "Thar's them that's seen that thar old witch-woman a-doin' fearsome things." In his mind was the whispered tale of a child who had seen the old yarbwoman take the form of a snake, glide from her cabin, and swim rippling through the waters of the marsh, in full daylight. But he could not repeat this tale against the bellow of his father's laughter.

"Yo're more of a fool than you was borned, Hogan," his father said. "You reckon thar's ary yarbwoman, nor yet man nor devil, will keep me from a-doin' what I set my mind to?"

The plates were emptied of corn pone and squirrel meat. The three men leaned back, cutting quids of tobacco. Harrison gathered up the dishes and set clumsily to washing them on the hearthstone.

Haden Garner spat brown tobacco juice and said, "The yarbwoman's gal she's a-comin' yere to red up the place. Shorely

'tis a-needin' it, us with nary woman-creature yere but Harry." The young man went on washing the dishes as though he had not heard.

"I reckon I'll set her to the task this week," Haden Garner went on. "The circuit rider he'll be yere come Saturday two weeks, an' I aim to wed her then."

"Leave her clean out this yere hogpen, paw, an' us give weddin' frolic," Big Bill said. "I'll fetch the fiddlers, an' thar's corn-liquor in plenty. Leave us have one hell-rip-roarin' frolic, like we done the night you wedded Harry's maw."

Old Haden was in good humor. "Shorely," he agreed. "We will do so. I lay wager now, I can swallow down more corn-liquor than ary other man will be yere." The thought of the frolic pleased him, and pleased Big Bill and Hogan. Only Hogan felt a hidden uneasiness about the yarbwoman. Harrison scrubbed the frying pan with ashes; he did not look up, and no one but himself knew or cared what he thought.

Seven days went by before old Haden realized that they had gone, and that he had not seen Martha Rose again. She had not come to the house, and only twelve days remained before the wedding. That morning when he rose from his dingy bed he pulled on the knee-boots that lay by the big-house chimney-place.

"I was a-aimin', my own self, to hunt down along the marsh, paw," Hogan ventured to say. The boots belonged to Hogan. Big Bill borrowed them when he went to the marsh; old Haden took them. He made no reply now, but stamped his bare feet into the boots, shouldered his squirrel gun and strode from the house.

The sun had not risen above the hills, but long rays of its light fell between their peaks, and mists rose from the hollows. The morning promised fair. There was a cleanness in the air that filled old Haden's lungs; pleasure in the strength of his muscles colored his sluggish thoughts.

He took the woods path that led downward from the edge of the clearing. The path was a stairway, arched now by leafy branches that had not yet lost the freshness of spring; its steps were limestone ledges and gnarled roots covered with mats of fallen white-oak leaves. Old Haden Garner went down it with

the heedlessness of old habit, while his thoughts, slower than his feet, coiled themselves around a vague image of Martha Rose. There was a strength in her which his own strength would slowly break. He had always had what he wanted. She was only the yarbwoman's gal; he was Haden Garner. There was a smile on his face, when suddenly his body recoiled at the shock of a sound.

An instant, and his bewilderment cleared. A rattler! Young walnut leaves hung before his eyes; through their green plumes he saw the brownish circle on the step below his foot, caught a hint of reddish-brown angles. He started backward, raising his gun, and the deadly thing was on him.

In one pang he saw that the pool on the step was brown oak leaves, he felt the flash from the ledge beside him, he knew that the fangs were in his leg. The loathsome writhing thing clung. His kicks flung the wriggling gristle in loops. Horrible sounds burst from his throat. He beat the head to a pulp with his gun. The body twisted among the leaves.

Haden Garner, sweaty and trembling, sat down and drew off his boot. The prints of the fangs were faintly there. He got out his knife and slashed deeply across them, again and again. Blood poured in a bright red stream.

The body of the snake seemed to have a wit of its own, eluding his hands. He seized it at last, and felt it crawling between clenched fingers and palm. With his knife he slashed off the bloody paste of its head. He must have whiskey, quickly!

He got back to the house, carrying gun and boot in one hand, in the other holding out the quivering body of the snake. Big Bill and Hogan brought the whiskey for which he shouted. His bare foot splashed blood on the hard earth of the house yard and dripped a little pool by the doorstone on which he sat down. He tilted the bottle of corn liquor and drank till he coughed for breath, drank again. His sons skinned the squirming snake, cut its body in bits, and applied them to his wound. As each piece grew dark with his blood, they threw it away. Old Haden drank.

"Nineteen rattles," Big Bill said. "'Twas shorely gigantic rattler. Never have I heard tell of such in these yere hills."

"'Tis but rarely we encounter ary rattler whatsoever," Hogan said.

Old Haden drank, and coughed, and cursed.

"Thar's snakes," said Hogan, "an' thar's—" He could not cease looking at his father, nor look at him directly. His glances ran stealthily to the old man's face, and ran away again. "Whar was you a-settin' out to go, paw, when this yere it come upon you?"

The old man flung away the empty bottle, and cursed them both. He knew they were letting him die for want of whiskey, they wanted his death and his property. But he would live, he would live, and he would have that woman. He spoke of Martha Rose, and taunted them; they were young, but the old man would have her, and he broke off to yell for more whiskey. Big Bill brought it to him.

There were no more fresh pieces of the snake. Big Bill and Hogan stood and watched the old man drink. At last they carried him into the house and dumped him on his bed. They listened to his snoring breaths. "I don't guess he's a-dyin'," Big Bill said. "He's tough," and he spat thoughtfully.

They wandered to the yard, and there Hogan repeated the story of the child who had seen the old yarbwoman take the form of a snake. "I reckon shorely, 'tis naught but idle talk," he said.

Big Bill laughed shortly, looking at the scattered pieces of the rattlesnake. "If she taken the image of that thar rattler, I reckon thar's but little a-remainin' of her."

The next morning old Haden was conscious, but too weak to get up. His other boot was taken off, and he was given corn liquor and coffee. He lay all day, dozing and waking. His temper was such that he was left alone. But in the evening he shouted for Big Bill and Hogan.

They came from the kitchen-house, and he said, "I am a-feelin' porely yet. I want you-all to take word from me to that thar yarbwoman's gal." His gaze fixed upon Hogan. "You, Hogan! You go tell her—" For five breaths the two men stared at each other, then Hogan's bare feet moved uneasily, his eyes wavered. "You go say I aim to wed come Saturday week. Thar's nary woman livin' can best Haden Garner. If she's a-aimin' to wed me, leave her come red up this house. If she's a-schemin' otherwise, her an' her old witch-granny get out'n my cabin an' off'n my land afore to-morrow eve. Moreover, does she take ary thing

whatsoever, save but the garments on their backs, I'll have law on her. 'Tis all mine, an' more also, for rent she is a-owin' me. That thar's my word to her, an' you tell her I stand by it."

"Paw," said Hogan. He swallowed. "Paw, I— That thar old yarbwoman—"

"Git!" said old Haden.

Big Bill lounged against the chimney, grinning, and the old man watched from his blankets while Hogan got awkwardly into the boots and took his squirrel gun from its peg. Hogan said once, loudly, "I'm not a-feared!" Then on the doorstone he turned. "But yet, paw, I shorely—" He met his father's eyes and said hurriedly, "I'm a-gittin'!"

Big Bill spat on the hearth. "Hogan, he's white-livered belly-crawler at ary mention of that thar yarbwoman," he said. He sat down and cut a fresh quid of tobacco. He sat there a long time, then rose, spat, yawned, and rolled into his blankets. He slept.

In the kitchen-house Harrison was studying arithmetic by the light of a pine-knot on the hearth. The old man had never allowed him any schooling, but he studied alone, by stealth. Harrison held doggedly to the hope of getting a third-grade certificate to teach school. School-teaching was his one way of escape, for there were too many hardier men for every job of wood-cutting. The blazing pine-knot faintly lighted the kitchen-house doorway, and to that light Hogan returned. Hogan stumbled on the doorstone, caught at the jamb to steady himself, and lurched to a bench.

Harrison had hidden the arithmetic in time. He now got quietly to his feet. He thought that Hogan was drunk, and meant to slip away to sleep in the woods, as he had often done. But Hogan spoke whimperingly, "I—I cain't git it off—I'm a-feelin' mighty porely." He was struggling with his boot. Harrison stopped, and cautiously restrained an impulse to help him. Then Hogan threw up his arms and screamed, high and thin, "She's witched me! I'm doomed, I'm a-dyin'!"

Harrison took hold of him. "Whatever is a-ailin' you, Hogan Garner?"

Hogan shivered, then said more calmly, "I—I reckon I'm snake-bit."

Harrison was on his knees, tugging off the boot. He looked at Hogan's bare foot and ankle, pushed up the overall and examined to the knee. The leg was slightly swollen, and there were a few briar scratches on it, but no twin-mark of snake's fangs. "Whar did it strike you?" he asked.

"I never seen no snake," Hogan answered thickly. 'Twas the snake-woman." He was reeling a little, as though dizzy. "It pains me," he said. "Yere—thar—I cain't rightly say whar. I am a-feelin' mighty porely." He spoke drowsily, then with sudden loudness he said, "Whiskey!"

Harrison brought him a bottle; he lifted it, let it slip from his hands. The bottle smashed. Hogan had begun to shiver, then ceased; his hands and forehead were clammy. "You best get to yore bed," Harrison said. He put an arm around Hogan's body and managed to support and lead him to the big house.

Big Bill and old Haden got up. Hogan was made to swallow a pint of whiskey, and to talk. He repeated that he was snake-bitten, and that he had seen no snake. No mark of fangs could be found upon him. He said that he had gone to the yarb-woman's cabin and found her in bed, sick. "You-all said thar'd be but little a-remainin' of her," he told Big Bill. "Thar she lays, in under the covers, a-wrigglin', an' but barely a-raisin' 'em with her wriggles." He said he had given her and Martha Rose the word sent by his father. "She never answered ary word, her a-layin' thar a-fixin' me with her eyes. Her head it is bound up in a cloth."

Hogan's leg continued to swell, and he continually complained of pain. He desired to sleep, and with difficulty another quantity of whiskey was given him. "Martha Rose, she'll never wed you," he said once, loudly, to his father. Toward morning he began to have convulsions, and a little after dawn he died.

His leg was now greatly swollen, and marks like bruises had appeared upon it, such as follow the bite of a deadly snake.

Before night every one in Garner's Hollow had heard these facts. There were those who came to Hogan Garner's funeral by long circuitous routes through the hills, rather than follow the river path that led past the yarbwoman's cabin. Others, fearless in broad day, came purposely to look at the place, and stood a

long time staring. The cabin appeared deserted save for the curl of smoke from its chimney; neither the yarbwoman nor Martha Rose was to be seen. Some watchers declared, however, that the head of a snake had stealthily lifted from a hole beneath the walls and looked at them with human eyes.

Haden Garner was not liked in the Hollow, but he was respected, with a respect partly fear, partly admiration of his strength. Now the yarbwoman began to be hated as snakes are hated, because they are feared but can be killed. Hogan Garner in his winding sheet terrified the people of the Hollow. His body was laid in the burying ground on the hill above his father's house, and at the new grave there were men who muttered that witches could be burned. But before dusk had thickened to darkness all those men were in their own cabins, and none who had come by the river path took that way home.

In the house which neighbor-women had set to rights for the funeral there was a sense of emptiness. Old Haden sat by the cold hearth, intent upon thoughts which moved formless and dark in his mind. Big Bill padded up and down the room. He had taken off the shoes he had worn for the funeral; his steps sounded stealthily dangerous, like those of an animal. Moonlight was white on the hard earth outside the open door. "I'm not a-feared of man nor devil!" Big Bill said once.

"Air you a-aimin' to set yere like bump on log?" he asked his father. Old Haden did not answer.

"Nary bite of snake was on him," Big Bill said again. "But yet nary spell nor witchcraft done him to death. Such talk, 'tis lies. Lies! She pizened him, that's what she done, with her unholy yarbs. Her an' her gal, they give him gourd of water, it pizened, when he come in thirsty from his walk thar. An' he never remarked the fact, to recall it. That thar's reasonable explanation."

Later he said, "If thar's ary devil's work in it, leave her try it oncet on Big Bill Garner. I ain't a-feared!" He almost shouted these words at the stillness of moonlight and forest around the house.

Old Haden sat silent. His mind seemed filled with black smoke; his anger smoldered, not yet bursting into flame. He remembered the snake's eyes above the yarbwoman's roof beam,

and Martha Rose lifting her defiant head, and the rattlesnake; he realized that he needed a drink, but the bottle on the hearth was empty. Big Bill had emptied it, and he would have bel-lowed curses at Bill, but again he remembered the rattlesnake's head pounded to a jelly but still struggling as though to reach him again. He heard boots on the puncheon floor, and the rifle coming down from its peg.

"Whar air you a-settin' out to?" old Haden asked.

Big Bill said, "Thar's one man yet a-remainin' in this yere fam'ly, you yaller livered meachin' coward. Nary pizenin' old woman can scare Big Bill Garner." He went out. He crossed the patch of white moonlight as though he were pursued, and was gone.

Haden Garner sat a long time without moving. Then he got another bottle of whiskey, and slowly, till he slept on the floor by the bench, he drank. Later he remembered that he had heard flints clatter on the hill path that went past the burying ground, so it was plain that Big Bill had gone that way, instead of taking the trail on which old Haden had been struck by the rattler.

It was not until noon next day that Big Bill's movements were roughly traced. Probably some of the men he roused never told of it. But it was clear that he had traveled many miles, for he had waked Gird Breedon shortly before midnight, and some time after moonset Lafe Smith, on the other side of the Hollow, had answered him from an opened window. Both men had refused to attack the yarbwoman's cabin at that time of night. They said Big Bill had seemed to be crazy drunk. But as he had had only part of a bottle of whiskey, and had taken none with him, it could not have been liquor that thickened his tongue and made him shout and swear so wildly.

When he did not come home in the morning, old Haden and Harrison set out to look for him. By noon many men had joined the search. It was inconceivable that Big Bill Garner could be lost in the Hollow. But there was no known reason why he should have left it. He seemed to have disappeared, to have been spirited away.

That afternoon five men, well armed, went to the yarbwoman's cabin. Martha Rose met them in the doorway. She did not ask them in, she said, because her granny was sick. Behind her they

could see the cabin, clean and sunny, and the old woman asleep in her bed. Martha Rose said that Big Bill had not been there. The men looked at each other. In the sunshine, before the calm eyes of that girl, and in the sleeping presence of a feeble little old woman, none liked to be first to bring out the strange things in his mind. They went away.

During the night, in groups that kept together in the glare of lanterns, some men continued the search, hallooing from hill to hill, breaking through underbrush and briars in the hollows, and occasionally firing signal shots. In the darkness no one went near the marsh. But from the hills a light could be seen in the yarbwoman's cabin. It gleamed there, small and unwinking, like a tiny eye watching them.

At dawn the tired men went home, saying that further search was useless. Old Haden swore at them in a voice so hoarse from shouting that it was a croak. He went on, and was soon joined by men who had slept. On Lone Pine road three of these men, with old Haden, met Harrison Latimer. He also had been left alone by men giving up the search, and he would have joined the party, but old Haden turned on him like a man gone mad.

"I know what yo're a-reckonin'," old Haden tried to shout. "Yo're a-reckonin' to heir my property. Yo're a-aimin' to stand in dead men's shoes. Nary smitch of it will be yore'n," he croaked, and raised his rifle. The others took hold of him, arguing loudly all together, while Harrison stood white and trembling, clenching his hands. "I'll will it from you shorely as I see to-morrow's dawn," old Haden said. "Leave me ketch glimpse of you oncet more, an' I'll kill you. Git!"

Harrison went quickly around the bend of the road. Everything seemed unreal to him, with a delirious unreality. His eyeballs felt sandy, his whole body was a little drunken with weariness and sore from branches whipping him in the dark. It was true that he was now the old man's heir, if Big Bill was dead. Old Haden had no nearer kin. It did not matter, Harrison felt. He would never go back to the old man's house. But he had nowhere else to go, and he wished that he had his books, the schoolbooks hidden under the kitchen-house. He was reeling with sleep as he walked. He thought that he would sleep some-

where in the woods; then he would walk out of the Hollow and never come back.

He turned from the road, above the gorge. Flints slipped under his feet, he caught at tree-trunks to slow the headlong descent. Dead leaves were thick in the gorge, he would make a bed of them. But first he would drink at the spring.

In the angle of gray bowlders Martha Rose was standing, holding a gourd dipper. At her feet was a bucket partly full of water. Still leaning over the bubbling pool, she turned like a startled animal and was motionless, staring at the young man. From the rock at her shoulder a little green snake glided swiftly, disappeared.

"I was a-cravin' to drink," said Harrison.

The girl straightened, and a softness came over her face. She dipped the gourd and held it out to him. He took it and drank. Then they stood looking at each other. "Yo're appearin' mighty weary," she said.

"I am so," he answered.

Her own face was gray, and her eyelids were dark. A twig snapped, and she turned her head quickly, caught her breath. Then she picked up the half-filled bucket. "I'll be a-gettin' back to granny," she said.

She did not go at once. He did not want her to go. Together in that stillness of murmuring leaves and water, it seemed that they were friends because both were friendless. They stood silent. Then she said, "I reckon you been a-seekin' Big Bill Garner?"

He nodded. Then, "Yes, I been a-seekin' him."

"Thar's—nary news of him?"

"'Pears he was a-aimin' to come to yore place," he said.

The water in the bucket lipped softly against the tin. She said loudly, "He never."

She repeated as if speaking, frightened, to herself, "No, he never." Then she walked quickly away, down the path that followed the Branch to the marsh.

He stood looking after her. She had gone but a little way when, without thinking of it at all, he started to follow. Her head turned at the sound. He saw her eyes widening and dark-

ening while she said to him over her shoulder, "Don't you come nigh us. Don't you come nigh my granny an' me. Thar's things I— *Don't you come nigh our cabin.*"

At noon that day Big Bill Garner's boots were found two miles down the river from the yarbwoman's cabin. They were splashed with dried marsh-mud. A little farther on, lying against a log which had concealed him from the only party of searchers that had passed that way, Big Bill was found. He was still alive, though unconscious, and cold. One bare leg was horribly swollen, and dark marks like bruises were here and there upon it, as well as a gash where Big Bill had stabbed with his knife.

Whiskey was poured into his mouth, and his throat was rubbed to get it down. He was carried to his father's house, and all that afternoon men and women worked over him. Nobody spoke of calling the yarbwoman, but every treatment that other old women advised was tried. They gave it as their opinion that he was dying of snake-bite. There was no mark of snake's fangs anywhere upon his body. Just after sunset he died.

Old Haden had not slept. He had been persuaded to lie down, partly undressed, but almost at once he got up again. He seemed to feel, not grief, but fury, and a fury unclean with fear for himself. He raged about the room like a man crazed with venomous terror.

When the woman who was bending over his son stood up and sighed, "He's gone," old Haden turned on them all. His eyes were sunken, his gray hair and beard were bristling tangles. A rasping shout came from his chest, "If thar's ary man yere won't follow me this night to rid us of that witch-woman—" He cursed that man.

Gird Breedon said coldly, "Thar's nary need for such-like vile talk, Haden Garner. I reckon all yere see plain what's to be done." Gird Breedon looked slowly at the men standing about him, and one by one they nodded grimly.

At moonrise Harrison Latimer came to the edge of the marsh. The yarbwoman's cabin was small and dark on the plain of gray reeds streaked here and there with faintly silvery water. There was no light in it. There was no sound but the husky whisper-

ing of reeds and the croak of frogs. Harrison stood perfectly still for a long minute.

Then he walked steadily out on the marsh path. Sometimes he missed solid footing, walked in slime. Once he saw moonlit water carved in dividing ripples by the black head of a snake that sped soundlessly toward the cabin. Thin mud splashed over his shoetops. He stopped barely an instant, then went on. Suddenly he began to whistle. He whistled softly, on a half breath, as though secretly, but the tune was gay. So he came to the back of the dark cabin, went quickly around it, up the porch steps, and stopped short.

In the open doorway Martha Rose sat, perfectly still, a rifle across her lap.

After a moment she whispered, "You, Harrison?"

He whispered also. "They are a-comin' this night. I fetched this yere." He let the shotgun slide from the shoulder to the crook of his arm.

Martha Rose glanced behind her into the darkness. She leaned closer. "You ain't a-feared?"

"Yes," he said. "I shorely am a-feared."

They listened. And Harrison stared. From a roof beam near his head, with the tiniest of rustling sounds, a long sinuous tail slipped. It hung against the moonlight, rippling, slowly drawing itself upward into the darkness again. It was gone. Pent breath came from the young man's lungs. He whispered, "Martha Rose, is yore granny a—"

The girl answered in the ghost of a voice, "I don't guess so. I don't—"

They both stared into the darkness of the cabin. "I am a-feared," she whispered. "But she's my granny."

Harrison said in her ear. "You pore honey. Do you know the multiplication table?"

"So far as the fives, I do."

"Jest you keep a-sayin' 'em to yoreself. I done so, a-comin' acrost the marsh. 'Tis powerful heartenin'. No, Martha Rose, I don't believe it of yore granny. Thar's natural explanation of all things, could we but lay holt on it. Four times four, 'tis sixteen, nary power in heaven or earth can make it otherwise. Thar's comfort in that thought."

She breathed, "Yo're powerful learned man, Harrison Latimer."

The yarbwoman's weak voice came out of the darkness. "Thar's nary call you-all should whisper. I am a-layin' yere sleepless. I bid you welcome, Harrison Latimer. I reckoned 'twas them, till I hear'n you a-whistlin'." They were motionless, waiting, in the pauses between her words. "I know well what is a-comin', honey gal. You a-settin' thar so. An' I am old. Have nary fear. When the time it comes—" She was silent so long that Martha Rose got up, moved toward her. "I am a-layin' yere happy in my mind, a-studyin' over many things. The woods, an' the woods' creatures, an' my knowledge, an' you, Martha Rose. Yo're mighty dear to me. Have nary fear—"

She seemed to have fallen into a light sleep. The girl's bare feet came soundlessly back to the porch. Her face, vague and white as mist in that shadow, came close to Harrison's, her fingers tightened like claws on his arms. Their cold cheeks lightly touched as they stood tense, fighting with words breathed from lips to ear. "Go, now! 'Tis nary use to stay. One lone man. They'll kill you. Have sense."

"No."

"They'll kill you. 'Twill do nary good to us. Leave us be. 'Tis no affair of yore'n. Yore life 'twill be on our heads, for naught. I thank you, go whilst yet thar's time."

"Nary step."

"I hate you, Harrison Latimer! Will you go!"

"I am not a-aimin' to leave you in yore loneliness. I'm lonesome, my own self."

Her hands slipped from his arms. He saw the little weary movement of her head. She seemed to droop to the porch floor and sat there, arms folded on her knees, looking at the vague light over the marsh. He brought the two guns and sat beside her.

The frogs croaked, now and again a marsh bird cried. Shadows moved imperceptibly eastward beneath the passing of the moon. Martha Rose murmured, "Shorely they're never a-waitin' for the moon to set?"

He did not know. They should have come long ago, he thought. While he was stealing his hidden books from the Garner house, he had heard only enough to know that they were

coming. He thought of the men scattering to their homes to get their rifles, to bring, no doubt, coal-oil and torches. There would be delays. But surely they should be coming now.

The two waited in the shadow, holding the guns across their laps.

Harrison began to whisper to her. "'Pears like I never knowed how to harmonize with folks yere in the Hollow. All my days I been a lonely creature, with nary soul to open out my thoughts to. A lonesome life such as mine, Martha Rose, it has but little value. Thar's nary fear in me of aught can come to me this night. Don't worrit yore heart about it, for shorely I'm right proud to be yere, a-stayin' by yore side. When I was but a pore an' puny young one—" He whispered till his throat was dry. She answered him sometimes, and all the time her hand in his was comforting.

No one came.

In the gray hour between moonlight and the dawn they looked at each other, saw gray faces and sunken eyes. Harrison stood up, stiff with chill. Then he saw them coming. Thirty men or more, in straggling groups, came down the Branch and advanced along the marsh path. Leading them was Brother Higgins, the circuit-rider. Harrison began to tremble with hope.

Brother Higgins' halloo came on the dawn wind. He and the men were hidden now by the bulk of the cabin. Again he shouted, nearer, and now the splashing and trampling could be heard. "Into the cabin!" Harrison said. The girl obeyed. He heard the click of her rifle trigger.

"Ha-loo-oo-ee!" Brother Higgins called.

Harrison answered him. Men at the end of the cabin halted at the sound of a man's voice. Harrison stood on the porch steps, the shotgun in his arm. "Howdy, Brother Higgins," he said.

Brother Higgins' long black coat, greenish and shiny, was rumpled and covered with horse hairs. He had no hat, and his thin gray hair was wispy in the breeze. He looked old, exhausted, and his voice came shrill. "Howdy, Harry, howdy. It appears thar's—"

"That thar yarbwoman, whar is she a-hidin' at?" Gird Breedon demanded. Other men seconded him. "Air you in league with her, Harrison Latimer? Leave us have her! We want speech

with that thar witchwoman! Stand back, we want in yonder!"

Suddenly there was a sound, like a scream and like a bellow. Haden Garner clutched at his throat as though to stop that sound, while all the men looked at him. He uttered some words, meaningless; he seemed to make an effort to kick, and fell in liquid mud.

They got him to his feet, and he was understood to say that she had witched him, he was doomed. He pointed to his leg, choked, and then horribly screamed. It was seen that his leg had swollen, smoothing out the wrinkles in the boot. While they carried him to the porch he begged for an ax; he wanted them to cut the leg off, and then he seemed to see a snake there that no one else saw.

They cut the boot away. There was no mark of snake's fangs on the bared leg. Harrison stood in the cabin doorway, holding his skotgun, but he knew that shooting was useless now. Gird Breedon looked up from old Haden, there on the floor, and said, "All this night you been a-wearyin' us for proof. Thar, Brother Higgins, is yore proof." The crowded men were like a wall echoing his words in a low rumble.

The yarbwoman was tugging at Harrison's elbow, clamoring at him. "Leave 'em take me, thataway to spare the gal." He did not move. Gird Breedon said, "Out'n our way, Brother Higgins! Justice it will be done yere. Fetch on the coal-oil!"

"Gaze *thar!*" Brother Higgins shouted. Several among the jostling men saw his finger ominously point to the slashed boot on the floor. "*Thar!*" Brother Higgins cried. "Thar in under feet, hell's fires they are awaitin' you! 'Tis murder yo're a-doin'! God he calls on me to testify—" Coal-oil ran in rivulets on the porch floor. "Gird Breedon, as thar's a God in Heaven above us—"

Lafe Smith cried out, "I see it; I see it plain!" He snatched up the boot, spread it open, pointed. "That thar rattler's fang—look—" They jostled him, and he exclaimed, "Have care! 'Tis pizen!"

A fang of the rattler that old Haden had killed was still imbedded in the wrinkled leather. Lighted pitch-pine went with a hiss into marsh water. There was the sound of coal-oil dripping.

Brother Higgins clasped his head between his hands. "Lord, I

thank an' praise Thee! Never would I have suspicioned— 'Tis by Yore mercy—"

"And them a-wearin' it, one after 'tother—" said a voice of awe.

"Thar's means to save him yet," another said. "Has ary one yere fetched whiskey?" Several hands held out flasks. Gird Breedon opened his knife and knelt to stab Haden Garner's leg in its half-healed wound, but the man who had tried to give him whiskey stood up and said, "Nary use, Gird. He's dead."

Gird snapped the knife shut and put it in his pocket. "I reckon 'twas terror done for him, not ary pizen a-remainin' in that thar fang," he said. "But that's neither yere nor yonder." He looked at Harrison Latimer. "You want we should carry him up to yore house, I reckon, Harry?"

Harrison said, "I'll thank you-all kindly to do so."

PERSEPHONE ¹

By MERIDEL LE SUEUR

(From *The Dial*)

WE boarded the train at a Kansas town. Its black houses sat low amidst the fields which were hardening and darkening now the summer was over. The corn had been shocked, the seed lay in the granaries, the earth had closed, and now the sun hung naked in the sky. All was over—the festival, the flowering, the harvesting. Dark days had come and I was taking the daughter of Freda away to discover, if I could, the malady which made her suffer.

As the train moved from the station I watched Freda standing on the platform, her round face shadowed by the train as it passed between her and the low sun. The daughter leaned against the window for the last sight of her mother; as we left the town she sat with her small head bent as if half broken from her body.

We sped through the dying country, fleeing through the low land. Upon the fields as they lay upturned and dark, clear to the round swinging sky-line, there fell the eerie wan light of the dying season. The train as it traveled through this dim sea of light became uncanny and frail, touched, too, with the bright delicacy of decay. But upon the daughter of Freda the last light dwelt intimately as she lay half sleeping, like the fields, fatally within the cycle of the dying earth.

Fatigued after the preparations for the journey, she rested in utter weariness. Her black garments hung, about to exhaust her, while out from them, like sudden flowers sprang her hands and face. Over her great eyes the lids were lowered and gave to her whole being a magical abstraction, as if she looked eternally within, or down through the earth. Only her mouth had tasted

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of violent fruit; it drooped in her face and turned red when she coughed, which she did frequently, dipping her head like a blind bird.

As I watched her an old pain brewed within me; a faint nostalgia which had come upon me all my life when looking upon her, or when in the presence of her mother, as if upon seeing these two women a kind of budding came about on all the secret unflowered tendrils of my being, to blossom and break in the spaces of a strange world, far from my eyes and hands.

Just when the round and naked sun hung on the horizon, three bulls, standing in the dim, nether light, turned and loped towards our train.

"The black bull," I said, "looked like your husband's."

She lifted the white lids from her eyes, but did not speak. When I repeated what I said, she turned away without answering and sat with her hands in her lap, her eyes lowered, in an attitude so fatal and hopeless that I knew it was of no use to take her on this train, through these fields, past these rivers and houses to our destination. Nothing lay in these things that could mitigate her illness. The malady was too deep.

As we sped through the fields, the fantastic conquering of distance threw a magic over us so that terrible and vast things became possible. With the dying of the sun the train traveled through a colossal cave, between the closed earth and the closed sky and I half forgot our departure and our destination.

I have always expected some metamorphosis to take place in Freda and her daughter—a moment when the distant look would, by miracle, go from their eyes and they would reveal their nativity in some awful gesture. Nothing had ever happened beyond the natural ritual of our common farm life. But there came upon me now the old mystic credulity as I watched Freda's daughter sitting motionless, her white lids rounding over her eyes, her face glowing in the gloom.

Lying there, she contained like a white seed the mystery of her origin. The marks of living were slight upon her, for from the first she seemed to carry most strongly the mark of a perpetual death. Paradoxically I thought that because death was her intimate, I could never come nearer her mystery than to her birth on the prairies, in the spring as the first white violets bloomed.

For the women of the Kansas town, shading their eyes, had seen Freda coming from the prairies, walking and carrying the child.

"Whose baby is that?" the women asked her when she had come to them.

And she answered, "Mine." And uncovered for them to see, bending down to them.

"When was it born?" these women to whom birth was a great dread, asked.

She answered smiling, "In the night." And she went into a store and bought some goods with little flowers marked on it in which she wrapped the baby.

That year the days were bright and the earth bountiful. For each ear of corn heretofore, there were now two. The sun ripened all that had been sown. The soil was so hot we could not suffer our bare feet upon it. Freda's lands were the most fertile of all.

Her husband, Frantz, the strongest man in the country, was a plowman. We saw him in the fields, dark and stocky, driving his big flanked horses, astride the black furrows that turned behind him. When he came to our fields we were frightened by his narrow eyes buried in the flesh, and by his hands matted with hair.

Together, Frantz and Freda plowed the fields; there was a feeling abroad that never had Freda sown a seed that had not come to fruition. It was true that for her everything blossomed.

In the spring we met her in the fields or in the thickets, where the first flowers were springing alone. In the full, golden light she came towards us, full-bosomed, with baskets of wild berries hanging on her bright arms. When we ran to her, she gave us gifts, berries, nuts, and wild fruits unknown to us.

At harvest time she worked in the fields with the men. When we brought her water she straightened from the earth to loom above us, curving against the sky; a strong odor would come from her, like the odor of the earth when it is just turned; her yellow hair would glisten round her face and we thought it grew from her head exactly as the wheat grew from the earth. Once when she leaned over me, I grew faint with the fertile odor and

at the same time drops of perspiration fell from her temples on my face.

When her mare was seen hitched outside the houses of the town, we knew that a great, natural, and dreadful thing was taking place within. The house became, after that, marked, possessing a strange significance of birth. We children, while the mare waited, sat on the curb watching for Freda, who, when she came, passed in a kind of confusion of her great body, the golden hair, and the strong, sweet odor. We would watch the hips of the horse, with Freda upon her, disappearing down the road, past the houses of the town, out into the open plains.

The child of Freda, delicate and pale from the first, was not much known or seen about. She came to town on the first spring days, with her mother, riding in the wagon, atop the early vegetables. She carried with her always, falling from her hands, the first white violets. It did not astonish us that she was thus privy to the first stirrings of the season, since we glimpsed her through all the year in the prairies, by the streams, or hidden in the nooks of the fragrant hills. In the fall, returning from berry hunting, she brushed past us in the chill dusk. In the winter, as we went to the frozen creek, we glimpsed her peering from the naked bush. In the spring we saw her come by her mother, with the first violets. She never spoke to us, but covered her enormous eyes with her lids, standing quite still, before us but irrevocably hidden.

On Saturdays as Freda went about the town she hid behind her skirts, her eyes lowered in her slim, pale face. Some women would stop in the streets and say she was idiotic because of her little head. To me, however, she had a strange grace, with her swelling body, her little head and pale face, her eyes like minerals, and her hair light like her mother's, but fine and thin as if it had grown outside the light of the sun.

When Freda and her husband were plowing the fields, the girl, who grew very tall, would run in the wake of the plow, singing. Frantz hated her, as every one knew, and he hated her singing. When Freda with her horses went plunging through the black waves to the horizon, he would leave his plow and strike at the girl. She would veer away as if only the wind had struck her, still singing.

When I could run away from the town I used to lie in the damp

thicket which bordered their field and watch them; the dark man straddling the furrows, following the rumps of his horses, holding the plow to the heavy soil; Freda with her skirts on the earth, the horses turning their great eyes to look back at her, the fields lying about her with their living secrets—I watched with satisfaction these two heavy figures, turning the vast earth, moving upon her stillnesses, and the slim girl, like an antelope, running in the fields beside them, singing high and shrill.

She coughed beside me, dipping her little head like a bird. Now no song was in her.

Outside rapidly past us moved the thickets, the fields, the villages. A woman stood in a doorway, half invisible in the dusk, hoisting a baby on her hip—a man came down the road with his team, the white breath of the horses flying from them in the dusk.

The visible world was sinking into another sea, into a faint dusk. The daughter of Freda lay like a fallen and despoiled angel, traveling through darkness, lost to the realm of her nativity, with neither memory nor anticipation. Still I watched her trying to spin around her the stuff of reality. Did there exist for her the seed of our common life or had she eaten only the fruit of perpetual strangeness and death? All that had happened to her, all the incidents of her life, I brought to bear upon her, but I had easier made a mark upon the wind. These things had made no mark upon her. The only mark was her mark upon life, upon all of us who saw her as a frail lost child in the fields of her mother, as a woman ravished by strangeness.

The young farm boys, still delicate with the wind and the fire which is the mark of light and air before the fields harden them, were the only ones who came close to Freda's daughter. They often told us in the evenings that they had met her in the thickets or coming across the fields, and had talked with her. But then they would say no more.

The older youths found it impossible to snare the footsteps of the delicate girl. Strange to say, on the other hand, the firm and serious farm youth were convinced of her wantonness, while old ladies rocking on their porches hinted dark things of her.

But one night a man came to town, from the West, driving his cattle, packed and bellowing, through the deserted streets.

The next morning people said to each other, "Did you hear the cattle going by in the night?" We children thought it had been only a dream until, early in the morning, we saw on the lawn the deep prints of cloven hoofs. When I went for the morning milk, just outside the town, I saw the cattle where they stood sleeping, knee deep in the grass and mist. As I was passing a man sat up, from where he too had been sleeping, and looked at me from the grasses. His beard stood out like bracken. From his low forehead the black hair sprang. When I saw him about to rise, I ran into the town shouting to my brothers that the cattle they had heard and thought were only the sound in a dream, had really gone down our streets, and had stopped on the outskirts of the town.

It came to be known that the man I had seen in the grasses went by the name of March. Saturday he came into the town riding a splendid horse. He went about the streets talking in a loud voice to the country people. He was to be seen too, at the horse barns, or at public auctions. Saturday nights he herded what cattle he had purchased, sometimes only a fine bull, to the pasture he had bought next to Freda's land. He became famous through the countryside for his pedigreed bulls. The farmers came in season to lead them to their own pastures for breeding.

It happened in a very subtle way that the countryside came to think of Freda and her daughter and the man March, all three together, as somehow of the same blood. All the vital acts of farm life came to move around one or the other of them. Freda and her husband seemed intimate with the fields, and the half mystical rites of planting and reaping. It was said in wonder that Freda even brought in the lambs as they were dropped in the fields in the spring as if she knew their time. She appeared to the women at the oven and her appearance augured good bread. It was out their road the farmers went for the breeding of their cows. The very lay of the land with its rich dark color was strange, so was the magic they had with the earth and with natural things. Freda's daughter held a more strange mystery. She seemed half evil at times. But after she saved the life of a

boy, when his body had turned black, they sought her out for palliatives.

So that it came about that the country people, as they dreamed over their work in the spring and autumn, were half unconsciously touched by the mystery of their tasks—a mystery between their own action and the secret of what they acted upon, by virtue of which alliance everything they did prospered and yielded in the field, the vine, the flesh. Probably because they were, in a manner of speaking, without a God, when in their dream, in a kind of blind ecstasy over the earth, within the heat, they attributed dimly to the figure of Freda, and with her the other two, an alliance and an intimacy with the virtue and the mystery, along with something sinister, of the natural things of which their lives were made.

After the corn had been husked and the dreary Kansas cold had set in, I was wandering in the thicket which ran along the stream in a little curve of the fields below Freda's. The pale sun, casting no shadow, shone on the naked sod and the land, low and flat, swelled a little to the sky. This side of Freda's, the bulls stood in the wind, quite still.

I had just left the path and gone further into the thickets for berries, when, out of the dying woods, with only a slight sound like a bird's, ran the daughter of Freda. March came after her. I could hear his feet strike the bare ground, and saw as he ran past me, his black beard and hair struck by the wind as he ran into the open. She had climbed the barbed fence and was running in the bull pasture, through the crisp grasses toward her mother's. But three bulls turned at the farthest fence and eyed her. When she turned back, frightened, March was running to her. Then she stood binding her skirts around her, her small head, like a dying bird's, thrown back. As she seemed about to cry out, he came upon her and bore her with him into the grasses. A young bull struck the ground with his forefeet and loped toward the sun. I ran back into the thicket.

The next days I was filled with terror because of what I had seen. I dared not go upon the road to the fields, or even out under the sky. The third day I came home and there in the dusk was Freda, leaning in our door.

"She is gone," I heard her say.

My mother spoke from the dark kitchen, "And is he gone too, with all the cattle?"

"Yes," said Freda and stood suffering in the dusk. After a while she walked away down the dim road.

Frantz came in the night, knocking and pounding at our door to know where she had gone.

That winter she grew very old. The farmers, through the frosty moonlight, saw her wandering the barren plains. Children screamed when she approached the town. She seemed like an old woman whose time of fertility has gone. In the nights she came knocking at the doors of the village to ask for her daughter.

That year the spring never came. The flowers died beneath the ground and the fields burned in the sun.

Through the hot days of spring we saw her far off, unreal in the simmering heat. We found her by the old well in our orchard, sitting, sorrowing on the stones, her hair wild and white. We were young girls from school with bright ribbons in our hair. We had come to cool our faces over the black opening of the well and to cry down its sides to hear the sweet, far echo answer us. But when we saw her there we drew together, whispering and peering at her. She rose and came toward us, no longer bright and bold, but still terrible, looming above us. She went among us as we hid our faces in our aprons, stroking our hair and arms, calling each of us by the same name. It was a name I had never heard before and I could never, after that, remember it. She peered at each of us so close that we trembled when her breath came upon us. When she turned her sad eyes to the well again we ran from her in every direction, through the orchard, and for the rest of the afternoon watched her from behind the trees as she sat on the stones of the well, sorrowing.

One evening late in summer, as the land lay still beneath the drought, my brother came from the fields, and standing before us with the heat of the day on his face, he said, "I saw Freda's daughter walking toward her mother's."

That night the country people thought it strange that the first rains fell, plunging ceaselessly into the earth.

The train stopped at a siding amidst the prairies in a sudden silence. The woman, aroused, sat up with her eyes wide open

"How far are we?" she asked in a light voice.

I answered her very low, "From where?"

Before she could answer a fit of coughing shook her and the train started again.

The lights were lit. She was timid about going into the diner, but at last, with vague gestures, lifting her pale hands she put over her head an old velvet hat and rose and went down the aisle, forlorn and pale, with a kind of assaulted and pathetic dignity.

I came behind her, looking at the tall body as it moved with its peculiar grace. It was like this she had come back to Freda's, with this delicate, hopeless grace, as if she had touched strange fruits and eaten pale and deathless seeds.

After the summer, March had come back, driving his bulls through the street to the old pasture. He had knocked at Freda's door and Freda had given her daughter back to him. She had gone to live in his low hut. When we passed we saw her come out of the door to throw the dishwater over the bare ground. Her thick black skirts, given her now by the women of the town, would be pulling and dragging about her, her little head would swirl up from them, free as a serpent's. After she had thrown the water she would stand still, tall and hopeless, in that terrible abstraction, looking toward us with her blind, deep eyes.

In the diner she seated herself with timid, quick movements, then sat with her eyes lowered. Some arrangement of the heavy skirt annoyed her; she fingered it delicately beneath the table. She coughed, turning her head and frowning. In an effort to suppress it the tears started, and did not fall, but hung there magnifying her great eyes. Suddenly, unable to bear the light, she closed them. Again as the lids covered her eyes, by some bewitchment her face became beautiful and eternal. I felt again the imminent metamorphosis as if she were about to change before my eyes and as always in haste as if to prevent a phenomenon which I both hoped for and dreaded, I spoke.

"Did you see the fine bulls that ran toward our train?"

She lifted her eyes and looked at me, but did not answer.

"I believe the black one was the one your husband sold the upstate farmer." She was looking at me. "Did you see the bulls just before dark?"

"No," she said and the answer startled me.

Whether it was the natural desolateness of traveling between places, likely to give to the form of what reality we know a vast and fabulous temper, or the sorrow of the dying year, I do not know, but back in the car, I became desolate and afraid.

For the remaining hours I sat opposite, watching her sleeping. I brooded over her, half expectant as if about to startle from the mist that covered her, the winged bird which was the secret of her being. I watched her with pain as she moved me with her ancient mystery, as of something half remembered.

It seemed to me again that a metamorphosis was about to take place here on this train, going through Kansas, that the bounds of all that I had known would be shattered before me. Lying before me, she lost what semblance of reality she ever had and seemed to glow and live in other elements than I knew.

What strange realms had thrust her forth to be born of her mother in the night, to put upon her the burden of endless movement through fields, upon the earth, through many days under the burden of shadowless nights, marked with the mark of strangeness to be usurped by an unfamiliar man, to walk through unfamiliar places, and to carry unfamiliar burdens.

Watching her glow before me with her terrible veiled identity, a strangeness of everything came upon me and a terror. I felt suddenly that after this journey, in which after all nothing had happened, I should never be the same; that by looking upon her I was partaking of some poisonous drug, like the poison of early spring flowers and the poison of late berries.

I dared not move in my terror, afraid she might stir, but she sat still, preoccupied, with her eyes hidden, dreaming of what she had never forgotten. Cautiously I came near to her mystery. She among us all had known that living was a kind of dying. When in these realms, she had refused to partake of our fruits and so become enamored, but had closed herself in the dream which is real and from which we die when we are born.

Soon now we would come upon the city glittering on the plain, above the bluffs of the river. A terror of all that lived came upon me; a terror of Freda's daughter who lay as if dead, glowing already in the mineral worlds of her strange lord. Because of the terror I said to myself, this woman is only the wife of a Kansas stockman—but who is the stockman? We saw him driving his

bulls through the night, but who is he? Who is her mother? We saw her in the ripe fields, and turning the soil to fertility—but who is she?

All in that town came to me, all I had known passed before me, and I said, who are they? And I did not know.

GOOD MORNING, MAJOR ¹

By J. P. MARQUAND

(From *The Saturday Evening Post*)

SURELY Billy Langwell, in spite of a certain polite indifference toward things which he considered of no importance, had been with brigade headquarters long enough to know that the general was not a funny man. Surely Billy must have known that the general hated all of us, for any one could have read uncomplimentary sentiments in the general's harsh green eyes and in the way his hard lips, straight as a disciplined platoon, moved when he spoke to the young gentlemen. Perhaps, in part, it was the natural dislike and contempt of a disciplined old man who had spent his life in the service for parvenus like us, but any one could tell there was something else.

"Young gentlemen" was what he used to call us. It is easy still to recall his voice those times he came into the mess room late for breakfast, when all the young gentlemen snapped hastily to attention. It was not a pleasant voice, General Swinnerton's—slightly thick, and of a suppressed timbre that made you wonder how it would sound when he was angry. Down in the mess room, one can imagine him walking still, heavy, but straight as a post, and aggressively shaven in that way peculiar to old soldiers risen from the ranks, that way no civilian can imitate; so closely shaven that you would think his epidermis must have been removed by the razor's edge, revealing a pinker, thinner skin beneath. Without a word, he would walk to his place at the table, while the young gentlemen listened to his boot heels hit the floor. Snap—they went, as inevitable as regulations. Snap—and then a pause, a military pause, and it was up to me to say, "Good morning, general." It was my part of the drill that he had taught me.

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"Good morning, major," he would answer, and we would shake hands there in the mess room, stiffly, like pugilists posing for the Sunday supplements.

"Good morning, major," he would say, and sometimes there seemed to be a note in his voice of a lonely man, and sometimes it seemed like the voice of a man slightly puzzled by a changing world.

Then he would pause, and then his heavy neck would move deliberately within the circumference of his stiff white collar—you could almost hear it grate—as he stared down the mess hall. Of course, all the overnight lieutenants would be watching him, stiffly trying to look military and knowing that they could not. They were young, so young, without a trace in their faces of any blow from life. They were so fearless, so serenely sure of themselves. Was that what General Swinnerton could not understand, and what he resented most? There was Billy Langwell in his whipcords, much more expensive than the general's; one of those nice New York Langwells, slender and almost delicate, with his yellow hair still moist from his morning bath, and smiling at the general. Billy was always smiling as though he had encountered some amusing private thought. And then there was—what was his name? Sometimes faces are so clear and names so hard to remember—Edwin Bryce, the general's other aide, one of the Philadelphia Bryces, with a gentle voice, but always with a look that was slightly supercilious. Then there were those other ones, faces new and pleasant voices. Sometimes in our mess hall you might have thought it was a college house party and not a brigade about to sail for France.

As the general looked at those faces before he pulled back his chair, his own face would assume a slightly peculiar expression, almost of bewilderment, you would sometimes think, and then he would speak, precisely still, but somewhat differently.

"Good morning. Sit down, young gentlemen. You won't get any rations like this a month from now."

Then he would seat himself stiffly and raise his coffee cup with exaggerated ease, and grasp his spoon in his awkward fingers. What was he thinking of as he raised his cup and stared silently above its brim? Was he envious or sad? Was he thinking that he was not and never would be quite like the rest? Was he

thinking that we knew it? I wonder— Perhaps he always thought that we were laughing.

What strange intuition or trick of caste made Billy spot the general for what he was? The first time Billy's eyes met the general's eyes he knew, and the general knew he knew.

Of course I can remember—any one can remember those first days when uniforms were new, when Camp Abraham Hicks was just beginning to rise out of its wilderness of yellow pine, a hideous checkerboard of order, when the first men of the draft were herded in, in cheap, baggy clothes which they took off, never to wear again.

Those were the days when brigade headquarters seemed a place of mystery—a veritable religious shrine, in which one could imagine strange rites marching in the night. Headquarters was almost the only wooden house in Camp Abraham Hicks in those days. Typewriters were clicking through the half-open windows; an orderly was standing at the door, one of those jaded Regular Army orderlies, passive yet sneering, whom the War Department doled out, one to each of our companies.

In front of that wooden shack, the stumps of yellow pine still obtruded themselves, making you stumble in your new boots. And a set of awkward men in olive drab were grubbing at those roots while a young second lieutenant, who had been a lieutenant no longer than they had been soldiers, kept saying, "Now, fellows, make it snappy! Make it snappy!"

The orderly at the door had a reason to grin sourly. It was probably the first time in his life that he had heard enlisted men addressed as "fellows." He was still grinning when I saw him.

"Yes, sir," he said, "the general's expecting you. He'll see you in a minute." Then he stopped grinning and stared wearily beyond me and wearily saluted, and then I heard a voice behind me that I knew. It was Billy Langwell, hopping adroitly over the pine stumps, and only stumbling once over an upthrust root.

"Oh, now, George," he said, "are you here too? How did you pull it? By writing to your congressman?"

"I don't know," I answered. The army ways were as strange to me then as they are to-day. "I just got an order and came here to report." Billy grinned and flicked at his boot with a swagger stick that he twirled self-consciously, in nervous knowing arcs.

"Now don't be so upstagy just because you have those what-you-may-call-'ems on your shoulders," he suggested. "They got you because you can ride, of course. I bet we're the only people in this place that can mount without a ladder. It's just as well. I don't want to be a nurse to those East Side criminals in my outfit, and anyhow, the family wanted me to be an aide."

The orderly interrupted us, saluting languidly. "The general sends his compliments and says he'll see you now."

"Both of us?" I asked.

A round solid mass of something moved in the orderly's beefy cheek. "Yeh," he said, "both of you, sir."

As we entered, from the corner of my eye, I saw the orderly expectorate furtively. It was my first experience with the regular enlisted personnel, and still I do not know how some of them chew tobacco and yet appear not to chew it.

The general was standing in a stuffy little room, with a table, two chairs and a map, showing the squared barrenness of the future Camp Abraham Hicks, pasted on the cardboard-composition wall. He wore the marching shoes of an enlisted man—broad and dusty, like two solid corner stones necessarily large to support his weight. His leather leggings, of an inferior type, were also covered with the camp's red dust, and over his heart was that curious array of ribbons and bits of masonic jewelry that we were even then beginning to stare at with fascination, not to say with envy. They began with the Indian-war ribbon and ran the whole gamut of ribbons—Spanish War, the Philippines and Boxer. Also hanging among them was a silver medal and a pair of crossed rifles. But you needed no service badges to spot him. You could read his service on his face. His jaw and his mouth, without speaking, fairly shouted Regular Army. His eyes were the eyes of the Regular Army, typical and peculiarly like the eyes of the orderly who sinned in secret by chewing tobacco at the door.

"When you come into my room," said the general, "take off your hats. Good morning, major." And he held out a stubby hand to me and looked me in the eye.

"Good morning, sir," I answered.

He stood motionless, still looking at me. "Say 'Good morning, general,'" he replied. "I consider it better etiquette."

Then precisely as a machine gun turns on a pivot, his head veered, rising from his white collar, to Billy Langwell.

"Lieutenant," inquired the general, "what's that in your hand?"

"A swagger stick, sir," said Billy.

There was no expression of contempt, no change in the general's face. "Throw it out the window," he said.

Without moving from where he was standing, Billy threw it. It made a little whistling arc through the room and was gone.

"Who told you," asked the general, "to carry one of those things?"

"Why, no one—" began Billy.

"Sir," said the general.

"Sir," said Billy.

The general folded his hands behind his back and rocked backward and forward from his toes to his heels. "Now listen to me, both of you," he said. "Where did you go to school?"

"To Harvard," I answered. The general's lips contracted.

"Sir," he said.

"Sir," I said hastily.

You could tell what the general was thinking. Like a machine gun on a pivot, his eyes again met those of Billy Langwell, who began to smile.

"I am just as effete as he is, sir. I come from Harvard, too, sir."

"Yes?" said the general. "Well, it's no joke, being effete, young man, not when there's a war. Now listen to me, both of you."

He paused and once again rocked from his toes to his heels as though the rocking might give impetus to his thoughts.

"You won't like me," he said. "Neither of you will like me, but that makes no difference in the service. In '75 I was a private in Arizona, before either of you was born. There used to be real fighting in '75 and the service used to be a real service. I got my corporal's stripes when I pulled Chief Three Horns off his pony and choked him, back in the Navaho war. I got my majority for going out ahead of my detachment and killing three brown brothers with a bayonet in Mindano. I'd rather have a bayonet in my hands now than this confounded job. But as long as I'm a general, I'll be a soldier's general"—he scowled slightly

and his voice began to sharpen—"and not one of these bootlicking, dancing-party generals with a pull back in the War Department. And the men on my staff will be soldiers and they'll act like soldiers, and not like military attachés. I haven't been to Harvard. I haven't been anywhere except to military schools. That's why you won't like me. But you'll be soldiers just the same. That's all. Sit down at that table, major, and go over those reports. And you, Mr.— I've forgotten your name—"

It was a new experience to Billy to have any one forget his name, once it had been mentioned.

"Langwell, sir," he said—"William Langwell."

The general looked at him for a moment in silence. Then for the first time I became aware of that curious, baffled expression in his eyes—half puzzled, almost diffident.

"Langwell? There used to be—where was it?—back in the 65th a shavetail named Langwell. Mr. Langwell, go out and tell that low-lived, no-account orderly that he'll be making little ones out of big ones if I see him chewing tobacco again the way he's chewing it now. If he'd been in the cavalry in '75 he'd know how to stow it in the back of his jaw when he's on duty. Little ones out of big ones—he'll understand if you don't. And then go to the stables and get my horse and one for yourself. And by the way, major, you'd better go out with him and see that he speaks properly to the enlisted men. There's nothing more important than speaking properly to enlisted men. Salute when you go out. And right-about! One! Two!"

Then we were outdoors again where the men were grubbing at the pine stumps, and Billy was speaking to the orderly.

"My boy," he said, "the general has just sent me out to tell you he'll have you making little ones out of big ones if he sees you chewing tobacco. Personally, I can't perceive that you're chewing. But just as a friend—strictly as a friend—I'd advise you to cut it—or shall I say spit it out?—because you didn't serve in the cavalry back in '75."

I seized Billy by the arm and pulled him out of earshot.

"Don't make an ass of yourself," I hissed. "Can't you watch your step?"

Billy smiled at me and blinked. "Tut-tut, George," he said. "Now don't be so continually upstaged because you've got those

fig or maple leaves on you! Can't we be boys together once in a while? All right, I'll promise not to do it again. All right, but I somehow couldn't—George"—his smile grew broader and he patted me softly on the arm—"do you know what I perceived? Really my perception has grown remarkably keen since I embarked on this military business. I perceived, or it seemed to me I perceived"—his voice grew lower, but was very careless, very playful—"I actually perceived that the general isn't quite a gentleman!"

And there you have it—that stupid inexorable conventionality we all of us have when we are young. Billy Langwell was too young, always too young, to have perceived that a man could be a man and still not quite a gentleman.

Billy was smiling at the tree stumps, but you could see that he was thinking, for his eyes had a curious distant look, and suddenly he tapped my arm again. "George, my boy," he said, "the more I think of it—do you know what I think? Seriously, George, I've got a mission to perform."

"What sort of a mission?" Somehow you could not help but be amused, for he was never more than half serious even at his worst.

"I feel it devolves upon me," said Billy, and tapped my arm again, "as a representative—I'm hanged if I know of what, but—well, I feel it devolves on me, under the circumstances, to put the general in his place."

"To what?" I gasped.

"To put the general in his place," repeated Billy. "Oh, not crudely; of course, not crudely; but watch me. I'll find a way."

The egotism of it! It's the sort of thing that always rather shocks you, but Billy Langwell did it. There was that unyielding, curious sense of pride, of decency or position or something of the sort. It took Billy Langwell four months, but just the same he did it—and nicely—oh, so nicely.

It was an afternoon when the thick mud of Camp Abraham Hicks was baking into the clay of spring. You remember those afternoons, dreary as a misspent life, with the weight of a badly-cooked dinner resting like a sin upon the conscience. The general was at his table in the orderly room, licking his thumbs the better to turn the papers before him. His blunt thumbs went snap with

grim steadiness; his hair was like a gray rat's nest; his coat was unbuttoned at the collar and his eyes were slightly protruding. At the sound of a gentle tap on the door, he muttered something beneath his breath and sighed. It was Billy Langwell in his whipcords, walking delicately in his new custom-made riding boots and silver spurs, with his garrison cap pulled smartly over his eyes as he had seen in pictures.

The general cleared his throat, and Billy spoke at once with his inevitable slight smile: "Excuse me, sir."

The general looked at him coldly for a moment before he answered. "Mr. Langwell," he said at length, "when you come into the orderly room, take off your cap."

The slight smile did not leave Billy's lips. His cap was instantly in his hand.

"Certainly, sir. But the general said—"

Of course the general interrupted him at once, but not unpleasantly—rather with a sort of triumph. "Don't argue. I can appreciate the way you feel, but don't argue. I won't make pets of second lieutenants because they're aides of mine. Do you remember I told you that?"

"Yes, sir." Billy had not moved from attention, and his voice was perfectly respectful. "But the general said—"

"Well, what did I say?"

"The general told us to keep our hats on when we carried side arms."

Of course the general had not noticed. There was a moment's pause, and you could almost feel sorry for the general. Of course it was a little thing, but Billy Langwell had the general right on the hip, the way he said he would.

"Side arms?" The general cleared his throat. "Who told you to put on side arms?"

Yes, he had put the general in his place. Billy's face had the innocent triumph of youth and something more, that indefinable expression that made the general know what Billy thought.

"The general," he replied, "told me to report at three with side arms."

Right on the hip—that was where Billy had him. The general pushed back his chair, but did not rise. The chair creaked and grated beneath his weight, and you could have laughed almost to

see his embarrassment. He had made a mistake and he knew he had made one. It might seem little, but not to a Regular Army man.

"Then why—" his voice was thicker—"then why didn't you tell me in the first place, without all this confounded argument?"

Against the thickness of the general's voice came Billy's answer, pleasant and conventional, devoid of any emotion. He did it nicely, very nicely. "I tried to, sir," he said.

"Well," said the general, "you didn't try hard enough."

"No, sir," said Billy. It was almost sad to watch them. Why could the general not have left it there? Billy was speaking so quietly, leading the general slowly beyond his depth. It was childish, so absurd you could almost laugh, though the pulses were beating in the general's temples.

"Well, you should have," said the general. "See here—you put your hand over your holster. You hid it. Did you try to make a fool of me on purpose?"

Billy's answer came at once, perfectly certain, perfectly controlled, and that eternal trace of a smile still flickered on his lips. "I'm sure I beg the general's pardon," he replied. "If the general thinks—"

General Swinnerton rose slowly from his chair. His voice was chilly, his hand trembling. Something within him, the thing that was always there, burst loose for a moment before he could stop it. "Can't you speak to me like a man?" he roared.

Why is it that youth is so obtuse and can never understand?

That very evening Billy came into my tent with a stiff parody of a walk and held out his hand.

"Good morning, major," he said softly, and giggled beneath his breath.

"Stop it!" I whispered. "Don't be such a fool!"

Billy giggled again. He always had a most engaging way when his friends fell out. "Don't be such a fool yourself. Just because you've got those fig leaves, or whatever they are, on you—you can't forget we used to go on parties. Oh, I know we're in the Army now, but maybe I didn't have the general dead to rights! What? Didn't I?"

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself—" I began, but he stopped me with a delicate shrugging gesture.

"Why the deuce should I be ashamed?" he demanded. "Do you think I'm going to sit still and have the life ragged out of me, my boy? Do you remember what I told you? He isn't a gentleman, George, my boy. I said he wasn't—remember?"

"If you aren't a West Pointer"—I can still hear the general's voice, as he paced about the orderly room one evening when we were there alone—"if you're not a West Pointer, young man, or if you haven't come from the ranks like me, there isn't any hope for you. You don't know what the Army is, that's all."

And I suppose in a hundred other barracks, a hundred other old men with ribbons on their chests were holding forth in the same grim strain. Of course you can't understand; no civilian can fathom the eccentricity of the military mind. That ridiculous affair of the garrison cap and the side arms did something to General Swinnerton.

It has occurred to me sometimes that a monk's life and a soldier's life are really quite the same, for they both have their eternal round of order in which the smallest thing that moves against the methodical current becomes great enough to shatter all existence.

If any one had come to Camp Merritt to see the general off, it might have been a better thing, because I think he would have liked a kindly word; but no one came. No one sent him a box of cigars or candy. No one but the camp commandant said good-by.

He was a short, asthmatic little man, too old to go across, who could only sit and watch others go. He took us down to the Fort Lee Ferry himself, and shook the general's hand. It was what the general had said—you couldn't understand the Army unless you were an army man.

"Good-by, Swinnerton," he said. "Give 'em hell."

Billy Langwell was opening the automobile door.

"So long," said General Swinnerton. "Don't drink yourself to death. You needn't help me, Mr. Langwell. I'm still young enough to walk. Run aboard there and give the colonel my compliments and tell him to see his men below and stop their singing. This isn't a Y. M. C. A. social. It's a war."

And that was all the general said as he left his native shores.

Yet he seemed to want to talk that night. He called the young gentlemen to his cabin on the boat deck after dinner, where all the portholes were battened tight, and gave them a short lecture.

"Now don't forget," he ended—and for once that day he seemed to be almost happy—"don't forget we're through with thés dansants, or however you say it, and pink teas and kissing the girls good-by at those hostess houses, or whatever you call them. Don't forget we're going to a war. Don't forget that to-morrow morning or a month from now we may all be dead." Then he paused, looked a little puzzled at the young gentlemen.

Of course he could not understand the way they took it, and his voice grew louder. "You don't believe me, do you? You think you've got a return ticket because you're on the staff! What do you find to smile at, Mr. Langwell?"

There was a slight sound of shifting feet above the churning of the engines, and we looked at Billy Langwell. He was standing in the center of the cabin. He was scarcely smiling; certainly not broadly enough to merit a rebuke. And he answered at once, without embarrassment, as he always did: "I'm sure I beg the general's pardon. I wasn't smiling at the general."

"Then what the devil are you smiling at?" General Swinnerton demanded. "Tell us, Mr. Langwell, if it's funny."

If Billy Langwell had only blushed or stammered, but he neither blushed nor stammered, and he answered right away: "It's not exactly funny, sir, but I was only thinking—"

"Go ahead," said the general. "It's obvious that you're thinking."

"I was only thinking," said Billy, "that the general's room used to be the bridal suite, not so many months ago."

The general looked at the brass bedstead and at the velvet hangings before the portholes, already tawdry from the Army, reeking with stale cigar smoke.

"Major," he said, "send my compliments to the gunnery officer and tell him my aides will be on submarine lookout with the other young men from the regiments. Tell him to put them in the bow. Good evening, young gentlemen."

The general was alone when I returned. He was pacing up and down the bridal suite, and in spite of the slight pitching of the boat, his step was as accurate as ever. His boots went pit-

pat on the heavy carpet. In his right cheek was a slight spherical bulge which he caused to disappear when I came in, in the manner of a good cavalryman back in '75.

"I don't understand them," he said. "I'm damned if I understand. Young men didn't used to be like that when I was young. Don't they ever think of anything serious?"

I tried to pass it off lightly. Somehow I knew he was oppressed and lonely, and suspected his dinner was not setting right that first night at sea.

"It's their tradition, general," I said. "They don't mean anything by it; they're only following the tradition—being *toujours gai*."

But the general stood stock-still and folded his hands behind him. "Two joor?" he inquired. "What does two joor mean? Oh, it means always, does it?" He coughed and moved his jaw hastily, and continued his walk about the bridal suite.

I moved toward the door, was just about to say good night, when he said the most peculiar thing, that made me stop and look at him.

"Just a minute, major." Was it possible that his voice sounded diffident? "Would you mind—have you got time—here, I wish you'd read this letter. It's written to my son."

It was the first time that I knew—the first time that any of us knew—that General Swinnerton had a son. And why he told me of it then I never could understand. Perhaps he was thinking of his farewell from Merritt that morning.

Perhaps he knew that among us all he was a being apart, and for a moment did not want to be.

He handed me a sheet of foolscap paper from a field clerk's box that was set upon a rosewood writing table.

"Dear Earl," I read. Now you might have known his name would have been Earl! "Dear Earl: The old man has got off in a cloud of dust. I am sitting in a bridal suite, surrounded by a lot of college boys and a Y. M. C. A. secretary, with a bunch of city boys in the steerage who don't know how to wear their O. D. breeches. God knows how we can ever fight a war with a lot of college boys and city boys who think they're soldiers. I'm glad you're not a college boy. See if you can't be a soldier even if you are a half-baked shavetail. Do what they tell you and

don't grin about it. So long, Earl. I wish I was going with you to the front line where there isn't all this damn funny business. Remember what I said—always keep two biscuits and a clean pair of socks, old army issue if you can get them, in your back breeches pocket. And be sure to take along a .45 revolver. Good night, Earl. Your Old Man."

I handed the letter back. What was there to say? What could I possibly have said?

The general looked at me curiously, trying to read my comment in my face.

"You think it's a bum letter, don't you?" he inquired. "But you see the way I feel."

"I don't blame you," I said. I forgot to call him sir.

"Good night, major," said the general. "Go round the decks before you turn in and if you find anybody smoking a cigarette or showing a light outside, take his name for a special court. That's all. Good night."

As I turned to close the door I had a glimpse of him standing alone in the bridal suite, staring at the curtains, and I never told any one about the letter. Somehow I could never even smile about it. If it was not a letter from Lord Chesterfield to his son, at least it was a letter from an army man.

As one thinks of it, it becomes inevitable that Billy Langwell should have laughed at General Swinnerton. And yet it's so hidden now that one can scarcely recall all those little things leading to that end.

Take the history of the Umpty-something Brigade, for instance. You know those stories printed on smooth shiny paper by some local printer and pathetic from their sheer inadequacy. There is only a sentence in it that brings a picture back.

"On the evening of September eighth," it read, "the Umpty-something Brigade was carried in trucks to Je Ne Sais Quoi and marched on foot to Ça Ne Fait Rien, where it relieved the Umpty-something-else Brigade of the Fig-Leaf Division at 10:40, occupying a front extending east from and including the town of Quelque Chose along the line of the Quelque Chose highway, through the farm of Petites Chaussettes and thence to the woods and Je Ne Sais Quoi." There it is, in black and white, written

with all that singular lack of imagination which is characteristic of all things military.

And yet it brings back pictures—a dark, startled obscurity, and noise as constant as silence to the ears, muddy columns of men, sweating startled horses and a grim shape riding on his horse in silence, without a hat.

It was like the general to throw his tin helmet away. "If they get me they get me," he said. "What's the use of all this funny business?"

Those are the sort of things that those pedantic words bring back—even to the shadows of the town of Quelque Chose.

When we took over the brigade P.C. and the front line, of course the enemy specialized on the town of Quelque Chose. You could see its houses two miles off, as it stood there on the hill. They only had to say a number, that was all, and let the guns turn loose.

You should have heard the general swear when those first shells went by. It was enough to have made you laugh, if it had been a time for laughing. You should have seen him scramble in the mud among the wounded horses and have heard his voice, not frightened, only angry, as he shouted to a runner from the Umpty-something Division: "Where are we? This is a hell of a place!"

"We're just getting in, sir. It's Quelque Chose," said the runner. But he was a green man. He had a catch in his voice. "Damn their hides! Them Jerries know we're moving out to-night. You might 'a' knowed those Blanks 'ud know it."

Then the general's voice came out of the dark. It really was a funny thing he said, and I felt Billy nudge me in the ribs as the general said it. "Damn your own hide!" roared General Swinerton. "Cut out that swearing!"

We were stumbling over a heap of rubbish that had once been a street. Billy Langwell tripped and grasped instinctively at the general's arm to keep his balance, and I heard him draw a sharp quick breath.

"What is it, Mr. Langwell?" said the general. "Can't you keep your feet?"

"A man!" said Billy. His voice was a little high. "General, I stepped on a man!"

You would have known the general was a soldier even in the dark. "Did you hear Mr. Langwell, young gentlemen?" he inquired. "Mr. Langwell stepped on a dead man. Don't be surprised. There always are dead men in a war."

"Here we are, sir," said the orderly. "Mind the step, sir. It's in a cellar. Lord! What's that?"

"A heavy gun, you ass," said the general.

And we were in the headquarters of the town of *Quelque Chose*. I can still hear the general's voice. It goes with candlelight and the damp and reeking smell of night. "Give me a map. Where the devil is that map? Are the telephones installed?" And then it is all a nightmare, nothing more.

Quelque Chose I called the town. It isn't its real name, but every town was *Quelque Chose* in the stretches of those nights. Every town was something that makes you sit up still and stare into the black. As a matter of fact, it was Ouchy or Coulchysur-the-Something-or-Other. The way the old general spluttered and coughed as he pronounced it was enough to make you laugh. It's not so long ago since I saw the place, but though eight years or more have passed, there is a shocked silence, and you can almost think it was the day before yesterday, the time those names meant nothing.

I can remember the general glaring at the French artillery map. The rest is dim, but that part of it seems almost the day before yesterday. There were two candles in that cellar hole where headquarter P. C. were located, shining mellowly upon his face and making the silver stars glitter on his shoulders. And the yellow light gave his face a most peculiar reddish tint which was almost like old copper.

He was in the center of that cellar, quite calm, standing in a welter of equipment that had not been cleared away, between the box where the field telephones were already going and the muddy curtain of blankets by the door. The mud from the road—that strange gray mud of France—came off his stubby fingers on the map he was holding. He was staring at the map with reddish eyes, running his forefinger slowly across it.

"What the devil's the name of this place?" he inquired, looking up for a moment. The young gentlemen were standing around trying to look perfectly calm. Oozy—Coozy? What the devil

is it? And what the devil are those little gimcracks up ahead?"

It was not peculiar. Maps of all kinds always annoyed the general. He did not have time to get an answer, for the telephone operator interrupted him.

"Call from the division, sir," he said.

"Confound the division," said the general. "Can't they leave a man alone?" And he sat down by the instrument.

His two aides were just behind him, straight and quiet; Billy Langwell, a little paler than usual, and Edwin Bryce, playing at his belt with his long fingers.

"Stop that noise," said the general. He seemed to forget that no one could stop that noise until the war was over.

"Hello! Is this what? Is this what?— What? Brewery one? Are you crazy? What do you mean by Brewery one? This is General Swinnerton speaking. Headquarters of the Umpty-umph Brigade."

Billy Langwell looked at me and winked. The color had returned to his cheeks.

"Oh! It's a code word, is it? The Germans will hear me, will they? How many peanuts have I got? What do you mean by peanuts? . . . Oh! Every man has got a hundred rounds, if the fools know how to fire them. . . . What's that? The Germans will hear me? Don't make me laugh, sir. You used to talk sense before you got those two stars on you. A hell of a mess? Of course it's a mess. They're turning on everything they've got. Have I got my front line located? No. How can I be sure when all the wires are out? Well, hold the wire."

The general tossed the instrument to the telegraph orderly and seized the map again. Of course he knew we were all watching him. Of course we knew he was in a strange position, not knowing where the front line was, not knowing anything—just stumbling in the dark.

"What the devil's the name of this place?" he repeated. "Oozy? Coozy? Why the devil can't they make sense? And what's that little gimcrack? That's where the Umpty-umph ought to be, isn't it? No, not that. That's a brook. That little square thing. La Ferme? What the devil's a ferme? I came here to fight a war, not to learn French! Confound this light!

La Ferme de la Sainte? Sainte?" The map crumpled beneath the general's fingers.

He looked around at the young gentlemen almost stupidly, with his mouth half open. "That's a deuce of a name to call anything! It isn't a name at all. It's like a piece of underwear. It's like one of those things women put on themselves when they don't wear corsets."

There was a moment's silence. The word "corsets" in that place seemed to have a magic sound. The orderly at the telephone looked up. The runners at the door with red bands on their sleeves looked up. And all the rest of us looked at him helplessly, as we listened to the noise outside. Then there came the most incongruous sound. The general's head flew up. Billy Langwell had not meant to laugh. You could see it on his face. It was a reflex of strained nerves, when every one's nerves were strained. But General Swinnerton heard him. For an instant his face went scarlet and his lips moved without a sound. For an instant even the noise outside seemed to lessen. And then the general spoke—quietly—much more quietly than he had spoken all that night. "You're laughing, Mr. Langwell?" he inquired.

It was the first time I ever saw Billy startled. In spite of the shadow his helmet cast over his face, his whole face looked drawn and startled.

"I beg the general's pardon," he said hastily. Even then he did not forget the etiquette he had been taught.

"Well, what were you laughing at?" The general's voice was louder. "You're laughing at me, Mr. Langwell. You've always been laughing at me! Now tell me what's so funny."

"I beg the general's pardon," began Billy again.

General Swinnerton stared at him. He seemed to have forgotten everything—even the noise outside. "Don't be so damned polite!" he said. "You're always laughing. Now tell me what's so funny."

Billy's answer came quickly. He wasn't frightened exactly, but he was embarrassed: "I'm awfully sorry, sir. I had no business to laugh. I—I don't know why I did, except what you said about the name—the corsets. I—"

Billy stammered and stopped, and the general nodded. "I

understand," he said. "You like to see the old man make a fool of himself."

You couldn't help but be sorry for Billy Langwell then. Just to see the color in the general's face and the glazed look in his eyes was enough to make you sorry.

For the end of everything was there, or the ultimate result. All that had gone before—the little things, memories of sly glances and half smiles, everything which was hidden beneath courtesy and manners flashed into the general's cheeks and forehead, as though some unseen cauldron had boiled over and had completely spilled its reddish-purple contents even over the general's nose. He blushed and stammered, as though he was fighting against something that had grown too strong at last.

"You second-chop shavetail!"—you would hardly have known it was the general, his face had grown so dark—"did you think I haven't watched you? Do you flatter yourself I haven't seen you and the lot of you sneering at me because I can't hold a fork? Don't lie to me about it! You think I am a mucker, don't you?—you damned dude! I may be a mucker, but I've got eyes and ears. Don't think I am fit to order you! You don't think I'm a gentleman, do you? I've seen the bunch of you whispering at Hicks and on the boat. You don't think I'm one, do you? Answer me—you! D'you hear?"

The words poured out of him as suddenly as the color had poured into his face, just as ugly and as horrid, and with them came all the pain and the resentment he must always have harbored, for he was not under control. No one was under control unless it was Billy Langwell. I saw Edwin Bryce's face flush and his lip curl angrily, but Billy Langwell maintained the most irritating poise—that poise which the general had always hated—and stared at the general placidly.

"The general," he said, "has me at a disadvantage. I can't say what I think—what I should have to say—without going under anew. Perhaps some other time—"

The general interrupted him as though the sound of Billy's voice was more than he could bear: "Say what you mean for once in your life—to my face—like a man—you sniveling coward!"

He was not a sniveling coward. The general ought to have seen that from the way that Billy stood and answered.

"You want me to?" he inquired. Every one must have wanted to catch him, to pull him away, but no one did, and his voice continued meticulously distinct. "You want me to? All right then. I've stood enough. I think you're a bully and a windbag. Stop it! Put down your hand!"

There was no doubt the general was not himself. Edwin Bryce sprang in front of him just in time, and you could almost have been proud of Edwin.

"There, sir," he said, "we'll apologize, of course. But let me remind you— The division is on the wire. They want the coördinates for the front line."

"The division is still on the wire, sir."

The general looked at Edwin Bryce and then back at Billy Langwell. His hand trembled so that the map moved uncertainly in his fingers, and his voice was as unpleasant as I had ever heard it.

"You know everything, don't you?" he remarked—"you two young men? Orderly, tell headquarters that I'm sending runners up and I'll telephone the coördinates when I get them. And now, Mr. Langwell, do you know that word? Can you read it for us?"

Billy leaned over the map. His voice trembled slightly. "Certainly, sir. It's La Ferme de la St.-Hilaire."

"De la St.-Hilaire," mimicked the general, suddenly grotesque and terrible. "Is it now? And can't you read all these other names, Mr. Langwell?"

Billy looked at the general. Billy no longer looked exactly nonplused. He took a corner of the map in his thumb and forefinger. "Certainly—easily," he answered; "in fact without any trouble at all."

The general made no comment. He looked at Edwin Bryce. "And you, Mr. Bryce?" he inquired with that same unpleasant parody. "Of course you can read them, Mr. Bryce?"

"Of course," said Edwin shortly.

And then Billy said something that finished it. Although he was perfectly cool, you could see he was angry—as angry as the general.

"The general must remember," he said gently, "that we haven't had—the benefits of an army education."

The fool! What a fool he was! The coldness and the silence of the general were what made it terrible. He looked at them both with that slightly puzzled expression which changed into something else, and swayed back and forth from his toes to his heels before he finally spoke.

"How fortunate," said the general, and swayed again from his toes to his heels, "we've got some one who can locate the front line. Rise and shine, young gentlemen." They didn't understand him. None of us exactly understood. Do you hear me?" The color of the general's face seemed to choke his voice. "Get out with you both, if you know so much. Go up and find that farm. Go up and see if the line is in front of it, behind it or in it. And come back and let me know."

And he knew what he was doing. That was what made it worse. He was sending them up to the front line in the dark, under heavy shelling, on the first night that they had ever heard a shell go off—in the dark—without their ever having known the road. Was there any wonder Billy Langwell looked a little sick?

"Of course you'll send us a runner who knows the way?" he said.

"Knows the way?" said the general. "Can't you see the way—on that road past the little gimcrack and by the thingumajig? What are you standing arguing about? Go up and find that front line and come back and report. Do you think you're any more valuable than any one else because you're on the staff? My aides are expendable. Go out with you! Forward march!"

Even as the general spoke, he must have known how he appeared, from the way that Billy Langwell looked. For Billy Langwell was the better man just then—much the better man.

He gave a slight pull to the gas mask on his chest and nodded to Edwin Bryce. "Let's get out of this," he said.

They walked straight to the door, while the general stared at their backs. Once I thought he was going to speak. Once he cleared his throat.

But at the door, Billy Langwell turned and smiled at the gen-

eral in a most annoying way. "Will the general excuse me if I don't take off my hat?" he said. "I may need it on outside."

Before the general could answer, they were gone. For a moment he stared at the swaying blankets by the door, almost forgetful of where he was.

"Major," he said at length, "make a note on Mr. Langwell's record to-morrow morning—that his manner is insolent toward his superior officers. Send out two more men from the detail with my compliments to the signal officer and ask him why he cannot mend his wires."

Then he hesitated, still standing in the center of the room. You see, he was a soldier—too good a soldier to let his anger carry him away for any length of time. He swayed for a moment from his toes to his heels.

"Is there any runner here who knows the way to that farm?" he asked suddenly. And somehow the tension in every one relaxed, soundlessly yet definitely.

"Yes, sir." It was the single regular orderly from Camp Abraham Hicks who spoke. "I've been there, sir."

"Is it hard to find?" The general looked relieved. At last he was speaking to some one he understood.

"No, sir. You gotta go in the fields, though. They're shelling hell out of the roads."

"Then you better—" began the general. The orderly was moving automatically toward the door, but the general did not have time to finish.

"The regimental wire's in, sir!" cried the telephone orderly.

The general whirled about. "Which regimental line?" he cried. "Give me the telephone. . . . Hello! Who are you? Baggage? How can you get artillery support if you don't send back your coördinates? Well, send another man back. Send two more. Now read them before you go out again. Write 'em down, major, as I say 'em—23 point—I've got that. Two-three point." There was a silence. The general set down the instrument and swore.

"The damn thing's out again!" he said. "Orderly, go out and give those lieutenants my compliments and say you'll take one to the farm and send the other back. And the rest of you clean up this mess in here and give me a chair to sit on."

But when he got the chair the general would not sit down. He began pacing up and down instead, listening to the noise outside. And you could tell what he was thinking. He was wishing he was up there. He understood better than any of us his present uselessness. It was making him restless. It was wearing down his nerves. Once he looked at his wrist watch. It was two o'clock in the morning and you could tell he was wishing it was light.

The suspense—the uncertainty of everything—was enough to get on anybody's nerves. The telephone orderly sat tense, fingering the plugs on his board with tense fingers. The orderlies by the door sat with their shoulders slouched forward, looking at their hands.

But the general's shoulders were the ones that should have sagged. Everything was resting on them, and he knew it. But he still kept walking up and down. He was the first one who heard a noise in the passage—a scraping, hesitating step.

"Pull back those blankets!" he cried. "Here comes a message!"

We all saw it at the same time.

"What—" began the general. "What—"

A private entered—a stupid red-headed farmer's boy, carrying an officer like a bag of meal across the shoulder.

The general was the first person who spoke, for, you see, he was an army man. "Lay him down," he said. "Don't stand there looking at me! Lay him down and put something under his head." Without surprise, without contrition—quite methodically, the general spoke. And he knew who it was. You could tell by the useless spurs and the whipcords and the exquisite Sam Browne belt, even before you saw his face.

"Break out a first-aid kit, one of you!" he said. "What are you looking at? Haven't you seen any blood before? One of you orderlies go out and call a stretcher."

The red-haired private was scrambling to his feet. His shoulder was wet and dripping. "There was two of 'em," he said. "They was walking up the road just like—just like—"

The general stopped him. His voice was enough to stop anything just then. "And where's the other one?" he said.

The soldier blinked. He was very stupid and startled—almost

dazed. "Dead," he answered. And then his voice became querulous and wild. He was seeking relief in words. "I seen him and he yelled at me," he said. "He was coming from here, poor kid, and I was coming here."

"What's that again?" The general's voice stopped his flow of words.

"You were coming here? Where from?"

The orderly was still dazed. He had difficulty to think. "From headquarters of the Umpteenth up to that farm with a message."

"Well, why didn't you say so in the first place?" The general took a step toward him. "Where is your message?"

That poor red-headed boy was a stupid sight. He blinked, he swallowed, he fumbled at his belt. "I—I can't remember, sir."

"Can't remember?" roared the general.

"I—I must have dropped it, sir, when I picked him up."

General Swinnerton's fingers closed on his palm and opened. Before he even spoke, that red-headed boy cowered away from him. But we never heard what he had to say.

"Don't jump him, sir." It was Billy Langwell speaking in a curious, dreamy way, as he turned his head on his blanket pillow. "The poor boy did the best he could. We"—he moved slightly and caught his breath—"we can't all be in the cavalry back in '75."

The general turned toward him and bent down. Perhaps it was because the candles were flickering that his face looked gray and that he looked older than he had before—much older.

"Don't talk, Mr. Langwell," he said. "Are you in pain?"

Some one was applying a rude tourniquet to Billy Langwell's leg. Another was cutting open his whipcord jacket and trying to pull off his Sam Browne belt. But Billy Langwell hardly seemed to notice. He was in that state, you see, where pain has ceased to mean anything or where pain itself brought its own peculiar peace. As he stared at the general, he seemed peculiarly delicate, fragile, as fine as a tenuous thought which a word or a gesture might send away. It was not what he said to the general that made the general's face grow gray and still. It was something in his eyes, rather, and the way he moved his lips.

"Don't bother about me, thank you, sir," he answered. "I'm all right—perfectly all right."

The general turned to the telephone operator. His face had become like a stone—as hard, and quite as gray. "Get the division," he said, "and ask why those casual officers they were sending have not come up." And then he turned and looked at me.

Except for Billy Langwell, we were the only officers in the cellar then, for the signal officer was out, the intelligence officer was out, so was the detachment commander. And of course he saw the way I felt. But he was kind about it—surprisingly kind. He put his hand quite gently on my shoulder.

"Don't look so sick, major," he said. "It's the war, that's all; and the next lieutenant that comes in to report will go out the same way if the telephones are working."

He was not exactly justifying himself, for he thought it was duty, straight duty. Two stretcher bearers had come in, and the two were working over Billy Langwell, talking in low voices. That constant inflow and outflow of people which is a part of any headquarters was beginning again, like a part of the same vague dream.

Some newcomers had appeared, seemingly from nowhere, as people often did in those vague nights. They stood blinking and looking about them until one of them spoke. "Beg pardon, sir. Is this brigade headquarters?"

For some reason, I was startled. They were officers—second lieutenants—those casual officers of which the general had spoken. The one in front saluted, holding the salute for exactly the right length of time, almost like a regular officer.

"Sir," he said, "Lieutenant Swinnerton reports for duty with the detail."

The theater—always the theater! Even up there, we had those close-cut banal phrases. Lieutenant Swinnerton! You would have known he was the general's son without any intuition to make you feel it. He had the same heavy shoulders, the same uncompromising head, and he looked from me to the general without showing any recognition. He knew the old man was a soldier. He knew what the old man wanted, and you had to hand it to the general then, for the thing he did was not what

he wished to do. I heard him draw a quick breath, but he spoke at once. He could not hesitate, because he was an army man; and if he had not been, how could he have hesitated, with Billy Langwell lying on the floor?

Billy Langwell had not lost consciousness. You could see he was listening and taking a detached interest, as men sometimes do in spite of pain.

"Mr. Swinnerton," said the general—and once again Billy Langwell had him, though perhaps the general never knew it, or never thought—"Mr. Swinnerton, do you see that thingumajig on the map—the ferme-something-er-other? We can't pronounce it now since Mr. Langwell's got laid out. Well, get up there to the Umpteenth Regiment. Give the colonel my compliments and tell him to give you the coördinates of the front line, and tell him to send every man he can spare to lay out another wire. That's all."

The lieutenant saluted. He must have known the old man well enough not to argue, and yet he asked a question: "Can you let me have a runner, sir, who knows the way?"

There was a slight tremor in the general's voice, but very slight. "The last one's out, and he hasn't come back yet. But you don't mind a thing like that. You were raised in an army post."

They were lifting Billy Langwell to the stretcher. They were moving with him to the blankets by the door, when the general noticed. "Are you comfortable, Mr. Langwell?" he inquired, and Billy opened his eyes.

"Thank you, sir," he said.

And then there was an embarrassing moment. The stretcher bearers did not know whether to move on or stop; because the general made no sign.

"You don't feel—" The general cleared his throat and seemed to have difficulty with his words. "I hope you don't feel you've been discriminated against in any way?"

Billy Langwell twisted his lips upward. He was quite himself in that last moment, and careless, but not so careless as we had sometimes seen him.

"Lord, no, sir," he said. "It's funny what an idiot I was. I thought you couldn't be real, you know. But now I've seen you working out—" Without finishing his thought, he waved his

hand slightly in a curious, airy way. "George, give me a cigarette, will you? Now I've seen you working out— Good morning, general! I don't mean to be rude, sir. It's just a way I have!" He had ceased waving his hand, and added the truest thing he ever said: "We're just a different breed of cats—that's all." What else was there to say—now that he had definitely, completely, put General Swinnerton in his place and himself in his place as well?

When did that regimental wire come in? It might have been an hour or less, although it was impossible to think of time in hours or minutes. The general was seated when they called him, staring at the floor, and no one wished to interrupt him. He might have been asleep, for his chin was sunk on his chest, and his campaign ribbons moved with a regular easy motion. As the telephone orderly spoke, however, General Swinnerton started and seized the instrument.

"Have you heard?" he began. "Is there—" You could tell what he wanted to say, but he stopped himself. "Well, it's time you hooked up. This has been a hell of a mess. And those signal officers will get a court for it, or I'll know the reason why. What can I expect? Didn't you get any messages? Didn't?"

The general's shoulder moved forward and he cleared his throat. "Didn't a lieutenant report to you with my message? Yes, a new one. His name's Swinnerton. Can't you hear me? Swinnerton. Yes, he's my son, as a matter of fact. But what's that got to do with it? What's that?"

The general's shoulders moved suddenly. He sat up very straight. And suddenly his voice was choked and queer. "Thanks. Thanks. . . . But there's no use saying that. There are others who have caught it. Lots of others. Thanks. Now keep in the wire."

There was a noise. The telephone orderly stooped down hastily. The general had dropped the telephone headpiece on the floor and was standing up.

"Major"—his voice was still queer, but perfectly controlled—"when you get after the morning report, add on Lieutenant Swinnerton. He—he's dead. I—I think I'll turn in now."

Now what was there to say? What was there to do? Absolutely nothing, for, you see, he was an army man. No one said a

word, and he stood by himself in the light of the guttering candles—alone, as he had always been alone. And why I did it I do not know, but suddenly I found myself holding his hand, trying to say something, anything at all. But still he was an army man, though I felt his fingers close on mine.

“Don’t be a damned fool,” he said. “What time is it? Three o’clock? Well, I’m turning in till six. Good night—or rather, good morning, major.”

CANE RIVER ¹

By LYLE SAXON

(From *The Dial*)

SUSIE was not a native of Cane River country. She came here with an old woman called Aunt Dicey, from somewhere down Bayou Lafourche way, from southwest Louisiana. She was a bad one, always—a wild nigger girl with short hair that she combed straight out; and she wore nutmegs on a string around her neck, to ward off evil spirits. She was skinny and ugly; perhaps it was her very ugliness that filled the black men with unrest, as she went flaunting by. An untamed savage, that's what she was. "Trick-nigger" they called her—little old Susie with her scrawny arms, her rolling eyes, and her barbarous ways. Why, you could hear her laughing as she went traipsing through the fields, half a mile away. "Dat's dat Susie," folks would say, as they heard the shrill scream of her laughter coming across Cane River at night. "Dat's a crazy chile!"

She and Aunt Dicey lived in a tumble-down cabin, not far from the African Baptist Church, and Aunt Dicey washed clothes two days of each week for the white folks at Yucca Plantation. She made a little garden, too, and kept chickens. She got along with everybody.

But that Susie! Oh, she was a bad one. First one boy, and then another: that long black boy of Papa Chawlie's, and the mulatto son of Ambrose Jenks—and even Babe Johnson, bandy-legged and undersized. But Susie favored Big Brown. He was six feet tall, and his profile was like that of Ethiopians in Egyptian carvings. And Big Brown had a way with woman. Not that he was the marrying kind. He wasn't. He had learned city ways when he spent a year at Angola, the State Penitentiary, for shooting another negro one Christmas night . . . just shooting for nothing, being drunk and in good humor.

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Well, there's no stigma attached to the penitentiary, on Cane River. Many of the black boys have been in for a year or two, for bigamy, or a shooting scrape, or for some other minor offense like that—and it is rather like sending a boy off to college. Lord! Some of them are proud of it when they come back to the plantation again. Or, at least, Big Brown was that way. He came back to Cane River when Susie was fourteen, when her popularity was at its height. There was little Babe Johnson, for instance. She flouted him with her wild antics and her monkey-shines. But Babe followed her, and used to slip up to Aunt Dicey's cabin on summer nights, carrying a big watermelon for her, on his shoulder. And Susie would eat it, there on the gallery, spitting out the seeds at him and making fun of him.

Then Big Brown came slouching up. He would take her to church, or to picnics, or fish-fries. She would come running. Aunt Dicey hated Brown, and tried to make Susie behave herself. But, Lord! That Susie! Might as well try to make the sun stand still.

When trouble began to brew, well—Big Brown went off somewhere into the hills, and Susie was left alone with Aunt Dicey in the cabin on the river bank.

"I tol' yer so! I tol' yer so!" Aunt Dicey said over and over, as she sat rocking her ample body back and forth. But Susie, misshapen and ugly, would stand looking out of the door, to where the big red moon hung low in the sky over Cane River. Sometimes she would be racked with great sobs that shook her thin body. At other times she would laugh shrilly and say: "I don' keer! I don' keer!"

A month before the baby was born she married Babe Johnson. For Babe loved her, and that was the only way he could get her. Susie didn't love him, and didn't want to marry him; but Aunt Dicey begged and argued, and talked of the disgrace, and of "gettin' read out in chu'ch"—a terrible punishment in the old woman's eyes—and Susie gave in.

That sort of thing happens oftener than one would suppose, on Cane River where we plantation negroes know less of white folks' conventions than other negroes do. Here, you do what you want to do—and usually, that's the end of it. Babe had his dreams doubtless. This bad start—well, they would get past it and

Susie would make him a good wife. And he would have her all to himself then—Susie, who turned the heads of all the nigger men, ugly old Susie, with her woolly hair, that she disdained to straighten with “ointment” as the other girls did, but which she wore standing on end, like a savage woman—Susie, with her skinny, misshapen body, and her big bare black feet, with charms dangling on dirty strings around her ankles.

So they were married, the baby was born, and they lived in a new cabin that Mr. Guy built for them not far from Aunt Dicey’s. For Babe was a favorite with Mr. Guy, who considered him the best field-hand that he had. Oh, yes, Babe stood well with the white folks at Yucca Plantation, and they thought that Susie ought to thank her lucky stars that she had found a man who was willing to provide for her, who would buy her sleazy pink dresses, and plenty of cheap white lace to sew on them, or would let her buy red bandanna handkerchiefs to sew together into dresses, Cane River style.

Now Mr. Guy was not entirely pleased with Babe’s marriage, because he liked Babe and considered him a fine boy. Even if he was slow in his work, his slowness was methodical; if Babe set out to do a thing he finished it. But Susie! Just one step from actual madness, with her monkey-notions and her ape-like chatterings. The mentality of a child of five. And who would have guessed that quiet, stolid Babe would be taken in by one of these trick-niggers! But the white man could never realize that the girl’s very savagery was more provocative than the charms of those negresses who had taken on a veneer of civilization from the white folks. Just one bold side glance from Susie would send the black boys nudging and guffawing, as she swagged barefoot down the dusty lane, a watermelon balanced on her head, singing as she went.

Mr. Guy’s hard and fast code was: “Make your negroes work; make them respectful; try to treat them fair—but hands off in affairs among themselves, for these private things do not concern you.” Mr. Guy felt that he did not understand his own race any too well, and there were things about negroes that were beyond him—although he had been born on a plantation, and there had been negroes around him all his life. The black folks liked Mr. Guy. He didn’t “meddle them,” as so many of the white planters

did. That was the reason Mr. Guy never had labor troubles, and why there was never a vacant cabin on Yucca Plantation. And, as he always tried to play fair with them, he made no comment when Babe threw himself away on Susie. He told Babe that he could take that new cabin on the river bank, next door to Aunt Dicey's, near the lane that led to the church—a cabin built under a big Chinaberry tree, just across the river from the plantation store.

Babe and Susie got along fine for a while. The loiterers could hear her laughing in the evenings. For it was upon the store gallery that the black men gathered at night, loafing and "vis-itin'" together; the deserted building, tight-barred and dark, was their nightly meeting place; it was their club, their refuge from hot cabins full of squalling black children.

"Susie done quiet down," said Papa Chawlie, one night as they sat looking across the placid water to the light that glimmered in Babe's cabin.

"Babe's done bought him a 'cawdeen," commented a shapeless black shadow at his elbow.

An accordion, he meant. That was nice, too, because Susie could play upon the mouth-organ, and they heard her often, playing "blues" through the summer night. It was wrong, of course, because folks that belong to the church have no business playing the blues. It's ungodly. After you are baptized, you must give up your sinful ways, and play and sing hymn-tunes, or spirituals, or "ballots," or "jump-up" songs about folks in the Bible. Some of them are lively enough. There's that one beginning:

"Delilah wuz a woman, fine an' fair,
Pleasant-lookin' wid her coal-black hair . . ."

That was a grand one, with its surging refrain:

"Oh, if I wuz Sampson, I'd pull dat buildin' down!"

Law! But that Susie! No ballot-tunes and jump-up songs for her.

"I got a gal, so lean an' so tall,
Her big mouf flops open like a red parasol!"

Susie would shout shrilly, all thirty verses, some of them filthy, and Babe's accordion would accompany her, with its irresponsible

whine. Sometimes, Babe would sing, too, tunes he had learned in lumber camps long ago:

“Oh, I got forty dollars, an’ I got it fo’ to spen’,
If the wimmin don’ wan’ it, gonna give it to de men!”

That was all of it, two lilting lines, ending in a wail. Susie liked that one and would join in with a wild shriek on the mouth-organ.

But the happiness was after all only transient, for Big Brown came back. He came slouching up to the store gallery one night, just as though he had never been away at all, and had never heard of Susie or the other girls.

“Who’s dat singin’ de blues, ovah de rivah?” he asked Papa Chawlie, and the old man answered: “Yo’ know widdout my tellin’ yo’, Big Brown, dat’s Susie singin’.”

Brown said, “Huh!” That was all, but the men on the gallery knew that his return meant unhappiness for Babe, and they were sorry, for they liked him.

And so it turned out, for Susie welcomed Big Brown with open arms. Not before Babe, of course, for Brown chose times when Babe was absent in the cotton fields; but he came to the cabin, and Aunt Dicey saw him go. She went down, herself, later, to remonstrate with Susie. But Susie just laughed and rolled her eyes. Oh, she was a bad one; no mistaking that.

It wasn’t long before Babe knew, for gossip spreads rapidly.

Well, on Cane River the proper thing to do, if you can no longer ignore your wife’s misdemeanors with another man, is to pick a quarrel with him on some pretext, beat him, or kill him, as you can, and then the affair is settled. And pretexts are always easy to find. So Babe brushed against Big Brown, a little too roughly, one noon on the store gallery, and the fight ensued. But, of course, Big Brown had it all his own way. He beat Babe as one would beat a mad dog, and finally grabbed him by the shoulders and pounded his head against a roll of barbed wire that lay there by the cotton scales. Mr. Guy, hearing the scuffling, came out to see what it was all about, and he was so angry to see such brutality, that he picked up a club and gave Brown a crack over the head that would have killed a man whose skull was thinner.

But Brown bore Mr. Guy no grudge. Mr. Guy had his con-

ventions, too, and both Babe and Brown knew that it was not the thing to fight on the store gallery. After a time, some men took Babe home in a rowboat, and Susie tied up his head with a white cloth, soaked in turpentine, the only antiseptic that was handy. Brown got his senses back, after a while, and staggered off to the cabin where he lived, down the lane that led to the gin.

The fight was over, and after that, when Babe and Brown passed in the road, they spoke as before:

"Howdy, Big Brown!"

"How 'bout yo', Babe?"

That was all. And not long after, Brown began slipping to Babe's cabin again, in the daytime, when Babe was plowing out in Mr. Guy's field. And Babe knew it, and, before long, Susie knew that Babe knew it.

But Susie didn't care. She was a bad one. Reckless, too, and laughing out in her sleep at night, like a crazy woman, until the sound waked Babe, and he would lie there in the moonlight that came in through the open door, and curse his weak body. . . . Oh, yes, Susie was a bad one, right enough, but Babe loved her. That was what hurt. For Babe knew that Big Brown didn't love her. He would lie awake until the moon set, and the gray mists hung low over the water; and he could hear the first roosters crowing, as they came fluttering down from the fig-trees by Aunt Dicey's cabin. Then, sleepless, he would rise, and wake Susie to make the coffee before he put on his overalls and hat, and went out to his day of plowing.

It was hard to find a way to get at Brown. For he wasn't employed on Yucca Plantation. He just lived there, as a good many others did. He was a trapper, that was why he went away into the hills and remained for days at a time. Sometimes, though, he made shorter trips, into the swamps a few miles back from the river bank. Bad places, those swamps, with their snakes and fevers; but Brown trapped 'possums and coons and skunks and even foxes there; and he sold the pelts. Sometimes he would be gone for a week, and would come back with a pile of hides that he sold to a man who came from New Orleans, once a month or so, to Mr. Guy's store. The man always paid in cash for the pelts, and so Brown had, nearly always, some money in hand—not commissary checks, like the rest of us, to carry us over the

periods of depression between the times when we sell our cotton, and, for a few weeks, have money to throw away with both hands.

Once Brown gave a string of beads to Susie, red beads unlike anything ever seen on Cane River before. The man who bought the pelts, brought them from New Orleans to Big Brown, in exchange for a particularly fine skin. And Susie flaunted those beads, although half a dozen negroes had seen Brown get them from the white man. Oh, yes, Susie was a bad one. In spite of Aunt Dicey's prominence in the African Baptist Church, the members took a stand, and had Susie "read out."

That is supreme disgrace—and on Cane River, it means that you are barred, not only from the church itself, but from all church activities and festivities—and these festivities of church folks are the only entertainments we have. But Susie just flounced, and said she didn't care. On Sunday, she sat on the gallery before her cabin, wearing the red beads, and with the baby on her knee—Big Brown's baby—and played on her mouth-organ. Played the blues, mind you, over and over, while people were passing on the way to church. Aunt Dicey shuddered, and thought of the red hell Susie was going to.

And Babe brooded. Day by day, he grew more morose, more silent. Finally, even Susie, old foolish Susie, noticed it.

"W-what yo' studyin' 'bout, Babe?" she asked him, once, with something like fear in her voice.

"I'm studyin' 'bout Sunday," he answered. Only that. It might mean anything, but Susie asked no more. He had never asked her why she had stopped attending church, and why she had suddenly lost her old passion for shouting and singing hymns on Sunday morning.

It was just at this time that Big Brown ordered the bear trap from Mr. Guy—a brutal-looking steel trap, a trap so large that it came in a crate all by itself. For, back in the hills, miles away, where Big Brown rode, beyond the scarey woods that were full of malaria mosquitoes and bullfrogs and cotton-mouthed moccasins, he had come across bear tracks. And a bearskin, nowadays, was not to be despised. There were cubs, too. Brown had seen their tracks in the soft mud by a spring. Yes, God only knows what lies in those remote hills beyond the swamp, where no one lives,

and few go, and where buzzards breed in caves on barren hillsides. "Carencro Roost" one hill is called—and from the Cane River valley, on clear days, you can see the buzzards circling high in the air, above its summit. But the buzzard hill seems as remote as the moon, although it is hardly more than ten miles away, through the swamp. On Cane River we do not wander too far away from the watercourse. The barren hills and swamps are not for us. We prefer to gather together in groups, where we can have our churches, and our social life, and where our work is waiting for us. No, the hills and swamps are not for plantation negroes, except of course for those bold and reckless spirits like Big Brown. It was along the dimly marked trail to Carencro Roost that Brown toted the bear trap, slung over the back of a white pack mule he had borrowed from Papa Chawlie.

From the field, Babe saw him go, and bowed his head over the plow: "Git up, Mule!" he said to the beast that stood with drooping head in the simmering sun of August.

That night Babe asked Mr. Guy's permission to get Papa Chawlie to substitute for him in the field, while he went to town, twenty miles away.

"Business?" Mr. Guy smiled quizzically, and almost asked a question, but, remembering the Cane River code, merely nodded assent. Better let him go now, and get it over with—whatever it was—for next month would be cotton-picking time, and Babe couldn't be spared then, as he was a valuable man at the gin. However, Mr. Guy did say that he hoped Babe wouldn't be gone long. The code permitted so much, at least. Babe couldn't promise, exactly. It might be a week before he got back—he had important business to attend to.

Now everybody knew that Babe had no business in town, unless it was "legal business"—and that meant only one thing. So, in the evening speculation was rife, there on the store gallery; language was guarded, but the word "divo'ce" was bandied about. It was after nine o'clock, almost time to go, when Papa Chawlie said suddenly:

"Fo' Gawd! Look at 'er, an' lissen at 'er!"

For Susie, brazen-faced Susie, was sitting on the gallery of her cabin, sitting there in plain view, with Big Brown lolling on the floor beside her; and she was playing for him upon the mouth-

organ, playing the blues. Across the narrow river, the wailing strains came, whining with slow, suggestive undulation.

The watchers in the dark said no more than "Ump!" or "Aie-Yie!" those two expressions into which the negro can pack all human emotions, scorn, love, or mere lazy comment. After a time, they saw the two forms silhouetted in the cabin doorway, against the light of the smoky oil lamp. And presently, the light went out.

Then, the men on the store gallery yawned, and said good-night to each other; and mounting their sleepy horses, rode slowly down the moonlit road, toward their cabins, dotted along the river bank. Yes, surely, Babe was justified in getting a divorce from that woman. She was just a low-down trick-nigger. No mistaking that.

But Babe was not, as they thought, riding toward town. As soon as he was out of sight of the store, he stopped the old calico pony and looked to the right and to the left. Then he turned the animal's head into the cotton rows, and kept on through the field. Nobody was plowing to-day, and there was no cabin from which the spying eyes of a woman could see him. Presently, he drew rein at the place where the cotton rows met the woodland. And again he looked about. Only the field, simmering in the sun, and the cool shadows of the moss-covered trees before him. He sighed. Then he clucked his tongue, and the thin pony began to go forward into the woods: "Git up, Hoss!" he said.

For hours he rode, the horse picking its way through the brush, avoiding depressions and fallen logs. By looking at the westering sun, Babe was able to make the wide circle he intended. At twilight, he had reached a point some eight miles back of his own cabin, and in the heart of the swamp. It was too late to go further, so he dismounted and unsaddled his horse, tying him with a rope so the animal could graze. From a sack tied to the saddle, Babe took a can of sausage, which he opened. He ate slowly. Then he lay down under a tree, watching the rising moon, and slapping at mosquitoes that whined over him—great black swamp mosquitoes, that settled on his face and hands like a veil and remained there until brushed off, dead. Finally, he put his bandanna handkerchief over his face, slipped his hands into his

pockets, and lay on his back, looking at the moon through the red cloth. At last he slept.

At the first streaks of dawn, he was on horseback again. This time he rode forward, into the swamp, looking carefully to right and left. Twice he changed his course. Finally, he found the trail for which he was looking—the tracks of two horses. This was the way that Big Brown had taken the afternoon before. Yes, surely, for further along, in a marshy place, Babe found both trails, one going into the hills, one returning. Babe rode carefully now, watching the ground intently, looking for something. It was nearly ten o'clock before he found the place where Brown had dismounted and left his horses.

Before him rose a steep hill, thickly wooded, and full of little ravines, depressions which had washed out in the tropical storms of bygone years, and which were now full of a dense undergrowth. Half an hour later, he found the trap, buried in leaves and soft earth, near the mouth of a cave in the hillside. It lay in a gully, a narrow place, approachable from only one side. The bait had been partially eaten by a 'possum or a skunk, or some other small animal, too light to spring the heavy trap.

Babe examined it carefully. Certainly, it was strong enough to break the leg of a horse—or man. He worked there for an hour before he succeeded in accomplishing his purpose; but, when he had finished, the trap was covered with a light layer of earth and rotting leaves, and was fully ten yards nearer the outer end of the gully, directly in the path.

Then he went back to his horse, tethered in the woods, and rode off. He hid the only pony in a thicket, a mile away—no use to be betrayed by the whinnying of an animal—and crept back on foot, to a point not far from the trail which he knew Big Brown would follow. There Babe waited, listening, and watching the sun which shone straight down.

Hours passed. The sun drew in and heavy clouds banked up in the south. Big raindrops came pattering down on the leaves. In the thicket, Babe smiled. All the better; no chance, now, for any one to see the tracks he had made. It seemed as though nature were working with him, for if this downpour had come yesterday, it would have been impossible for him to find the trap. He was wet through, as he sat there under the leaves. Toward

twilight, the sky cleared and swarms of mosquitoes whined about him.

He began to wonder why Big Brown didn't come—and then, as his slow mind turned to possible reasons, he hung his head with shame. And the night closed around him. Sometimes he dozed; sometimes he sat motionless for hours, staring straight into the darkness; sometimes he swayed back and forth, as Aunt Dicey had done in the cabin. He slept a little, too, lightly, like an animal; waking at the slightest noise, only to stretch his body and doze again. By sun-up, he was alert, lying motionless in the wet brush, looking out through a tangle of wild grape-vines.

It was nearly nine o'clock, he reckoned by the sun, when Big Brown passed on horseback, singing as he rode, singing Babe's own song:

“Oh, I got forty dollars an’ I got it fo’ to spen’,
If the wimmin don’ wan’ it, gonna give it to de men!”

Babe heard it die away, and, peering out, saw Brown get down from his horse, and tie the animal to a branch. Then the big fellow disappeared into the woods, going toward the ravine.

A minute later Babe heard a sharp snap, and a wild cry. After a time—a great while, it seemed—he heard calls for help. At first they were sharp and frantic, then slower; finally they ceased.

It was a long way back to his horse, but Babe reached him after nightfall. From the bundle tied to the saddle, he brought out another can of sausage, ate hungrily, and when he had finished, drank from a spring, like an animal, lying flat on the ground. He brought his horse to the water and saw him drink, then tethered him where there was green, tender grass. That night Babe slept.

Shortly after daylight he crawled back to the hilltop. Brown's horse, tied to a branch, was whinnying and pawing the ground.

Hum! He'd have to do something about that old white horse. Couldn't let it stay tied there. The poor thing would starve. Must be mighty thirsty right now, too. Another thing. Suppose some one should happen to come riding by and see that horse, and investigate.

Babe took the bridle from its head, and gave the beast a smart rap with a stick. He stood watching as the horse went blundering

into the brush, stopping half a hundred yards away to grasp greedily at the dewy grass. Babe followed it for half a mile or more, driving it further and further into the woods. He threw clods of earth at it, and the horse began to run, jingling the iron rings fastened to the saddle.

That afternoon Babe dozed by the spring, near his calico pony as it munched the grass. It was pleasant by the spring. Little birds came down to drink, and if you lay quiet, they came quite close.

When he crept to the gully next morning, he saw long streams of red ants in the grass, going towards the trap.

The day was unbearably hot. Babe fanned himself with a bunch of dried grass, and dozed, and woke again to fight the mosquitoes and gnats. In the afternoon, he followed the stream that ran from the spring, until he reached a place where there was a bed of white sand. Here he undressed and lay in the water that did not cover him. However, the sand was soft, and with a little labor, he was able to scoop out a depression big enough to fit his body; and he lay there for more than an hour, watching the leaves that drifted by in the slow-moving current: long green leaves, that were like little snakes; round red berries, like Susie's red beads.

That day was hot on Cane River, too. Mr. Guy had given notice that two full hours' rest be given the men and mules at midday, instead of one, as usual, and it was nearly three o'clock in the afternoon before the plantation bell rang for the hands to go back to the fields.

Aunt Dicey, having come home in a flat-bottomed rowboat from the store, carrying a piece of salt meat in an old meal sack, turned in at the gate of Babe's cabin, deciding suddenly that she would stop and talk to Susie. Lately, she had given the girl a wide berth. But to-day, curiosity overcame distaste. She found Susie sitting listlessly beside the table, the baby in her lap. She looked—as the old woman said afterward—as though she were listening to some sound from a distance.

"What ails yo', Susie?" said Aunt Dicey, helping herself to a gourdful of water, from the pail on a shelf inside the door. "Is yo' worried becuz Babe ain't come back?"

The black girl shook her head, and the red beads clicked against a blue dish. The old woman bridled:

"It's scan'lous an' a shame," she said, "de way yo' wears dem beads, Susie. Gawd gonna strike yo' down. Yo' jus' watch!"

Instead of answering scornfully as usual, Susie raised one lanky arm and pointed to the China tree outside the door: "Look at dat leaf, Auntie!" she whispered tensely. "Oh, my Gawd, jus' look at it!"

The day was airless, no breeze stirred, but in the chinaberry tree, one leaf was waving rapidly back and forth in the mounting heat-waves.

Aunt Dicey sniffed, as she saw Susie's shaking hands: "Ef yo's lookin' for sperrits, I speck yo' gwine to see sperrits," she said. But, sensing suddenly the realness of Susie's fear, she temporized: "Ah sho did heah a squinch owl in de tree, las' night. An' I heerd de dawg howl, too!"

Susie nodded. She looked long into the older woman's face, and then she said, in a hoarse whisper: "Auntie, sump'n done happen to 'im!"

"Babe's done gone to town to get a divo'ce f'um yo', dat's wat happen to 'im!" retorted Aunt Dicey. But Susie shook her head.

"Ah don' keer, ef he do . . . I don' keer!" . . . She gulped. "Auntie, sump'n done kotch Big Brown. All las' night, an' all de night befo', seems I heah 'im callin' . . . He say: 'Susie . . . Oh, Susie!' ovah, an' ovah. It wuz like a dyin' man, Auntie. . . . It wuz like a dyin' man!"

Dicey rose. "So dat's whut's worrying yo'!" she said. "Fo' Gawd, Susie! Don' yo' know whut dey's sayin' 'bout yo' at de sto'? Dey say, Big Brown done foun' out dat Babe's gone off to divo'ce yo', and he's lit out again. . . . Jus' like 'e done de fust time! Ha! Dat man don' wan' yo', Susie. He's jus' bewitch yo', dat's all!" And she moved toward the door.

"Fo' Gawd's sake, don' go an' leave me, Aunt Dicey . . ." Susie had taken the mouth-organ from the pocket of her apron, and was twisting it over and over in her fingers. But a voice from outside interrupted the words. Papa Chawlie was passing, and seeing Aunt Dicey emerging from the door of Susie's cabin, he hailed her:

"Hey, Dicey! Sump'n done happen to Big Brown! His ol' w'ite hoss is come home widdout 'im!" There was in his voice that joy which only evil tidings can evoke. "Yonder 'e is, grazin' in de lane by de gin. Good riddance to bad rubbish, ef yo' ax me!" And he shouted the last sentence, knowing that Susie would hear.

Suddenly, despite the stifling day, Aunt Dicey shivered, and turned back into the cabin. Susie was cowering against the chimney, the mouth-organ still clenched in her hand, her eyes rolling wildly. A hoarse scream broke from her lips, and she put her arms over her face, as though to ward off a nightmare.

"W-whut yo' seein', Susie?" Aunt Dicey asked in a whisper, clutching the table's edge.

But the young black woman wheeled sharply about, and with the spring of an animal, was gone through the back door. Aunt Dicey could see her running, between the cotton rows, toward the swamp.

It stormed that night. Babe, crouched in a hollow tree, watched the blinding flashes of lightning, remembering how Susie feared it. Well, to-night, he would be back at Cane River, back with Susie, and master of his own cabin; in the morning that followed, he could return to his mules again, a peaceful man.

He dozed at intervals, despite the storm. Once, just at daylight he thought he heard screams in the woods, and lay listening, his hair tingling on his scalp, but heard no more; only the soughing of the wind, and the distant thunder.

By sunrise it was clear again; the rain had washed the air clean, and the sky was blue; the first rays of sunlight turned the dark tree-trunks to copper. Birds began calling in the thickets, and the soft moan of the wood-dove came with melancholy regularity, faint and sweet.

Shortly after the rising of the sun, Babe began his journey toward the gully. He went slowly, this morning, creeping along, keeping a sharp lookout, walking carefully in order to leave no trace. As he came near he saw a buzzard perched in a dead tree; and high in the air, another buzzard circling lower.

As his eyes descended from the tree to the path before him, he

shivered and drew in his breath. For there was the print of a bare foot. Some one had walked with unerring step, directly to the trap, down into the gully.

Crouching in the bushes, he listened. Only the humming of insects came to him, and distant bird notes; the great song of the day was beginning as the sun rose. There was no other sound. Stillness, ominous silence. . . . Over in the gully, some one was lying in wait, spying upon him from behind the vines, for there were no returning footprints.

On hands and knees, Babe crouched, every nerve tense. Long minutes passed.

And then a thin, ghastly sound came to him—an incredible ripple, blown through reeds—music—a tuneless and discordant strain from a mouth-organ. It whined on the morning air, just one broken bar, then stopped.

A moment later, there was the rustling of leaves, and Susie appeared. She came staggering, slowly, her bare feet dragging.

She was quite close to him before she looked up, the mouth-organ against her lips, her woolly hair full of dew drops which glittered in the sunlight. She seemed incapable of controlling her eyes. He was not sure that she had seen him.

"Susie!" He moved toward her, his hand outstretched.

She started back, her eyes fixed upon him for a moment, an uncertain smile upon her face. Then, distressed and confused, she turned away from him.

"Come heah, Susie . . . I ain't gwine to hu't yo' . . ."

He advanced upon her, cautiously, as one approaches a frightened dog: "Susie . . . Susie . . . !" But she avoided him, running, floundering through the brush. Pursuing, he caught up with her in a little clearing, and came close.

"Susie, I ain't . . ." He grasped at her arm.

She jerked free and was off, under the trees, with a burst of loud, witless laughter. As soon as she had run a little way, she stopped and looked back at him, then raised the mouth-organ to her lips again; but as he came up, ran deeper into the woods.

In the clearing, Babe stood stupidly. From far off, an imperfect thread of melody was carried back to him—fainter and fainter—the same whimpering strain, over and over and over. . . .

THE PAWNSHOP¹

By JOHN S. SEXTON

(From *The Catholic World*)

SHE came to the Jew's place on a night in late November. It had been raining all that day and toward evening a raw robustious wind came in from the sea. Outside the Jew's tiny refuge, his pawnshop, the icy flood from gray heavens was flung with the velocity of silver spears along Crew Street; the ancient thoroughfare drummed with the mighty beat of it. Water boiled along the gutters and foamed at the ancient filth congested there; rejected food scraps, stale newspapers, bits of rusty clothing, and much which was plain untidy dirt. In that weather and at that hour no lights showed along Crew Street, but all its people knew the Jew's place and every one knew that he was accessible at all hours.

The Jew sat drowsing over a newspaper written in the language of his people. He was nearsighted and his rheumed eyes blinked at the sheet through thick spectacles perched on the bridge of his high-arched nose. A pot-bellied stove filled with sea coal warmed him. Its ridiculous swollen sides were red with heat, and heat radiated blisteringly through the stuffy room, but the Jew was old and the slow cold blood in his veins found comfort in the unbearable place.

The wind was out of the northwest that night, and the door of his rusty shop opened outward; so when the girl came in the door slammed shut behind her with a vicious cheated force. The ramshackle place shook with the impact and waked him from his musing. She stood at the threshold, a slender half-drowned wisp of a girl, coughing and holding a nondescript cloak about her narrow chest.

The Jew lifted himself from his stool and shuffled unsteadily

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behind his counter. He stood there waiting for her, fingering thoughtfully the fringe of his long white-shot beard. She was not of Crew Street. He knew Crew Street, and she was different. He looked at her through his nickel-rimmed spectacles with his habitual expression of dim kindness. "Yes?" he said with a rising inflection.

Then, her eyes avoiding his face, the girl drew her hand from under her cloak and showed what it had concealed. She held up before him a string of pearls, let him look at them for a moment, then let them fall into the ruck on his counter. The pawnbroker, for all his humble calling, had the fine instinct of the born lapidary. Even before his palsied fingers had picked up the string from the plush bottomed watch box, where it had fallen, he knew the pearls were not genuine. But he held the beads, caressing them with his moving fingers, and saying nothing. She coughed, a dry unnatural little sound, sheer nervousness, but either could not or would not be the first to speak.

"To borrow or to sell?" he asked gently.

"To borrow, please," she answered.

"These are synthetic," said the Jew, who, watching her closely, saw her face blanch. In this shop it had happened this way so many, many times, but the girl was so young—her white-faced distress bothered the gentle old man. He spread his hands in a wide Semitic gesture. "If they were genuine," he explained with gentle courtesy, "they would be worth much, perhaps thousands and thousands of dollars. These are worth," he hesitated, "possibly forty dollars."

She threw her right hand over her heart, and looked him through and through, her dark eyes enormous in her small rain-drenched face. Each was unreal to the other, the Christian, a bit of flotsam tossed by the storm into a Jew's pawnshop, the Jew with the face of Anton Lang. By every tradition of his class and race, as she had been taught them, he must be deceiving. Yet intuitively she knew he was speaking the truth. There was no guile in that venerable old face which looked so like the illustrations she had seen in a dog-eared, forgotten book in her mother's house.

The odd mingling of supplication and contempt in her attitude changed and became apparent in her face. She flung the cloak over her shoulder; its damp heaviness oppressed her.

"What shall I do?" she asked in her low, suppressed voice.

The old man looked at her sorrowfully. She was so young. If she had volunteered the story of the reason for her need he would have suspected her. But in his experience her very silence was best proof of her suffering sincerity. His fumbling fingers handling the beads found a striking peculiarity in their arrangement, and he raised them closer to his nearsighted gaze. They were arranged, he noted, not in a straight uninterrupted coil, but in sequences; there were ten, then one, ten, then one. This occurred five times; then the string met and joined, and from their intersection depended four pearls and a cross. Interested, the Jew lifted the cross and studied the figure, the figure of a Man naked except for a loin cloth. His hands fixed at the arms of the cross. The old man thought he understood this, he had heard of this. But he was not sure.

"Tell me," he asked her gently, "why are the pearls arranged in this form? What is this?"

A slow dull red showed against the ivory whiteness of her skin and he knew he had displeased her.

"If you do not wish to tell me . . ." said the Jew quickly.

"It's a rosary," the girl whispered.

The old man looked at her, musingly. "And you come to me with this?"

The iron restraint the girl had imposed on herself broke. She took one step toward him and gripped the counter; the knuckles of her two hands showed white under the pressure. "Give me back my beads," she flashed at him, sobbing. "Oh, if I'd ever known it would be like this! Give me my beads and let me go."

The old man pushed the skull cap to the back of his head, exposing the bald spot at the crown. His thin fingers thoughtfully explored the wilderness of his great untidy beard and the look he fixed on her was full of pity.

"How much must you have?" he asked softly.

She spoke rapidly and nervously. "I thought it would be easy. My mother thought these were worth hundreds, you know such things happen. Even if I sold them they would not bring what I need and I shall never, never sell them." The unhappy young voice softened. "You've been kind to me but you cannot help me. Please give them to me and let me go."

"Would fifty dollars be enough," the old man persisted gently.

"Oh, yes," the girl said breathlessly.

The dim eyes looked at her for a long moment through the comic spectacles. Then the Jew nodded as if satisfied at what he had found. He stooped beneath his counter, picked at some recess invisible to her from where she stood, and emerged with a small drawer heaped with a miscellany composed of wrinkled bills, copper pledge medals, and coins from many lands. His shaking fingers separated some bills from the untidy heap and pushed them across to her. But, even yet, she could not believe it.

"I cannot sell," she reminded him piteously.

"I know," he nodded gravely.

"You have not even asked me why I need this."

He smiled with his eyes. "Your need is great, that is enough."

She picked up the money and thrust it deep in an inner pocket of the cloak. "You are so good," she said humbly.

The old man lowered his head. He heard the door close and knew she must be gone. Then he set his elbows on the counter, and resting his venerable beard in his cupped hands stared at the rosary. The murky gleam from the worn filaments of the light above him showed on the pretty thing on which he had just loaned money in excess of its market worth. The crucifix fascinated him; he had seen one before; he had never handled one or seen it so close. His brow set in wrinkles of deepest abstraction and for a long time, in the silence of his little shop, he looked at the Man on the cross. Then he sighed.

"God," he said to himself, deeply troubled, "one God, God of Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, tell me, have I done wrong?"

LITTLE DOMBEY ¹

By FRANK SHAY

(From *Scribner's Magazine*)

WE stood facing each other across the walnut table in the private room of Caulfield's book-shop. Further argument was useless. Caulfield, at one point, Cheney at another, and I at the third: a scalene triangle.

"Well, I won't take it and that settles my point," I said to Caulfield.

"But, my dear Gregory" (damn his patronizing "my dear"), "you can't do without it. Why, it's the very copy Stevenson presented to W. E. Henley, the poet. It is positively unique—"

"So is your price, Caulfield," I interrupted. "I won't have it and that's that."

I turned to Cheney:

"As for your sneers, sir, I collect Stevensoniana because it suits my fancy. Do I have to give a valid reason before I am permitted to collect the works of a favored author? I don't know nor do I care to know why you collect Johnsoniana nor would I presume to question your motives. You may collect the works of Mrs. Hemans or the first editions of Petroleum V. Nasby for all I care."

I resumed my study of Caulfield's shelves. It was a good shop, a first-class one as book-shops go these days. I could conceive a more ideal shop where one would not be importuned to purchase items one did not want nor could afford. Not that I didn't want the book, a fine, clean copy of the first issue of "Travels with a Donkey" with its intimate inscription, nor that I hadn't the price. It was just that I resented Caulfield's presuming there was no other course for me to follow than the one he had in mind. Caulfield was that way. It wasn't entirely his fault. The

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blame lay with his rich customers who had neither the wit nor the wisdom to decide for themselves what they wanted. They accepted his word too easily. I liked to approach my purchases with prayer and meditation.

Cheney was none other than Spofford Cheney, the well-known collector of Johnsoniana. There was a permanent scowl on his gray face, a face sandwiched between gray sideburns. In no respect whatever did he fit in with my conception of one who would love Johnson the writer, or Johnson the man. A lover of Samuel Johnson, I argued to myself, should be stout and ruddy, a lover of animated conversation and a trencherman of parts. Above all he would be tolerant of the opinions of others. Cheney, as far as I knew, was none of these. Cheney was lean. Cheney was gray. Cheney was dour of face and person. Cheney looked like an emaciated and melancholy Thackeray. However, he was Cheney, the noted collector.

Cheney had all the intolerance for the passions of others that characterized old-time collectors. Impatient with any other collected writer save his favorite, he sneered at my choice. His objection to R. L. S. was that he was not yet sufficiently ripe for collecting. Once he had said:

"Stevenson may be worth collecting, sir, but I feel he should be allowed to age in the wood of book-shelves. There ought to be fifty years between a writer's death and his coming into vogue with collectors. Takes all of that time for the romance to ripen and for his books to attain sufficient scarcity to make the chase interesting. When such time has elapsed he is, like old wine, ready for the connoisseur."

Each visit to Caulfield's was a repetition of the foregoing. I always resented the bookseller's ability to secure the very items I was turning heaven and earth to find. I resented, too, Cheney's apparent dislike for Stevenson, though I knew it was not Stevenson at all, but my fervor. He was intolerant of any collector who was radical enough to believe any one born later than the eighteenth century was worth collecting. I really liked the old man. He was the last leaf of the tree under which I sought shelter. He seemed lonely and I, too, was lonely. It was nearing dinner hour and I would ask him to have dinner with me.

Caulfield was called to the front of the shop and Cheney and

I agreed to bury the hatchet. He had settled himself in a comfortable chair and wanted to talk. I was in a mood to let him.

"Collecting books of a favored author is a fine art. Much as one collector has in common with his fellow collectors you will find a great amount of intolerance. Yet, let two collectors of similar tastes get together and you'll find envy and jealousy added. The elements that enter into the collection and acquisition of a library are well known. A man collects an author because of his love for the author as a writer and as a man. The collector is more the result of this love and admiration than is the case with the general run of Caulfield's customers. They rush in here to listen to the latest fashions in collecting and Caulfield with his fine Italian hand doles them their provender according to their purse. They haven't the necessary capacity to find in themselves love and admiration for any author. They haven't the time nor the inclination to study the life of an author whose work they admire and hunt down his books. Can you conceive their spending a lifetime, sir, a total of sixty-seven years searching for a single book? Only a man who felt very deeply the love for a man and his work could endure that long."

He did not give me a chance to confess that it was beyond me. Cheney continued:

"No, indeed. They do not make real collectors these days. The mold has been broken or the potter's fingers have become palsied with age. Lowndes was a teething-ring to those old fellows and Brunet an elementary text-book. I remember one in particular, Kenyon was his name, Edwin Payson Kenyon, a bookseller when I first knew him and later a collector. You have probably heard of him as Little Dombey. He, sir, was a collector of the first water."

"Little Dombey," I exclaimed. "Wilberforce Matthews pointed him out to me one day. He was a little queer—at least, in the matter of dress," I hastened to add. "Did you know him well?"

"Not as well as Matthews, perhaps, though I did know him quite intimately. He was the collector who spent sixty-seven years in searching for one book." Cheney was looking over my shoulder and out into the shop.

"Time-clock bookmen," he muttered. "What do they know of books? It is doubtful if they'll ever read their purchases."

"Tell me of Little—Mr. Kenyon," I asked him.

"Not here, Gregory, for look you yonder. Look and see the storm-clouds forming on old Caulfield's face. How he wishes we would leave! Six o'clock, by gad! Time for book-collecting to end: it's not fashionable to worry about books after six in the evening. I'll wager he has an appointment with a—I almost said chicken, sir—damsel. No man can serve two mistresses and the love of books and the love of women lie in opposite directions. Come with me, you lowly collector of Stevensoniana, and I'll show you a haunt worth two of these."

As we passed through the shop to the street I called to Caulfield:

"I'll take that copy of the 'Travels' with me, Caulfield."

We took a taxicab to an address given by Cheney. The way led across Fifth Avenue and down-town toward Washington Square. Stopping before a building that seemed deserted, we entered a dimly lit hallway. He led the way up stairs carpeted to an almost mythical softness. A pass-key opened a door into an apartment. In the darkness I was aware only of a somber cheerlessness that penetrated my bones. Matches were struck and Cheney lighted the gas in an enormous crystal chandelier and touched an already laid fire. The light from above revealed a room dominated by a large and ungainly walnut writing-table and heavily upholstered chairs mathematically arranged. About the walls were ponderous-looking bookcases with steel-engraved portraits above them. The mantel above the fireplace was draped with a dark-red lambrequin and the windows were curtained in a heavily tasseled material of the same color. Above the mantel was an oil portrait of an elderly man dressed in the garments of the mid-Victoria period. The crackling fire warmed the scene and gave it the feeling of comfort and homeliness. Behind the writing-table was a chair whose high back seemed to be in direct communication with the crystal chandelier.

"Like it?" queried Cheney. Before I could answer he went on. "The desk and chair belonged to Charles Dickens, so did the writing-sloop and the quills."

We had rid ourselves of our outer clothing and were seated in the comfortable ugly chairs. I left my seat and went to one of the bookcases and peering through the glass doors read the titles.

My host, noting my interest, told me to open the doors and take a good look. I did so and, picking a book at random, found it to be a beautifully encased set of the *Pickwick Papers* in the original parts as issued, save that this set had the additional interest of being the very copies Dickens had presented to his friend Daniel Maclise. Reverently I turned the pages and just as reverently replaced them in their case and returned the treasure to its place. Each volume in the case, I found, was an unique copy with association interest. Passing to another case, I found Boswell's own copy of the first edition of his life of Johnson. It was the copy Boswell had corrected and sent to the printer for a second edition. The place was, indeed, a bibliomaniac's heaven.

"But what does it all mean?" I shouted. "Who boasts ownership of these wonderful collections? Wherever I put my hands I find volumes that any real collector would give his entire purse for! Whose is it?"

"Not so fast, my dear Gregory.

"You asked me, while we were still at Caulfield's, to tell you about Little Dombey." His voice had a reminiscent tone. "I'd rather tell you the story of these rooms and through their story let you learn the story of Little Dombey. Smoke, if you wish; it is a story that should be listened to with a pipe and a glass of wine.

"A glass of wine," he went on, "would break down the walls of reserve; rather it would act as a spark to the fires of conversation. But, persons who have no conception of the social value of wines have ordained that we must endure without them. Perhaps the dinner that will be served later will do what we expect of wine. A dinner, my dear young friend, such as Sam Johnson would lay before a guest."

I had lighted my pipe and was comfortably established in a chair whose ugliness belied its softness. Assured that I was ready he began his story.

"When first I knew Kenyon he was a bookseller. His shop was a small one and contained little else than valuable and curious books. He was an enemy of junk and no plugs could find room on his shelves. Early in life, when he was sixteen, his stepfather had apprenticed him to a local bookseller in whose employ he remained until he was twenty-five. Then he branched out for

himself, taking the store below this apartment. His training had been complete, he knew his trade and prospered. In a few years the business had extended to the rooms back of the shop where he had lived and he was compelled to move into these rooms.

"Early in business he became known as an authority on the works of Dickens and Dickensians flocked to the shop and made it their headquarters. In those days collectors of Dickens were the radicals of the bibliographic world and were looked upon with scorn. First editions of his works did not command the high prices that are to-day their first characteristic and, while they were not expensive, were difficult to obtain in this country. Kenyon had made adequate connections in England and was able to care for the slight demand. As the business grew, his sphere extended so that it embraced all the esteemed writers of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. It was in this manner that I got to know him and love him. In some way, known only to himself, he had secured Boswell's own copy of the first edition of his life of Johnson; the copy Boswell had used for corrections for the second edition. It was my first big step in Johnsoniana and, by gad, I've spent my life in being grateful to Kenyon for having convinced me that my collection would never be important without it."

Cheney noticed that when he had mentioned the Boswell my eyes had glanced toward the case on the right.

"Yes, that was the copy you saw when you first came in.

"But to resume where I left off. Kenyon never married and as his business prospered and expanded he desired and sought the company of book-lovers, the companionships of men whose tastes were like his own. In those days there were no clubs of book-lovers and he was forced to use these rooms as a gathering place where they would not be interrupted by others. It began by his inviting us one by one to dine with him."

A chuckle escaped his lips.

"He had an idea that Dickens was all-encompassing in life. The realism of Dickens, the lovable old fool would argue, was great enough for a man to guide his life by. I might admit such a thing about Johnson, sir, but Dickens? Never! However, he would invite us to a dinner conceived by Dickens and executed by himself. Wine always, a roast of beef and pie. Believe me, sir,

when I say that there was no difference at all in those meals and the meals you would be served with at a second-rate dining-room to-day. Take Johnson now, he loved boiled leg of lamb and veal pie. Who to-day ever eats boiled leg of lamb?

"The only difference was in the matter of service. Kenyon would don on such occasions the clothes of the period of 1848 and in his stiff, Victorian manner, order the service. It was not so much his foolish meal but his amiable conversation. He knew as much of Johnson as I did but he was too fine a host to let me think he did.

"There was Matthews, the collector of Thackeray," he said this in a way that expressed supreme contempt. "How can a man collect any one so dull and uninteresting as Thackeray? Well, Matthews, one day, came in great glee to tell me of a Dickensian dinner he had had at Kenyon's. He insisted a man might be able to get a good dinner out of the works of Thackeray—but I snorted and left him to rave by himself. You couldn't find a decent meal in all the collected and fugitive writings of that fellow. Another day came Greene, who told me of his experiences at Kenyon's table. Greene collected Browning. A man with an imagination might, with great diligence, scrape together sustenance from Thackeray or almost any other writer, but Browning must have thrived on air. Never a bit of real eating is mentioned. Or, am I wrong? I confess I've never read a word of his but I never heard of a palatable dish mentioned by Browning."

I smiled at the intolerance of this old collector but I took care he did not see it. I was slightly startled by a voice that came from the rear asking if dinner should be served.

"Right now, Francis," ordered my host. "By gad, sir, you shall see a meal from the works of Samuel Johnson. We'll have it on Dickens's desk solely because the Great Cham's table still rests in London. I'll have it yet to eat a Johnsonian meal from.

"Kenyon's idea started a fad. Matthews gave it impetus and the first thing we knew it became a regular Thursday feature. A collector would assemble the best dinner he could from the writings of his favorite author, or, one that the author had preferred to all others, and invite his friends to it. It is a remarkable fact, though, that only customers of Kenyon's shop were in-

vited to these dinners. Curious, wasn't it, but we knew it was due to the bookseller's personality. He had welded us together into a solidly knit unit with similar yet diverse tastes.

"Kenyon's name became a synonym for success. His honesty and integrity made his shop the goal of all book-lovers. Old Christie, then of Crother's Auction Rooms—you know him, he had his own shop until his recent death—was a leading spirit, and so was old Jaye Johnstone, who loved Charles Lamb with a love that approached idolatry. There were others, names I have forgotten and which would mean nothing to a youngster like yourself. It was around Kenyon's shop and personality they gathered and many of them owed their collections to his zeal. Indeed, he had more collectors to his credit than a minister had converts.

"'Why first editions?' he would exclaim. 'Why any books at all? Why bread and butter? Why life? Not that I mean first editions and association copies are as important as these things. Man is not content with bread and butter alone, nor just with life. He wants other foods and other lives than the every-day ones. Just as he seeks different dishes for his table, different clothes for his family and person, so does he seek his favorite author in a dress that is uncommon. If you truly love an author's works you want them as he wrote them and not as ill-advised friends suggested. Laugh, if you will, but these are things for the soul and are quite as important as a new dress for the woman you love.'

"Time and again I have heard him argue with a reluctant book-lover. He never spoke to the same man twice on that subject. Either they left feeling him to be a fool or they came back to look over some rare editions of their author."

"A great man to be able to do that," I agreed. "I wish he were alive to convince my family that I am not totally insane."

"Not Kenyon. He would make his appeal to you whom he knew and let you settle with your family.

"His business in rarities gradually crowded out the remnants of his other lines and his shop was frequented only by collectors with definite needs and a fair knowledge of what they wanted.

"Kenyon's life was bounded by the four walls of his shop and these rooms: his companions were the collectors who were wel-

come for as long as they cared to remain. The outside world saw little of him save on Sundays when he would don his best and walk to Fifth Avenue and up to the park, returning later by the old horse-drawn buses. The mob must have considered him ridiculous in his tight-fitting trousers with the straps under the insteps, the cutaway coat, the lacy stock and the modified beaver. To us, who saw him only in his shop or in these rooms, he was not queer. His apple-red cheeks and his snow-white hair with the pink skin showing through belied the years he had spent between book-shelves. There was something in his life that had kept him young, something we did not know about."

"Cherchez la femme," I suggested.

"No such thing. We will come to that later. When he was about sixty-five a group of business men, deciding America was on the verge of a great book-buying epoch, came to him with an offer for his shop and good-will. Modern business methods, you understand. It is no longer the rule to begin at the bottom and work up. Nowadays you form a corporation to take over the business of some one at the top of the ladder. Very often you find that at the top there is no way but down. Kenyon considered the problem for some time before he made up his mind. The offer was a good one: it meant a large sum of cash and a fairish amount of stock in the new organization. They told him quite frankly that all they wanted was his name and his good-will, but that for their own protection they would buy the stock also. He must, on his part, agree not to reënter the book business."

I suddenly became conscious that some one was behind me. Cheney, at that moment, broke in with:

"Right here, Parker."

A colored servant spread a white cloth over Dickens's table and laid the silver.

"This," said my host, "is dish for dish the same that Samuel Johnson served to his friend Boswell on the occasion of their first dining at Johnson's Court. It, too, was served by a Francis Parker. May we hope that the spirit of the Great Cham is with us during its progress."

The last words were said almost in the voice of a minister of

the gospel asking grace. The eating of the dinner did not interrupt his narrative.

"Thursday was our night to dine at his place. On the Thursday of which I am speaking there was nothing untoward in the proceedings: the conversation of Kenyon was just as animated as ever. Wine preceded the dinner while we were still grouped about the fireplace. Then we sat down to one of those Dickensian dinners we had learned to love so well. When the last lips had been wiped by the last napkin Kenyon held up his hand. The servant refilled the glasses and he announced that to-day was the fortieth anniversary of his shop and asked us to drink to its continued success. We arose and after drinking gave him three rousing cheers. Not a man there really believed that forty years had passed since he began business. Of all present Matthews had known him the longest, and later he told us he could remember first entering the shop some thirty-seven years before. The man at the head of the table seemed too young for such a long experience, too hale and hearty for all the sixty-five years he boasted. Our chattering was silenced by another raising of his hand. He then announced the sale of his business.

"Can you recall, in your very young life, the emotion on learning that some great and beloved belief was wrecked? The effect on the little group that sat about his table was greater than if the sentence of death had been passed on each one. For a few tense moments we sat without moving.

"It was Matthews who jumped up and said that if it were a matter of money— No, it wasn't money.

"Then bedlam broke loose. We protested. It was unheard of. Kenyon's with Kenyon in command to pass out of our lives? It might have given some of our womenfolks great pleasure but there was no joy in that little group. We protested and argued. Alternate plans that would keep him in the shop were suggested. All Kenyon would say was he was sorry but he had had the matter under consideration for over a year and he wanted his freedom. The shop would pass to the new owners within the month but the rooms would remain his property and these dinners could continue.

"Kenyon lifted his wine to his lips. Rising to his feet, he replied in his graceful fashion, telling us how much the demonstra-

tion had meant to him. Early in the evening he had hoped that the simple announcement of his retirement would be sufficient. Then he went on to give us his reason. I can't give it to you in his words nor can I ape his style.

"His father had been the respected agent of an English woolen manufacturing house with offices in New York. It was his custom to make yearly trips to the London office and when little Edwin Kenyon was eight years old he accompanied his father on one of these trips. Business that usually consumed the better part of a month was completed in a fortnight and father and son spent the days sightseeing. One day while walking in the Strand they were hailed by a young man with rather long hair and dressed in velvet outer garments. The young man had cried excitedly, 'See, Maclise, it is little Paul Dombey come to life. We must have them to lunch.' The young man presented his card to the astonished father and then introduced his friend. They were Charles Dickens and Daniel Maclise, the artist. All this was beyond the ken of little Kenyon, and his father explained to him that Mr. Dickens was a great man and it was quite an honor to be invited to his home.

"Once within the walls of Dickens's house the great writer's enthusiasm knew no bounds. He rushed for a copy of his latest work, 'Dombey and Son,' and reading from descriptive passages asked his friend to witness the fact that Little Edwin was the incarnation of his character of little Paul Dombey. The description, Maclise agreed, fitted the lad perfectly and the overjoyed Dickens wanted to take the lad around to meet Forster, who thought the picture overdrawn. Giving the lad a copy of the book he asked him to read a passage so that he might determine if the voices were the same. Alas, the poor lad was so flustered he was unable to read. Dickens misunderstood the boy's shyness as an inability to read the more difficult words and asked the senior Kenyon would he not bring the boy back the next day.

"The second day was much more than a repetition of the first. About the table were gathered Macready, Forster, Sergeant Talfourd, the inevitable Maclise, and others. The luncheon wound up by Dickens presenting to Edwin Kenyon a copy of 'Dombey and Son' in which all the words too difficult for young heads were made simple. So great were the changes that every page

showed numerous interlineations in the author's holograph. On the title-page was inscribed 'Little Dombey's own copy from his friend' and here followed in graceful flourish 'Charles Dickens.' The two amazed Americans left promising they would return the following year.

"There was no next trip. Business, due to the financial conditions in 1849, was so bad that Kenyon senior had to forgo his trip. In 1850 the firm failed and Kenyon's father, deeply involved and broken in health, never recovered. After his death his widow remarried and at sixteen Edwin Kenyon was apprenticed to a New York bookseller. During the events leading up to his apprenticeship his copy of 'Dombey and Son' had been lost. During his fifty years in the book business he had searched high and low for the book but had not found it. Every book, he maintained, returned again and again to the stalls and, even then, it must lie in some shop unknown to the proprietor. He had ascertained that it was in none of the great collections, public or private. Being free of the shop would give him more opportunities to seek in those fields that remained unexplored: the dirty little shops that infested the side streets of New York.

"Book-collectors are selfish. Even after this confession many were loath to let him go on with his announced intentions. There were many little gaps in their own collections which needed filling and only Kenyon could fill them. Old Christie, who, next to Kenyon, was the greatest man I ever knew, and still is, for that matter, made an appropriate speech. He made several suggestions, one of which was that we resolve ourselves into a searching party and help Kenyon locate his book. Then, to keep on with the good work already begun, he proposed that we continue to meet here every Thursday evening and enjoy the company of the greatest bookseller who ever lived. Then he called for a toast to the everlasting success of 'Little Dombey, a name, gentlemen, that is more appropriate than the one God gave him and the one by which, it is my earnest hope, Mr. Kenyon will henceforth be known to the members of this group and to this group alone. Let it be our password.'

"Old Christie's wish became our law and the name of Little Dombey has outlasted that of Edwin Payson Kenyon.

"To get back to Kenyon. From that time we saw little of him.

True, he was present at our weekly dinners but it was a different Kenyon, in fact, it wasn't Kenyon at all. Kenyon was a bookseller, our bookseller. Kenyon's was a book-shop and still was a book-shop. It had been moved over to the more fashionable Union Square and the books that had been shelved in our shop were now known as an old and rare department. For us Kenyon and Kenyon's had passed. We had lost our bookseller but had gained a greater collector than any of us.

"Kenyon had changed in more ways than merely his cognomen. He daily dressed in his best: I think it was Old Christie who insisted that he read Dickens to his tailor and then insisted upon being dressed after the fashion of Dombey senior. Save for the weekly meeting he had lost touch with us and his former interest in our collections had given way to an acceptance of his position as a fellow collector. Where before he had been the guiding spirit he became but one of ourselves. Old Christie, still a comparatively young man, that is, he was younger than myself and much younger than Little Dombey, became the active leader. Little Dombey sat at the head of the table and officiated but Old Christie, considering his connection with Crother's, had the conversational edge due to his knowledge of our most recent acquisitions. Little Dombey each year took on more and more the appearance of a venerated and superannuated patriarch.

"He would be found at times grubbing through piles of dusty books in the rear of some filthy book-shop, poring over the top shelves from the highest step of a ladder, or begging a cheap, ready-money bookseller's permission to explore his cellar. That the book was still in existence he was certain. It was to be found only through perseverance. Were he a modern collector he would have called his agents provocateurs and sent them hither and thither: he would have said 'Find,' and they would have found and brought to him the thing of his desire. But he was a collector of the old school who did his own collecting and got real joy in doing it. He knew, better than any one else, that the collector is at heart an idealist who is searching for some great object and that his strength comes from the hunt. Possession was the reward of the hunt, the brush, so to speak. To have a much-desired item presented to him by an agent would, he felt, have been robbing him of the chase.

"His search carried him everywhere. From time to time he would bring us little trophies he had found in his hunt: little items that helped make our own collections richer. When we offered to pay him liberally he would laugh and tell us he had picked it from a stand for a dime. He may have been aging, but his eyes were still sharper than ours.

"Little Dombey's days began with a perusal of his mail. It must have been prodigious. He was in active touch with all the booksellers of the world: their catalogues came to him as issued. Old Christie, after he had relinquished control of Crother's, had opened a shop wherein he held auction sales—little cheap, 'take it for cash' sales that were not at all in accord with the class of business he conducted. Auction fever must be a terrible thing: I cannot tell, for I never could endure them.

"One morning toward the end of the season a catalogue came to him from Old Christie's with the legend 'marked copy' stamped on its label. When he opened it he found written on the cover 'See page 16, item number 182.' Turning to the page indicated he found a brief description of his long-lost book.

"If you should come to me and poke under my nose a very rare and desirable piece of Johnsoniana and give me five minutes to decide whether I would purchase it or not I might inquire the price and if it were within reach of my purse take it, but that is the way of the house-wife with her green-grocer. After I had purchased the item you had forced upon me I would probably find I did not want it at any price, or that I had overestimated my purse. Such is the way of auctions. One gets their catalogues a week in advance of the sale; there is no indication of the prices the books will bring. There are the price guides and market values of many of the better-known rarities, but if two rich fools come to arms over the same item the true collector may as well pick up his hat and leave; there is nothing in the law to prevent two such men from raising the price to an unheard-of level. God only is their judge: we book-lovers must be the witnesses of their folly.

"The morning that Little Dombey got his catalogue there was no notable change in his procedure. He dressed as carefully as ever and grasping his stick he tapped the top of his beaver and was off to Old Christie's, the mid-Victorian gallant to the end.

He was just as chipper when he entered the auction rooms as he was the day he was twenty-one. Whatever his emotions were I cannot tell. I had this part of the story from Old Christie himself. He may have been younger but he never was happier.

"He found the books to be sold at auction neatly arranged in the rolling bookcases. Number 182 was missing. Summoning an attendant he inquired its location. Yes, Number 182 was in the rooms but was in the safe. Too valuable to place in an unguarded case. Far too valuable, thought Little Dombey, but not for his hands, the hands in which the book had been placed some seventy years previous by the God-blessed writer himself. The book was brought to him and placed again in his hands while the attendant stood watchfully by.

"Yes, it was his book, the selfsame copy, with the inscription and all the emendations. Old Christie came up from behind and whispered:

"'Your copy, I believe, sir. Little Dombey's own copy, I read on the title-page.'

"'My copy it is,' echoed Little Dombey.

"'I tried to purchase it to your account outside the rooms. An estate, you see, and the executors realizing the worth of the book insisted on a public sale so that it might bring the highest price.'

"Yes, it was his book. A little the worse for wear but like an old friend capable of standing a lot more wear. He took a chair near by and began reading. Old Christie motioned the attendant away and let it be understood that Mr. Kenyon was not to be disturbed. There he sat the best part of the day, lost in the pages of his book; reading the words he thought had been seared in his mind. Their freshness amazed him as did the art with which the author had simplified the words for his young mind.

"Closing time found him still deep in his book. The working force of Christie's silently tiptoed out as if they were leaving the sacred presence. At last only Little Dombey remained, Little Dombey and Old Christie. Old Christie was a bookman of the old school. He recognized the great thrill of a real collector and respected it. He had experienced the same thrill and knew in his heart of hearts he was witnessing a phenomenon that was fast disappearing before the approach of modern business . . . dis-

appearing because modern business demanded action and speed and profit. Sentiment was ruinous. Mass production: big sales and small profits. Organized selling. No place for sentiment. Sentiment was for women and they were fast ridding themselves of the curse. Every modern element was at work to destroy the emotions that Little Dombey was experiencing.

"There was no suggestion that closing time had passed, such as happened at Caulfield's this evening. Old Christie would have sat the night out had it been necessary rather than disturb Little Dombey. It was not necessary: Little Dombey came to with a start and looking at his watch discovered it was late and recalled that he had been without food since breakfast. He asked Old Christie had he any idea the price the book would bring.

"'Hard telling, my dear friend. When you lost it it was worth, say, ten dollars at the most. To-day, well, there is no other piece of Dickensiana to compare it with save a manuscript. It is worth all it will bring, which I estimate will be about a thousand dollars.'

"Your bookseller of the old school could not tell his friend he had an unlimited bid from an out-of-town customer. That would have been unethical. It was not unethical, however, for Old Christie to write a letter to the bidder and tell him that should another such bid come in the price he would have to pay would be left to the discretion of the auctioneer who might take such an opportunity to boost his own stock by making the bidder pay an unheard-of price.

"Little Dombey returned home as one in a dream. A thousand dollars was well within his limit; he would pay ten times that sum to regain possession of the book that belonged to him.

"His search ended, as he thought, he returned to his rooms and began making preparations for the return of the book. There would be a dinner such as the club had never known. Wine, from a cellar that had existed long before we were born, was brought out. The time until Thursday, the day of the sale, was spent in preparing for the event, which I can assure you, Gregory, was to be a gala one. Little Dombey had to this end secured, during his years of search, items of intimate importance to all of us. Beside each plate was to be placed a gift for each member. You can judge, my dear Gregory, what it meant to us when I tell you that that night I ate from the very plate, sir, that

Sam Johnson had eaten from when he dined at Mrs. Thrale's. For Matthews there was an original sketch by Thackeray and in front of Old Christie's plate was a copy of the catalogue of the auction sale of the library of Joseph Addison, together with an old hand-bill advertising the date and place of the sale. The gifts for the other members were of equal importance and interest.

"Sam Johnson said, 'panting time toileth after him in vain.' Thursday, the day of the sale, must have traveled with laggard feet for Little Dombey. Just as Judgment Day is promised and will eventually arrive so did the day of the sale.

"The usual clan was gathered about the rostrum of the auctioneer. The sale was already under way when I entered. Before I could find a seat Old Christie called me to one side and told me that the unlimited bid had been withdrawn and replaced with one of seven hundred and fifty dollars. Then he went on to outline a plan to which I agreed.

"To me auctions are stupid affairs. The auctioneer droned on with his interminable bids of any amount from twenty-five cents to five dollars. A flick of a catalogue, the lifting of a finger, the winking of an eye might mean a dollar or it might mean a hundred dollars. The freemasonry of the salesroom is beyond my ken.

"Number 182 came to the block at last. There was a visible tightening of nerves among the members of the club who were present. Little Dombey alone was calm. Only a person who was seated in front of him could have seen the sparkle in his eyes, the flicker of a smile that played about the corners of his mouth.

"The next item," announced the auctioneer, 'is a choice one. It is an association copy which I consider of great value. If you will look at your catalogue you will see that it is a presentation copy of the first edition of "Dombey and Son" with a very intimate inscription in the holograph of Charles Dickens. Many have heard of the existence of this book but regarded it as a fable. In addition the book shows numerous corrections in the author's handwriting. I expect it to bring a very high price. Gentlemen, Number 182 is on the block. What is your pleasure? May I start the bidding at one thousand dollars? Five hundred? No offers? May I ask for a bid of one hundred dollars? Can't I get

an offer of one hundred dollars for this unique piece of Dickensiana?’

“Little Dombey must have suspected a deep-laid plot for no one to register any bids that it might be knocked down to him at a very low cost. The thought was insulting. But the auctioneer was not a party to such a plot.

“‘May I begin it with a bid of one dollar?’ he asked contemptuously. ‘Thank you, Mr. Granger. Gentlemen, I have a bid of one dollar for this priceless item. One dollar—thank you, Mr. Adams. I have one hundred dollars! Fifty! Two hundred! Fifty! Three hundred! Fifty! Four hundred! Five hundred! Five hundred! The bid is against you, Mr. Adams. Thank you, six hundred! Seven hundred! Eight! Nine! Nine! Ten! We are progressing. The bid is again against you, Mr. Adams. You are finished. I have an offer of eleven hundred dollars, can I get twelve?’

“At this point Little Dombey entered the lists. ‘Twelve hundred, twelve— Thirteen hundred! Fourteen hundred! Fifteen hundred!’

“Then an unheard-of thing happened. The auctioneer ceased his soliciting of bids and looking at Little Dombey said, ‘I’m sorry, Mr. Kenyon, but I feel that I must inform you that I have an unlimited bid on the book and any amount you offer will be topped. The item on sale is worth a thousand dollars: I see no reason why our client whose name I cannot divulge should be forced to pay more than fifteen hundred. I will sell Number 182 for fifteen hundred dollars to a customer who wishes to remain unknown.’

“In the few minutes it took the auctioneer to make these remarks I saw a man aged to the fullest of his years. The rosy cheeks went white, the little tufts of white hair lost their crispness. He rose from his chair and stumbled out of the room a defeated and beaten man.

“I don’t know where he went. Later in the evening we gathered around the table expecting to find him here. The usual hour passed without any sign of him. We became worried when we found too that Old Christie was among the missing. The table was ready and we should have gone on with the dinner, yet there we stood about the fireplace.

"About nine-thirty Old Christie came in leading a very old man. He was led to the head of the table and silently took his seat. As he glanced at his plate he saw there the book he had devoted his life to searching for. The club had been the unknown bidder. What we thought was a magnificent gesture turned out to be a pitiful trick on an old man.

"He regained a lot of his customary cheerfulness as the dinner progressed. The wine spurred him on to tell of the unusual things that had happened to him during his years of search. It was not Kenyon, the bookseller, nor Little Dombey, the collector, who was talking. It was a man who bore their likeness, who knew their ways about the world, but it was another man. To this day I do not know whether it was the book or the club that was to blame.

"After that great day he went into a decline. His life-work was finished, his collection completed. A marvelous man in life he was no less remarkable in death. After the funeral when his will was read it was found that he had left these rooms and his collection to the group. He suggested that the rooms be used to house the collections of all the members and eventually a way would be found to make them available to every collector. The only other condition was that the property should not be sold for profit.

"We held a meeting and agreed that Little Dombey's proposal was a good one. The collections were moved in and placed in separate cases as you see them to-night. It was further agreed that each member leave his collection to the group and the last surviving member should decide on the ultimate disposal."

Cheney's chin dropped to his breast.

"I am the last surviving member."

"What do you intend doing with the collections?" I asked. "Whom will you leave them to?"

"Until to-night I was undecided. To place them in a public place would be to place them before unappreciative eyes. To found a special library would only mean burying them in a mausoleum with a fossoyeur in charge. To-night, while we were at Caulfield's, I came to the conclusion the problem was too great a one for me to solve, and to let some one else decide. There must be enough real collectors left to appreciate and care for such

a collection and, if they are willing to conform to Little Dombey's bequest, there is no reason why they should not continue along the established lines and continue the Thursday evening dinners."

My heart fell. His dislike for R. L. S. would keep me out of the new group. In my mind I began seeking a means of entrance. Before I could formulate a plan of attack that would admit Stevenson and myself:

"By the way," his voice had the old cheerful ring to it, "do you think you could get a decent meal out of Stevenson's works?"

IN PORTOFINO ¹

By ALAN SULLIVAN

(From *The English Review*)

HE seemed, coming towards me through the olive grove, to have detached himself from it, so perfectly did the gray-green of him blend with the twisted roots and narrow, faintly shimmering curtain overhead, an old man, gnarled and bent, with something of the unexpected angularity of the trees around him, dark eyes that retained an active luster, broad, stooping shoulders, and knotted fingers. He carried a pannier of cones from the slopes above, where olive yields to pine, and the pine dwindles as it climbs the naked sun-smitten heights that march magnificently along the Ligurian coast. He was taking the cones to Portofino, three kilometers away.

"Buon giorno," I said. "Fa bello tempo."

He sat down, the basket still on his back, and one could almost hear his bones creak like the dry wicker.

"The weather, yes, it is good," he answered with a grave smile; "but this tramontane wind, it does not promise well. Look!"

His English surprised me, but I looked. The tops of the hills behind Chiaveri were obscured, their summits melting vaguely into hanging clouds. But it was the best day we had had for a week.

"You have traveled," I ventured.

He nodded. "Yes, but one comes back."

I could understand that, never having found a spot so serene, so welcoming, as this God-given refuge, to which I had only that day returned. Portofino and what went with Portofino was a sheer gem. I had lived there previously for months above the Ristorante Nazionale, where Catina, her hair in a tight knot,

¹ Copyright, 1927, by Alan Sullivan.

brought in the bath water and opened the shutters to let in the morning sun; where Lena Razzolo made delectable things in a kitchen that would have delighted Arthur Rackham; and Alesandro, her brother, drove the two unimpressible white horses that pulled the diligence to Santa Margherita, and modern hotels with central heat and the Italian luxury tax.

"You have lived here long?"

He made himself a ragged cigarette. "Forty years, signore, since I came back."

"Then you must have set out very young."

"Yes, young. Twenty-three years old when I sailed from Genova." He lit the cigarette. "It was for America."

It seemed strange, knowing what I did about the westward tide of his countrymen, that he should have spent but seven years across the Atlantic. The object was generally a competence on which to retire, and this was a poor man.

"Seven years in America," he added thoughtfully, "and five were in Sing Sing. But life passes."

I looked at this son of the terraced soil, and tried to imagine him in prison. He seemed to have a nature like a pool of mountain water.

"It was a mistake, of course?"

His shoulders went up in an inimitable shrug. "It is now as though it had not been; but it was no doubt a mistake that I waited so long in Ettore's saloon."

I said nothing, which reassured him.

"Near Ninth Street and Seventh Avenue—perhaps it is there yet. But you could not tell."

"No."

"I promised the padrone Razzolo at the Ristorante to have the cones there by five," he murmured with a wintry smile; "otherwise, perhaps, I could tell you."

"I stay there," I said hastily. "The padrone and I are excellent friends."

"Ebbene, he is a just man, e di buon cuore. There was, of course, a woman in this affair; also Ettore Giannino, large, strong, and very black. His father lived near the oil mill at Paraggi. You have seen that, without doubt?"

I nodded.

"Ettore, as I say, was very strong. I have seen him carry two hundred kilos of wood up to The Castello without stopping for breath—no other man in Portofino could do that. So, for a year, it was between us two. On one Sunday Costanza would walk with me over the hills to San Fruttuoso, and the next with Ettore to Portofino Vetta, from which one regards the harbor of Genova. The signore has been there, too?"

"I have, and it is a great sight."

"Well, those in the village asked themselves which she liked best, San Fruttuoso or the view of Genova, and for a year it went thus, Ettore and I, each with our own sentiero, our own path. Each of us worked—Mother of God, how we worked!—putting away a lira at a time, for two thousand lire was the figure the father of Costanza had set, and who reached that first should have the girl. For herself she did not seem to care which it was, but laughed all day, asking us at evening how much we had, and said that she liked the view of San Fruttuoso as well as that of Genova. Ettore, he nearly broke his back with the loads he carried, and I, not so strong, went on with my mason work. There was much building of villas at that time, and though a mason earns more than a contadino, Ettore worked so hard that his wages were as much as mine. Then, when we were both at eighteen hundred lire, the thing happened. And will the signore tell me his name?"

I did not reply at once, but sat staring at a very small and weatherbeaten house that lay in a wrinkle of the hill close by. I could hear a cracked old voice humming inside. It was at a point from which one might see San Fruttuoso. Then I told him my name, and he gave me a long, quiet look.

"Mine is Adriano Costo. My father made baskets, too, in that house, so he was well named. What happened was that Costanza found that she liked best the view of Genova, liked it so well that she went there with Ettore on a Saturday, and did not come back. It was on Sunday that I found my loss. I had been robbed!"

"Ettore?"

"Chi lo sa? They all went at the same time—Costanza and he and the money. That night I walked to Genova, thirty miles, having nothing wherewith to buy a ticket. What was the use? There was no proof. And one poor man in Genova with empty

pockets! I went to the mole, and, behold, a steamer sailing for New York. Already it had moved as far as one can throw a stone. I had good eyes, signore, in those days, and there, in the middle of five hundred others, Ettore and Costanza. His arm was round her, and while I looked they waved farewell to Italy, and kissed. So I walked back to Portofino. Yesterday that was forty-seven years ago. I tell you this, because to-day I am content."

He looked content. There was peace in his eye, and a benignant calm; but he had not the appearance of a successfully retired mason. Such do not carry cones to Portofino.

"You are interested, yes?"

"I am, very."

"Well, for another year I worked, but it was no use. Other women—yes—but not Costanza. So what I made I spent. At the end of the year came one who put a notice on the Municipio wall. Tickets to America, six hundred lire. As it happened, I had seven hundred."

"You went to New York?"

"All Italians go there, non e vero? So many had already gone that it was like Genova itself, and with many Napolitanos whom it is hard for us people to understand. For the first day I walked all the day, and got to another part where there were no Italians. Very magnifico it was, and very strange, but no one laughed or talked as amongst our own. Why is that?"

"Perhaps they had no time."

He made an inimitable gesture. "What is time? It seemed to me they were not happy enough to talk. However, later, I found a place where they talked even less. There were many named Giannino where my countrymen lived, but it was not long before I found Ettore."

"Where was he?"

"In a saloon, of which he was padrone. Very wonderful, that saloon—a palace. Never had I seen anything like it, with Ettore's name in gold letters on big windows, and every morning two facchini swept it out, polishing silver and brass till it glittered amazingly. There was a big counter, very long, with multitudes of bottles behind, and three big men, Ettore himself the biggest. He had grown already corpulento, and still oiled his black hair. They wore white aprons, these three, and knew

all who came in, calling them by name. And the money followed like rain."

"Had he bought that already, after one year?"

"At first I wondered, too, but it seems it was not his at all. Pietro Machairo, him of Nervi who came in the winter time to see his mother in Portofino, him I met in New York about that time. He told me that Ettore was not proprietario, but the place was that of a big man of the city, molto importante, who put Ettore there and his name in gold outside, for mire politice—what do you call?"

"Political reasons?"

"Veramente. That was why. Sometimes the man came there himself; he was Irlandese, and no one paid anything that night. It was all very strange till I understood. He was rich by reason of poli—poli—"

"Politics?"

"Yes—so that he could do this as often as he wished, and yet not become poor. He was bigger even than Ettore, with a voice very round and loud, and a thick gold chain, heavy like an anchor-chain, across his stomach. And up above all this richness lived Costanza. She had one bambino now, and very happy she looked. I was afraid to speak to her, and sometimes in the evening waited to watch when she came out of her own door at the side, her dress very fine. She, too, was fatter, but very beautiful. She had large soft eyes."

It was not my place to say anything, but I noticed the change of tense.

"Ebbene, one day Pietro took me by the arm and into that saloon, and the minute Ettore saw me he knew me, but instead of turning all colors he gave a great laugh of welcome and put his hand out and asked what I would drink. What, signore, could I do? I a poor mason, and this rich man with all his friends. So I reasoned with myself, saying, if he has made Costanza happy, that is what my money was meant for—let it go! So I tried to do that, and, after we had drunk, we went upstairs by the porta privata, and he called to Costanza. She came in with the bambino in her arms, and that very minute I knew she was happy."

"You were a generous man," I said, "and a brave one."

He sent me a twisted smile. "When one loves, nothing is im-

possible—and I still loved, very greatly. Picture me, signore. I am a man that is called consistene—I have begun to forget my English—so what could I do at that time? She was his, and she also loved, and I said to myself, What is eighteen hundred lire against the peace of a woman's heart—and such a woman? I knew in a second that she had no thought of Ettore being a thief, or she could not have saluted me with talk of Portofino and many people there. Then he left us for a while, which he would not have done in Italy, and she said: 'Is it not well what Ettore has done in little more than a year? Out of his eighteen hundred lire but little was left when we got here—and behold!' Then I saw more clearly than ever that Ettore was innocent in her mind."

"But every one knew of the robbery in Portofino."

"Per Bacco, it was the talk of the village till something else happened, but there could be no proving. Nor did any of the talk reach Costanza, I think, because she did not write home for many months—when it had been forgotten. So it came that I got the habit of going to that saloon. Sometimes when the doors were shut I stayed and talked with them, till it came to one night that Ettore was very worried about mire politice in which he had an enemy, one Simone Gardarino, a Napolitano. I, too, knew this Simone to be a bad man—even for Napoli. Perhaps Ettore was infelice that night, and needed a friend, because he looked at me and said, 'Between you and me, Adriano, there is a matter of eighteen hundred lire.'"

He twisted his old shoulders out of the basket straps, and accepted a cigarette.

"It is half a lifetime since one of these touched my lips. Well, I told Ettore that the money was a matter of his—his—"

"Cosienza?"

"Yes, his cosienza. Whereupon he regarded me strangely, and said that when he carried wood past where I laid stone, he always hoped greatly that the wall I built would fall and kill me, and that for the love of a woman it is easy for a man to become a devil, and the more desirable the woman, the easier it was. Has the signore noticed that when one is anxious and perhaps frightened, he often speaks a great truth?"

There was wisdom here, but I only nodded again.

"Well, Ettore opened his heart that night. It may have been

on account of our talk about Portofino and the sun and the children playing in the piazza and the Chiesa di San Gorgio looking down on the harbor which, as the signore knows, is round and small with much color in the water. But, whatever it was, he became gentle, and promised to get me the best wages in New York, where a mason can be rich in a short time if he is friends with the Irlandese politicians. And he went presently to a drawer behind the counter, and began reckoning how much eighteen hundred lire would be, with interest, signore, for the use of my money, when, *molto subito*, a man who was hiding there jumped up, and struck him through the back with a knife that Ettore used for cutting lemons. Ettore fell down dead, and the man ran out very quickly at the back door, but not before I saw that it was Simone Gardarino."

"You were left—with that?"

"Yes, picture it. I gave a great shout, and tried to lift Ettore, and Costanza came running down, and, seeing what she did, and the money drawer open, regarded me with hate like fire, and burst into the street with many cries so that immediately there came in two Irlandese policemen. And they, seeing Ettore dead on the floor and the money drawer open, took me away very quickly."

I could imagine him hustled along between the blue-coated men, followed by a shouting crowd of Italians who would cluster round the station door.

"What a misfortune! But they could have done nothing else."

"Veramente, that is so. And there followed soon the *prova*—the trial—at which my story made laughter and curses, for Costanza, in a new black dress, and the bambino in her arms which made all people *molto sympatico*, told how Ettore and I came from Portofino in Ligure, and that I was also her lover there, but she loved Ettore the better and came with him, and in one year I came also to find him, and make friends that I might do this thing. Then, when I told my story of Simone Gardarino, there rose up three men, also Napolitani, who made *giuramento*—I have forgotten the word—"

"Who made oath?"

"Yes—that at that time Simone was with them in another saloon a kilometer away, and remained there till midnight. Then I went to Sing Sing, to be hanged by and by."

He had forgotten now all about Portofino and Padrone Raz-zolo, and I tried to picture him in a forbidding structure fitted with iron bars, this son of the olive-green hillside, with his passion, his love, and his childlike soul.

"It is a hard thing for a man to be in captivity, thus, and innocent. So many thoughts he has, and without help. I had not long to live, two months, so I wrote to my mother, asking the Dirretore of the prison not to post it till the week after I was hanged. In this I told my mother only the truth. Also I wrote to Pietro, asking him and the rest to say nothing at home. Then six weeks went, very slow and isolate, and there came to me in my cell news, *molto privata*, that on the day of my death there would be a rebellione in that prison. These men talked to each other by small strokes on the wall, of which they gave me the secret, being about to die. But the guards knew nothing. Then I said to myself, Is it not enough that one innocent man dies on that day, for they had planned to kill many? So I asked to see the Dirretore, and made the rebellione known to him, and again made *giuramento* that I had not killed Ettore.

"There was much talk between him and other hard-faced men, after which they asked me to explain the language on the wall. This I would not, because perhaps it would lead other innocents into trouble; but it came that they found I was right about the rebellione, whereupon the Dirretore consulted with others, very high and powerful, so instead of hanging me they kept me for five years and then gave me a hundred dollars and my *liberta*."

Freedom! He was not looking at me then, but toward San Fruttuoso, and I could find nothing but a great patience and gentleness in his brown face. Five innocent years in Sing Sing, and forty under the olives!

"That hundred dollars," he continued, "I spent looking for Costanza. You see the saloon was now operated by another put there by the *Irlandese politico*. It made no difference to him, the death of Ettore, but the *vota* of the Italians, he sought that. Pietro had gone away, and Costanza, she was, I think, in Chicago. Perhaps at that time it was as well that I, an *assassino*, for such I still was, did not find her. I was very lonely, with the marks of the prison on my face, *signore*. I wanted to come home, but I

feared to come. Then, very suddenly, I wrote to my mother, and said I was coming. Ebbene, I did. From Genova I walked to Portofino, taking the trail that leads above San Fruttuoso, and came to this cottage. It was empty—with no windows, to avoid the tax. Hard-by worked a man I did not know, so him I asked where Maria Cesto might be, and he looked at me and said that five years ago there was a Maria Cesto who had from her son a letter from America, sent to her after he was hanged, and, reading it, she dropped down dead.”

“That letter?” I asked, horrified.

“Veramente. It seemed that in error it was posted.”

He told me all this not with any gloom, but in a sort of quiet retrospect, as though the grim outline of experience were softened by the haze of the past.

“When an evil thing is done, how often is it the innocent suffer most, having little defense! Well, I had my *pardone*, which I took to the *Municipio* for all to see, and an *avvocato Inglese* who was with Razzolo did it into Italian that all might read. But the family of Ettore neither read nor forgot anything. Nor was there any one who wanted me to build them a house, because it was said it would fall down. So I lived here for many years, till one day the priest, Giuliano Collonno, came quickly up the hill, and all out of breath, and took both my hands in his, and kissed me and said: ‘It is well with my son, and there is word for him from America.’”

“Word of Costanza?”

“No, but of Simone, who was now dead, having himself been hanged in Boston. It was Simone’s turn to be hanged, and this time there was no *pardone*. So, knowing this, he spoke very openly to the priest, who spent that last night with him, and told him how it was he who had killed Ettore in New York more than twenty years before. That priest confessed him, and told the *Dirretore* of that prison. So they made a writing that Simone signed, and a copy of this writing was sent to the priest of San Giorgio, and immediately it came he climbed quickly up to tell me. He sat there, *signore*, where you sit, with the tears running down his face, and asked me what he could do for me. And I said to put that writing in the *Municipio* where all might read,

though it was too late now for a writing to make any difference, and I went on with my work. In one hour and a half, signore, Portofino came up the hill to this place to see me."

"What a wonderful day for you!"

"Perhaps: I do not know. One does not forget five years in Sing Sing in an hour and a half. There was much talk, especially from the famiglia of Ettore, and, within a week, a villa to build for Gregorio, the contractor, of Paraggi. But again it was too late, and I desired to lay no more stone. The priest told me I should marry, and I said to him to find Costanza for me, and I would marry even though I were carried up the sentiero to San Giorgio. So the years passed, signore, till it came that there arrived in Portofino a woman who had seen much of the world."

Here he paused, sending me a look infinitely boyish. Every wrinkle of him was charged with contentment, his eyes had an expression at once roguish and amused, and one perceived in him the resilient Latin who responds to a pleasing thought as the sea changes when a cloud glides from the face of the sun.

"When I saw her, signore, I seemed to feel young again, and that after all it was not too late; so when she came this way, I asked her if she liked the view of San Fruttuoso well enough to marry me, and, per Bacco, she did, counting my years as nothing. And so we were married but yesterday."

"Splendid!" I said. "You're a wise man. It does not do to cling too closely to the past."

He smiled so that his eyes nearly closed. "That is as it may be. I have talked much, and the signore is without doubt tired with hearing me, so will he drink a little vino rosso? I have only the red wine of the country."

"With pleasure—to your health—to both your healths."

"Costanza!" he called gayly. "Costanza! The signore and I come for some vino rosso. An American—and a patient man."

The old woman waved a hand from the cabin window. Even at this distance one could see that once she must have been very beautiful.

THE HOUND-TUNER OF CALLAWAY¹

By RAYMOND WEEKS

(From *The Midland*)

BEFORE the war between the States, the inhabitants of Missouri used to speak of Callaway County, and the unregenerate still do so. The minority, however, to which I am for once proud to belong, call the county the Kingdom of Callaway. Here is the origin of this name: Missouri seceded from the Union at the beginning of the war. Later, the Yankees, by a succession of unscrupulous accidents such as befall the ungodly, obtained possession of Saint Louis and Jefferson City, called together an illegal legislature, and had it vote for the return of the State to the Union. Among the counties, Callaway alone possessed the courage which goes with virtue, refused to return to the Union and seceded from Missouri. Thus, you see, the Kingdom of Callaway came into existence.

To look at, the Kingdom of Callaway does not amount to much. It is composed of none-too fertile hills, with laps of valleys in between. There are no mines, no factories, few industries and little agriculture, although mendacious travelers have averred the contrary. Boone, Audrain and the other fat, lazy counties lying at the feet of the Kingdom speak of it with contempt. None the less, its people are the most heroic on the globe. Man does not live by bread alone.

About thirty years ago, it was my privilege to ride twice across the Kingdom of Callaway, and to talk with its hospitable inhabitants. They are few in number, and, like all noble souls, live much amongst the glories of the past. They are set in their ways, as befits a proud, unfortunate race, and they refuse to

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"smile as the wind sits." Their tongue is not voluble, except when they speak of the degenerate populations which surround the Kingdom. At such times, they draw from the recesses of the past a vocabulary which leaves nothing to the imagination, and hurl fragments of this vocabulary upon the crapulous counties crouching at their feet. In calmer moments they will tell you that, if there is any good blood in these counties, it strayed, or was stolen, from Callaway, and heaven knows that in the matter of good blood Callaway leads the world, so much so that every family in the Kingdom descends from the ancient kings of Scotland, England, Ireland, Wales, or France, and some families descend from several of them at once. The traveler is touched to see coagulated in a single realm the descendants of so many noble lines.

Turning from history, and examining the inhabitants of the Kingdom as they now are, we are struck by their many creditable superstitions. But it would take too long even to begin to name these. Turning now from their superstitions to something else, we are struck by the glorious traditions of this people. They believe, for example, that their ancestors discovered fire and music; that they were the first to shoe horses and mules in the modern manner, by nailing the horseshoe to the hoof; that they invented lightning, gunpowder and steam; and that Robert Fulton was a native of Callaway—in fact, they named their capital Fulton in his honor.

As for music, we may readily accept the local tradition. The men, women and children of the Kingdom of Callaway possess voices which carry farther than any other voices in the world. While there are no pianos or guitars or other degrading instruments, one notes the survival of the ancient harp, of which the piano and the guitar are degenerate descendants, and one finds quantities of dulcimers and old fiddles and twanging jew's-harps and mournful hunting horns, such as exist nowhere else. Finally—and this all travelers admit—the voices of the mules are more musical here than elsewhere, and as for the hounds, well! until you have heard the baying of a pack over the hills and little valleys of Callaway of a moonlight night, you have heard nothing! There is none of the hoarse, ridiculous, broken bellowing, none of the inconsequential, stupid yelping which you hear in less

avored countries, but a veritable harmony, so strange, so sweet, so primitive, that every fiber in you quivers and shivers, and tears start to your eyes!

The improvement in the hounds of Callaway probably began about a century ago, but it was destined to receive its great impetus from the genius of one man, who, previous to the War between the States, was known as Uncle Basil. He was born about 1806. It is said that, as a baby, he was given a hound for a pillow, and it is certain that he grew up with dogs as his constant companions. Between him and them—to the honor of both—existed perfect sympathy. A strange dog would run to him as a frightened child to its mamma. He spoke their language. He understood their traditions, superstitions, prejudices, resentments, hatreds, longings, ambitions. Consider what it means to be a lost dog! How his body trembles! how his heart aches! how sore his paws are! how covered he is with mud and dust! what hunger! what loneliness! what homesickness! Imagine that you are that lost dog, then think of meeting a gentle, strong spirit, at whose word and touch your lostness, your ugliness, your despair drop from you in the twinkling of an eye. You are in the arms of a tender and sure friend, who is at the same time a magical physician. Such were the gifts of Uncle Basil.

He made a great discovery about 1848, the year near which his daughter and only child was born. Long before this, he had become locally famous as a trainer of hounds. A few distinguished men before him in the history of the world had, it is true, advanced the education of these noble animals, but he surpassed them. His love for dogs was greater; he wished them perfect. He had found that by his voice alone—he had a voice of wonderful timbre—by a strange, crooning chant, he could get dogs to do almost anything. Recognizing soon the vastness of the field of dog study, he decided to limit his labors to hounds. After a while, he became so skillful that he could correct in the baying of an ordinary hound the “break” which is so distressing. And then—then he invented the tuning-fork! I do not mean that he was the first to invent this instrument, but that he reinvented it—invented it all over again, with the charm of a newly created marvel in a newly created country. And what use he made of it! In Asia and Europe, the tuning-fork has never realized its possi-

bilities. It was a disappointment from the start. It never became more than a toy. In the Kingdom of Callaway, it became the national emblem.

Uncle Basil manufactured the forks with his own hands, and called them hound-forks. He graduated them, until he could express in notes of ravishment all the deep emotions of the canine heart. With a set of the hound-forks in his saddle-bags, he was now seen journeying about Callaway, training hounds. Success and glory came, immense, dazzling, as you would have felt, if you could have heard one of his well-trained packs baying in the distance of a moonlight night, or if you could have seen him sitting on his horse under a tree, listening to the hounds, and from time to time humming in a low, profound voice his favorite hymn, with its magnificent assonance:

"On the other side of Jordan,
In the sweet fields of Eden,
Where the tree of life is blooming,
There is rest for you!"

His reputation spread, and he refused many offers to descend to the low counties and train hounds. The rich barbarians who lived in those counties were, and have remained, crazy about fox hunting, without ever knowing the first elements of the art. One result of Uncle Basil's refusal to train outside the limits of Callaway was to make it the hound center of the United States, and indeed of the world. Previously, the only exports of Callaway were limited quantities of mules, wild honey and whiskey. Now orders for hounds poured in more rapidly than they could be filled. The Callaway hound had become famous.

When the War between the States broke out, Uncle Basil had already commenced what promised to be famous experiments with mule-forks. Except for the war, he would have made the universe his debtor by a new application of his great invention.

The beginning of the war found him a man of about fifty-five, with a long gray beard. He had recently become a widower. Despite his age, he shouldered his rifle and rode away to do his duty, leaving his thirteen-year-old daughter with his sister. When the rump legislature, got together by the Yankees, voted Missouri back into the Union, he made a brief appearance in his

native county, and, to the plaudits of the entire population, led the revolution which established the Kingdom of Callaway. He was chosen King against his will. He issued a royal edict that all dogs should be chained up for twenty-four hours (otherwise they would have followed him), kissed his daughter and his sister good-by, and hastened to rejoin his command in the Confederate Army. Much as he hated bloodshed, he fought like a demon, became a colonel, wept like an infant at the fall of the Confederacy, and at last returned home on foot, his uniform in rags and on his breast an immense beard which was no longer gray.

He met a more personal grief on his arrival in the Kingdom. He found the population in tears over the flight of his daughter Peggy. That, by the way, is a name which ought to be proscribed. Have you ever known a girl by that name with whom you did not fall in love? Society owes men something! Peggy, then, had run away with a graceless fellow named Sam Black, who was not even born in Callaway! Girls are such fools! Sam had joined the Confederate Army at the eleventh hour, just in time to get a uniform and a briar scratch, had fled to the confines of the Kingdom as to a neutral Power when the Confederacy fell, had seen Peggy—and her beauty did the rest.

A word about Peggy.

You may have dreamed in favored moments of a beautiful woman, you may possibly have seen one, but you have never seen one her equal. Nor have you ever heard, in dreams or out of dreams, a voice like hers—a low, vibrant voice, with an unconscious promise of ineffable things. Her beauty was that of the dark-eyed, fair-skinned type which has wrought most of the havoc in history. Add to this that, at seventeen, her form had the soft rotundity of a woman. Such was Peggy, as described to me by the inhabitants of the Kingdom.

You can imagine how the old man loved her, how shocked he was at her flight.

After a few days devoted to affairs of state, the King set out on a sublime quest—the search for Peggy. He took from a cache sufficient gold and silver to fill a money-belt, had well shod a young, powerful gray horse, named Robert in honor of Gen. Lee, tossed into the saddle-bags a change of linen and his best set of

hound-forks, also his hunting horn, and rode softly away in the dead middle of a moonless night, accompanied by a hound escort of eight noble beasts.

The inhabitants knew of the King's departure. They chained up the dogs, in order that the Kingdom might not be depopulated. These intelligent animals also knew what was happening, and, whether chained in the open air or in cellars, kitchens or barns, they heard Robert's step in the night and the soft-padded paws of the eight fortunate hounds, and threw themselves, howling and whining, as far as their fetters would allow. And so it went from hamlet to hamlet, from cabin to cabin—a progressive rattling of chains and howling of dogs, until long after the old man and his silent escort had left behind them in the darkness the Kingdom of Callaway.

The King unhesitatingly rode toward the west, for he knew that human thistle-down blows in that direction; he felt that Peggy and her abductor were somewhere between the Kingdom and the Kansas frontier. But what an immense territory to traverse!

Following the road when there was one, when not, riding through primeval forests and dense thickets, going round marshes, fording muddy streams, he made his way westward, simulating, especially at night, a fox hunt, for he felt sure that if Peggy could hear the baying of trained hounds from back home and the music made by her daddy, the hound-tuner, she would come to him. Many times the dwellers in an isolated log cabin heard in the darkness the baying of what seemed a pack of celestial hounds, the deep "toom! toom!" of a horn, and a strangely modulated humming: "ding, ding, ding; ting, ting, ting; ling, ling, ling." Then, if they were near enough, they heard the voice, as it were of an old man calling, "Peggy! Peggy!"

In the daytime, he stopped to inquire at every house, tavern and village. The inhabitants looked with astonishment and sympathy at this old man in a torn Confederate uniform, with gray hair that reached his shoulders and a great white beard, with sad, sleepless eyes, and with an escort of mud-spattered hounds. At first, he always inquired if they had seen his daughter, a very pretty girl, who was eloping with a young man, but later, when he had lost nearly all his hounds, he no longer spoke of her as his daughter, but as that of a sick friend. You

see, one's social position could be told by the number of dogs which accompanied one. When he had only two or three hounds left, and when his uniform was only a flutter of rags, he became ashamed to say that he was the father of the beautiful girl he sought.

Throughout this epic search, the King never abandoned a hound to die in the woods. If the animal fell ill, or broke or injured a leg, he lifted him carefully to the saddle, and carried him until he could leave him in safety at a cabin. He usually camped part of the night in the forest, near a spring or brook. He kept his saddle-bags stocked with ham, bacon and bread, which he shared generously with his escort. There was always grass for the horse. When he passed the night at a house, his money was refused, for such was the hospitality of the time.

It was about a month after he set out that he obtained his first news of the fugitives. They were, he learned, on foot, but occasionally got a "lift" from town to town or house to house. They had a long start of him, but he did not give way to discouragement. Sometimes a fortnight passed with no news, then a woman at a cabin would say:

"Wy! yase, they wuz hyah. They stopped the night with us."

"Did they say where they were going?"

"No, suh."

"Which way did they go from here?"

"Right on west, suh."

Finally, one Sunday morning, a man told him that he had seen them a week before, and that they had asked how far it was to Bluffton, as the old-timers used to call the county seat of Ray County. He rode straight to Bluffton, seven miles distant, and entered the little town, followed by two hounds, who, to say the least, had lost their beauty. It was the hour for church, and the pitiful looking old man was seen by nearly all the inhabitants. At the main hotel, they refused him admission, but he was received at a less reputable one, when he planked down a gold piece. He took as good a room as the house possessed, paid two darkey boys for currying and rubbing down his horse and washing and cleaning the hounds, and tidied himself up a bit.

The next morning he walked about the little town, inquiring after the fugitive pair. Many remembered seeing them only a few

days before, but no one knew where they had gone. Had they remained on the north bank of the Missouri, or had they crossed to the southern bank? Or had they perhaps taken a boat for what the King still called Westport Landing, a name which had been changed to Kansas City? No one could tell. He learned that a boat which had recently gone up the river would be due at Bluffton on the return trip in three days. He devoted this interval to a search of the country round the little town. No news whatever of Peggy!

When the steamer tied up at the wharf on its return trip, he was the first to leap aboard. Yes, the captain remembered the beautiful girl and the young man. They had taken passage with him to Kansas City, where they had debarked. A few days later, the old man, his precious Robert and his brace of remaining hounds debarked in turn on the flat rock which formed the landing at Kansas City. The teeming, jostling levee received them with smiles of amusement, but the King merely swept with keen eyes the faces before him, made brief inquiries at all the warehouses, stood a moment looking at the immense clay bluffs on whose top and beyond lay the young town, then rode resolutely up the steep, narrow street cut through the bluffs. He passed a day in visiting the stores, hotels and saloons on the Market Square, Grand Avenue and Main Street, and another day in the remainder of the town. No one could give him any news. The fugitives must have found on the levee or at the Market Square a trader or farmer just starting for Westport or the interior.

It was now late August—three months since he had started on his sublime quest. He was ill and felt very old, hardly able to sit a horse, but he set out resolutely to search the great, fertile region which extends from the river on the north to the prairies on the south, and from Independence on the east to the Kansas line on the west. He resolved to cover this territory systematically, beginning at Independence and working toward Westport and the Kansas line. Some days he could hardly drag, but he did his work well, though slowly. He inquired at every cabin, house, store, or tavern, and of every person whom he met on those wild roads.

Day after day ended in discomfiture, yet he searched on in des-

peration, for he knew that he was at the jumping-off point: if the fugitives were not in the territory he was examining, it would mean that they had joined one of the caravans which started from Independence and Westport to cross the Great Desert. When he saw a caravan, he thought that Peggy was perhaps in one of the covered wagons. He questioned the drivers, and peered into as many wagons as possible. Some person was base enough to steal one of the old man's two remaining hounds. Undiscouraged, he continued his search with every ounce of failing strength.

The conclusion of the King's great search was related to me by Joe Holloway, a middle-aged black man, who had been a slave of Mr. James Holloway¹ of Jackson County. When a boy, I never missed an opportunity to talk with him, as with all those who could tell of what we already called the old time. And few could entertain me so well as honest Joe, who knew something of the Indians, the French and the Mormons, and the great caravans that used to start from Westport for the mountains beyond the Desert, and who knew all that was to be known of the early families of our region. Then, too, it was a pleasure just to hear him talk. His dialect walked upright, unaided and unashamed. To attempt to represent his pronunciation by means of the alphabet is almost a crime, for the result will be nearly as shocking as would a transcription of your dialect or mine. None the less, I am going to try, and if there is one of you who possesses from

¹ Mr. James Allen Holloway came from Estill Co., Kentucky, and bought a tract of land lying south of what is now 27th Street and west of Prospect Avenue, Kansas City. In 1835 he erected a comfortable two-story house, which would still be standing, were it not for the indifference and cupidity of subsequent owners. The house was powerfully built of logs, which were later clapboarded. It stood just north of what is now 29th Street, about forty-five yards east of Brooklyn Avenue, and fronted south. As for the famous Mormon Spring, it was a few feet south of 29th Street and perhaps seventy-five feet west of Brooklyn Avenue. The Spring was about six feet in diameter, and its waters boiled up so violently that when we boys thrust a fence rail into them, they threw it back. The Mormons were said to have used this beautiful spring to baptize their converts. The charming vale through which its waters and those of other clear springs flowed was bought by Kansas City, whose typical aldermen called it Spring Valley Park, a name borne by 167 other parks in the United States. It should have been called Mormon Park. A similar crime changed Cusenberry Springs into Fairmount Park, a name found in more than 1300 other places in this country.

childhood a knowledge of the dear old dialect, and who has besides a profound, honest voice and a great, generous heart, let him read aloud what Joe told me one day when I found him seated by the Mormon Spring.

After a few moments' conversation about different things, Joe said to me:

"Did you heah the mockin' buhd singin' las' night in the moonlight? Hit's mos' onusual, an' made me think of anothah night in August a long time ago—hit must o' ben twelve aw fohteen yeahz ago, jest aftah the close o' the waw.

"Ole Massah James Holloway, who built the Holloway house, 'd been injoyin' poh health faw a numbah of yeahz, an' wuzn't able to sleep much o' nights. He liked 'speschully to set out in the yahd of a moonlight night in summah, an' he wuz a-settin' thah the night I'm speakin' of. Hit must o' ben well pas' midnight, when he heahd the bayin' of a houn' an' the toom! toom! of a hawn off yonnah in his woods. He call to Mistah Benjie, his son: 'Benjie, come down heah quick an' go with me!', but Mistah Benjie, he fas' 'sleep, so Massah Jim get up an' hurry off alone, right up thet-a-way, beyont the family burin' groun' thet you knows. He wuzn't afeahd o' nuthin', Mass' Jim, an' I seen him do wuhs things 'n thet on the blackes' night the Lawd evah sent.

"Wal! he hurry, he hurry, tell he stop undah a young sycamoh to wait faw the hunt to pass, an' befoh he could see hit comin' he heahd a hummin' an' a buzzin', the stranges' soun' thet mawtal evah heahd. Any othah man 'cep' Massah Jim 'd o' tuhned an' run. An' then he seen come into sight a big gray hoss an' on his back a man with a great white beahd, an' he held in front of him a bright metal fawk, thet he struck evry time hit wuz goin' to stop hummin'. Mass' Jim step out into the moonlight, an' the strangeah rein in his hoss. They wuz two ole men face to face.

"'Good evnin',' says Mass' Jim.

"'Good evnin',' says the strangeah.

"'Thet's a queah musical enstrument you have thah,' says Mass' Jim. 'What is hit, if I may enquiiah?'

"'Hit's a houn'-fawk,' says the strangeah, an' he show two othas hangin' frum the pommel o' the saddle by the side of a big hawn.

"'I nevah seen such a enstrument,' says Mass' Jim. 'I reckon you ain't frum these pahts?'

"'A shadah seem to pass ovah the strangeah's feachuhs befoh he ansuhd:

"'Nosuh, I'm frum the Kingdom o' Callaway. Back home they call me Uncle Basil, the houn'-tunah.'

"'You mus' have wondahful foxes in the Kingdom o' Callaway, if you've chased one clean heah,' says Mass' Jim.

"'Yessuh,' says the ole man, 'I've followed one frum Callaway heah.' He lean on the pommel o' his saddle, an' seem a thousan' miles away in his thoughts, an' on the othah side of his hoss, a little in front, set a houn'-dog with his tongue out, an' the moonlight slipt down soffly an' fell round 'em. Mass' Jim didn' speak faw some time. He seen thet the ole man woh a Confedrit unifohm which wuz mosly rags. Mass' Jim 'd lost a boy, his oldes', in the Confedracy. He pitied the ole man, who seemed powahful weak, an' he stept fohwahds an' laid his han' on his ahm right kinely.

"'Come an' be my gues' to-night,' he says. 'I live right ovah yonnah. I'll call a niggah woman an' one o' my men, an' we'll have some suppah, an' I've got some mighty good tobaccy!'

"'You'z very kine,' says the strangeah, 'but I've wuhk to do.'

"'I ain't got nothin' to do faw a month,' says Mass' Jim, 'I'll hep you! I know evrybody in this section an' evry foot o' country.'

"Thet seem to decide the ole man, an' they come ovah to the house, an' Mass' Jim come to the quawtahs an' wake me an' my wife. The ole man went with me to the bahn, so 'z to be shoh thet his hoss wuz well kyahd faw, an' his dog nevah lef' him. By the time him an' me an' Jiminy, what wuz the name o' the houn'-dog, come back to the house, suppah wuz neahly ready. Aftah suppah, the ole man an' Mass' Jim set out in front o' the house an' smoked their pipes, an' I sets by 'em on the groun' to listen to their conversation.

"The ole man tell how he envent the houn'-fawks an' make heaps o' money trainin' houn's to bahk hahmoniously, like music, an' to be genrally polite. Then come the waw, an' when hit wuz ovah, he retuhned to the Kingdom o' Callaway, an' if Peggy, the daughtah of the King, hadn' jes' runned away with a young

fellah named Sam White, as I remembah. So to please the King, he staht out to fine huh. The King think thet she won' be able to resis' retuhnin' if she heah the houn's an' the houn'-fawks like huh'd always heahd them back home, an' if she see Uncle Basil thet she'd knowd all huh life. So the King send Uncle Basil away with eight aw ten houn's, the best in the Kingdom, an' with plenty o' money, an' Uncle Basil take along his houn'-fawks an' his hawn, what wuz also well known to the King's daughtah. Uncle Basil ride an' ride an' seek an' seek. Hit mus' be a thousan' miles frum heah to the Kingdom o' Callaway, an' he covahs all thet distance an' loses all his houn's 'cep' Jiminy.

"Massah Jim wuzn't no fool. He didn' say much while the ole man wuz a-tellin' his story, but he jes' set a-lookin' at him. The nex' day he tole us heah at home thet ez he listen to the ole man settin' thah in the moonlight, hit come ovah him suddently thet the ole man hissef wuz the King o' Callaway, an' so he wuz!

"Frum that minit, Massah Jim wuz 'tuhmined to hep fine the King's daughtah, no mattah how much trouble hit might give him. They set thah talkin' faw good two hours, an' then they went to bed, but I don' think Mass' Jim slep' much.

"Wal! they didn' get up tell tohds ten o'clock the nex' mawnin'. The King o' Callaway, faw him hit wuz, wan' to staht right off subchin', but Massah Jim and his daughtah, Miss Naomy, wouldn' heah to hit, an' puhsuade him to wait till aftah dinnah.

"At dinnah Mass' Jim say to him:

"'I ain' nevah heahd such houn' music as thet-thah Jiminy o' yourn kin make! His mus' come, I reckon, frum them won-dahful houn'-fawks an' frum your genius in usin' 'em?'

"The ole man set thah smilin' and seemin' to fawgit his troubles, so powahfully polite wuz he, 'speschully whah thah wuz ladies, an' Miss Naomy wuz settin' at his right han', so he says smilin',

"'I reckon thet houn's is houn's.'

"'Wal!' says Mass' Jim, 'we's got a pahsel o' wuhthless houn's, an' we'll be mighty obliged, Naomy an' Benjie an' me, if you'll retuhn in a few days an' give 'em some trainin'.'

"'I promise,' says the ole man. Thoughts seem to pass ovah him, then he went on: 'I jes' wan' to 'zamine the country frum Wes'poht to the Kanzus line. I knows thet the King's daughtah

'd nevah set foot on the soil o' Kanzus, leas'wise I don' think so. If I don' fine huh, I shall espec' you to hep me, like you said you would.'

" 'Shoh I will!' says Mass' Jim. 'We all will, an' we'll fine huh!'

"So the King rid away with Jiminy runnin' along by the hoss as proud as Lucifah. 'Bout an hour aftah they wuz gone, Rachel—thet's my wife—comes an' tells me somethin' thet Hildy 'd jes' tole huh—Hildy lived at the Johnsing place—and I says to Mass' Jim,

" 'Mass' Jim, I jes' luhned thet thah's a strange young man an' a puhty gal ovah at the Johnsing place.'

"He tuhn to me right quick:

" 'Who tole you thet?'

" 'Rachel—she jes' heahd hit frum Hildy. They been thah faw moh 'n a week.'

"Miss Naomy look at huh paw, then she take huh hat an' go ovah to Missis Becky Johnsing's—you knows the house—an' inside of a hour she come back, walkin' fas', an' she say to huh paw an' huh brothah Benjie, says she, 'Hit's them!'

" 'How 'd you know hit's the King's daughtah?' says Mass' Benjie, takin' the question right out o' his paw's mouth.

" 'I seen huh!' says she scawnfully. 'A bline man could see thet she's a princiss! Becky intaduced me.'

"Then evrybody begin askin' questions all to wunst!

" 'I'll tell you how she is,' says Miss Naomy. 'She's thet puhty thet hit 'd be a muhcy to the men to kill huh right now! You nevah seen anything blackah than huh hah, an' huh eyes is blackah still an' as soft as black velvit! She don' look to be moh 'n a chile o' fifteen, but she has the fawm of a woman. An' huh voice, hit moh beautiful then she is! The moment you heah hit, you wan' to follah huh fawevah! I kin ondahstan' now thet Queens ain't like othah wimmin!'

" 'Did she seem happy?' ax Massah Jim.

" 'Yes an' no. I axt huh if they wuz a-goin' to remain with us, an' a cloud seem to pass ovah huh, an' she didn' ansuh faw a while, then she said they's goin' to jine a caravan in a few days faw the Fah Wes', an' frum that minit she nevah smile agin as long as I stay.'

“‘We musn’ let huh iscape,’ says Mass’ Jim. ‘Sen’ Rachel ovah evry day—twicet a day—to ax Miss Becky what their plans is.’

“Wal! Rachel go ovah evry day, an’ Miss Becky come down an’ see we all the secont day—thah wusn’ no grandah lady in these pahts, an’ a widah, the moh’s the pity! An’ when she heahd thet she had at huh house Princiss Peggy, the daughtah o’ the King o’ Callaway, she become almos’ as ixcited as us, an’ she entahd into the plan to prevent the Princiss frum iscapin’. Hit was arranged thet the fuhst night aftah the retuhn o’ the King we’d remine him of his promise to lead a hunt like he do in the Kingdom, to show us how it oughta be done. The moon ’d be jest about full then, we calclated, an’ we’d sawt o’ guide the hunt roun’ tell hit ’d pass neah the Johnsing house, an’ we felt shoh thet the Princiss ’d come to huh paw if she heahd him suddent-like in the night, an’ relized thet he’d jounned all the way frum the Kingdom o’ Callaway jes’ to fine huh.

“Miss Becky an’ the ladies of our fambly wuz so ixcited thet they walk up an’ down the room, an’ Miss Becky say, ‘Nevah in my life did I heah of anything so s’blime as what thet ole man’s done! How I wisht I could see him!’ An’ Miss Naomy say, ‘Don’ call him an ole man, Becky, call him the King!’ An’ Miss Becky reply, ‘He *is* a King!’

“But our plans wuz not relized. The day aftah the King set out to covah the country ’tween Wes’poht an’ Kanzus hit commence to rain stiddy, what I call rainin’, an’ hit continue all night an’ all the nex’ day. Massah Jim, he thet res’less he set by the windah an’ cuss somethin’ awful, an’ then he light his pipe an’ walk about the house cussin’ some moh, an’ Miss Naomy sayin’: ‘Hesh, Paw!’ Wall! the King had calclated to retuhn the evnin’ o’ the thuhd day, but he didn’.

“‘Long about two hours to sundown o’ the thuhd day, hit become suddently hottah ’n blazes. Young like you is, you nevah seen nothin’ like hit. Waves an’ billahs o’ heat roll ovah us frum the south, an’ hit become so dahk thet we had to light candles an’ lamps, an’ Mass’ Jim carrin’ on wuhs then evah an’ cussin’ evry-thing in the State o’ Missouri. An’ then hit *did* rain! Bahrals an’ hogsheads an’ rivahs o’ watah fell out o’ the sky all to wunst, an’ a night come down thet wuz a night! Hit wuz so black thet

a preachah couldn't 'a' seen a sinnah two foot frum him, ixcep' faw the flashes o' lightnin' thet follahd each othah evry three secents, an' the thundah wuz like the jedgment day.

"'Bout an hour aftah suppah, they wuz thet worrit an' nahvous thet they sen' me ovah to Miss Becky's to enquiah if thah wuz any news. I tuk with me a stout hickry cane faw to hep keep me frum fallin' an' push the branches out o' my face. Lawd! Hit wuz jes' like swimmin'! I thought moh 'n wunst I'd nevah git thah, but at last I seen in a flash o' lightnin' the red brick house, an' I reach the shed behine the kitchen. I wait thah half a hour faw the watah to run off o' me, then I knock on the doh, an' Hildy call: 'Who's thah?', an' she wouldn't open the doh tell I name mysef.

"Miss Becky come in directly she knowd I wuz thah, an' she shoh wuz pale! She hadn't no news, no moh 'n we all. She walk up an' down the big kitchen, an' wring huh han's. I ax whah the Princiss wuz, an' she say thet she wuz cryin' up-stahs in the room what she an' the young fellah occupy. The room wuz in the back ell o' the house, an' opemd on the galry.

"Wall the stawm continue wuhs then evah, an' us three an' Bessie, the othah suhvant, wuz thah alone in the kitchen, 'spectin' the hull house to fall, when I thinks I heah the bayin' of a houn' an' I raise my han' an' says: 'Listen!' An shoh 'nuff, in between them claps o' thundah we heahd the bayin' of a houn'!

"We throw opem the doh an' resh out undah the shed, what wuz opem at both en's. The houn' wuz a-comin' up frum the low groun' tohds the branch, a little to the southwest o' the house, right through them scattahd fruit-trees this side the awchuhd—you knows the spot. An' suddently we heahd the hummin' o' one o' them houn'-fawks—the soun' froze our blood—an' in a flash o' lightnin' we seen the King! He wuz ridin' with his head bent fohwahds, but we seen his great white beahd clingin' all ovah his breast in the rain. Robaht—thet wuz the name of his handsome gray hoss, what wuz named aftah Genral Lee—Robaht wuz a-breastin' the stawm somethin' beautiful, an' we seen his eyes like fiah. The King hadn't seen the house, 'cause the rain an' the branches wuz beatin' his face. An' all the time we heahd the bayin' o' Jiminy an' the unuhthly hummin' o' the houn'-fawk, an' wunst the ole man's voice callin', 'Peggy! Peggy!'

"Jes' as they come abreast o' the conah o' the house, we heahd a suddent movement up-stahs an' bah feet runnin' along the galry an' down the stahs, an' we heahd the voice o' the Princiss screamin', 'Daddy! Daddy!' We seen huh by the flashes run out into the stawm with huh hah flyin', an' Robaht, when he heahd huh, stop proud-like with his neck ahched, an' the King raise his head an' see huh an' fall out o' the saddle like he shot, an' he fall right into huh ahms. We all resht out o' the shed. You nevah heah a chile cry like the Princiss did, an' we wuz all weepin', 'cep' the King, who lay thah onconscious in huh ahms, an' the houn' dog Jiminy a-leapin' all ovah the Princiss an' a-kissin' huh. He knowd who they'd ben lookin' faw, an' so did Robaht!

"We all hep to tote the King into the house, an' we lay him down on the floh o' the kitchen, with his head in the Princiss's lap, an' he give no sign o' life. An' the Princiss set thah on the floh weepin' an' beggin' him to speak to huh. Miss Becky flew to the pantry, callin' awdahs to Bessie an' Hildy. Miss Becky nevah had huh s'periah faw makin' toddy, an' in no time she wuz kneelin' down an' puttin' spoonfuls o' hot toddy in the King's mouth. At las' he opem his eyes, an' the fust thing he seen wuz the face o' his chile bendin' ovah him. He close his eyes an' big sobs run through him. He nevah said a wuhd, an' the Princiss held him in huh buzzum like he wuz a baby, an' she kep' on kissin' him an' sobbin' ovah him, tell at las' we heahd the wuhds she wuz tryin' to say to him: 'Daddy! fawgive me! I ain' nevah goin' to leave you no moh!' He couldn't speak, but he put his ahms up roun' huh. Miss Becky wuz still kneelin' on the floh, givin' him frum time to time a spoonful o' toddy. Huh puhty dress wuz wringin' wet, an' thah wuz watah all ovah the floh, but what did thet mattah? Aftah some minits, the King opem his eyes an' look a long time at his daughtah, an' then says: 'I don' know whah I is, an' I don' kyah, so I have you.'

"Then Hildy an' Bessie, the othah suhvant, drug in a ahm-chyah, an' we lif' the King tendahly an' place him in it, an' the Princiss cuddle up in his ahms, with huh puhty feet showin', an' they whispah to each othah.

"By this time, thah wuz coffy ready an' things to eat, but the King an' the Princiss wuz thet happy they couldn't eat nothin'.

Jiminy, he jus' set thah by the ahmchyah with shinin' eyes, the proudest' dog you evah seen! We try to get him to eat, but he wouldn't eat in company, so we envite him out into the shed, an' he shoh wuz hongry! One of the men 'd already put Robaht in the stable an' rub him down an' give him a big ration of oats an' hay.

"The Princiss had done whispahd to the King whah he wuz an' how Miss Becky wuz one o' the grandes' ladies in the wuhld, an' he felt ashamed of all the trouble he'd caused an' of his rags. He whispahd some moh with his daughtah, an' then said to Miss Becky, timid-like, not supposin' thet she knowed he wuz a King:

"'Madam,' says he, 'I feel ashamed of all the trouble I have caused you. I can' thank you 'nuff! I shall nevah fawgit you as long as the good Lawd allows me to live. If you will pahdon me, I mus' be goin'. The stawm won' hahm me now.'

"Miss Becky stan' thah an' laugh in the sweet way she had, an' say:

"'Allow you an' this deah chile to go out into the night an' stawm? We don' do things thet-a-way at this house. We've lots o' room! Remain with us as long as you kin. Your presence honahs this roof.'

"'Hit's you who honahs us, Madam,' says the King. 'I would remain, only I promist Mistah Holloway to retuhn this evenin' if possible, an' heah it is I don' know how many hours in the night, naw how many miles to the Holloway fahm.'

"Miss Becky smile right sweet at thet, an' say:

"'Hit's less 'n a mile to the Holloway fahm. I'll tell you—let's all go ovah thah aftah while, if the stawm allows! They mus' be worrit to death, faw hit's nigh on two hours sense Joe lef' them. Joe,' says she, tuhnin' to me, 'couldn' you ride the—' I reckon she wuz goin' to say 'the King's hoss,' but she check huhself—'couldn' you ride the beautiful gray hoss aw one of ourn, an' tell 'em the good news, an' we'll follah latah, if we kin, in the kerridge?'

"I go out an' saddle Robaht, an' ride like wile. He wuz a powahful hoss, wuz Robaht, an' smahtah then a man. What joy when I got home an' resht in with the news! The ole house wuz a-buzzin' with noise in a minit—preparations in the kitchen, an' most o' the fambly runnin' up-stahs to dress. In less 'n a hour,

heah come the othahs in the kerridge, an' Bessie an' Hildy too 'cause you couldn't o' kep' 'em away. Miss Becky had loaned the Princiss some shoes an' stockin's, 'cause she wouldn' go back to huh room. Thet young fellah what 'd been hepin' to haul wood on the Johnsing place, they nevah seen him agin. He lef' the nex' day—jined a caravan faw the Fah Wes'.

"All the suhvants on this fahm wuz thah to hep in the preparations faw dinnah, as wuz Bessie an' Hildy. You nevah seen a dinnah prepahd quickah an' bettah. Sech a dinnah! We'll nevah see hits like agin, faw them times is gawn. The dinnah wuz what you might call complete, frum fried chicken an' hot biscuit down the line to pickles an' jellies an' presuhvs an' cakes an' pies, an' o' cohs thah wuz hot coffy an' cream, an' Massah had got out two bottles o' the bes' wine evah drunk this side o' Saint Louis. An' then thah wuz the gues's, faw hit's the gues's thet sets off a feast!

"Wal! we kep' the King an' the Princiss with us faw nigh a fawtnight, an' hit wuz a time of onendin' festivities. We kep' opem house evry day, an' Miss Becky wuz heah most o' the time, bless huh! We wuz jes' one big fambly. The King and Jiminy give a lesson evryday to our houn's, an' all of us went along to see. These woods wuz alive with us happy folks. Wal! them houn's of ourn, they jes' wuhship the King frum the fuhst! He train 'em with his voice, an' he train 'em with his eye, an' he train 'em with his houn'-fawks, an' Jiminy hep him all the time.

"Sevral times a day, the King an' the Princiss come heah to the Mawmon pool, an' they walk along han' in han', jes' like lovahs. They use to set right heah whah we is this minit, me an' you, an' sometimes we heah them singin' togethah in a low voice,

'On the othah side o' Jawdan,
In the sweet fiel's of Eden,'

an' the soun' wuz so sweet thet we had to cry.

"When hit wuz gettin' neahly time faw their depahchah, the King 'lowed he'd ride ovah to Wes'poht an' buy a hoss faw his daughtah, but bless you! we didn' do things thet-a-way! Massah Jim 'd done selected the bes' an' gentles' ridin' hoss in his paschas, an' 'd bought a fine side-saddle an' bridle. He present them all to the Princiss, who threw huh ahms roun' his neck and kist him

an' say she goin' to call him 'Uncle Jim,' an' she done so in speakin' an' writin', faw she writ often aftah they got back to the Kingdom o' Callaway. Wal! the day come when they rid away side by side, huh an' the King, with Jiminy trottin' along by the hosses. We all try to smile, but we wuz weepin'. Right ovah yonnah whah the drive tuhns into the Lockridge Road is the spot whah we seen them faw the las' time, tuhnin' an' wavin' to us, an' prob'ly repeatin' their invitation to come down to the Kingdom o' Callaway for the remaindah of our nachral lives."

THE YEARBOOK OF THE AMERICAN
SHORT STORY
SEPTEMBER, 1926, TO JULY, 1927

ABBREVIATIONS

I. PERIODICALS

<i>A. Merc.</i>	American Mercury.
<i>A. W.</i>	All's Well.
<i>Adv.</i>	Adventure.
<i>Ain.</i>	Ainslee's Magazine.
<i>Am.</i>	American Magazine.
<i>Am. B.</i>	American Boy.
<i>Am. H.</i>	American Hebrew.
<i>Am. St.</i>	Amazing Stories.
<i>Atl.</i>	Atlantic Monthly.
<i>B. E. T.</i>	Boston Evening Transcript.
<i>Ber.</i>	Bermondsey Book.
<i>Black.</i>	Blackwood's Magazine.
<i>Book. (N. Y.)</i> ...	Bookman. (New York.)
<i>Books</i>	Books. (New York Herald Tribune.)
<i>Brith</i>	Brith Sholom News.
<i>C. G.</i>	Country Gentleman.
<i>C. R. R.</i>	Cedar Rapids Republican.
<i>Cal.</i>	Calendar.
<i>Cath. W.</i>	Catholic World.
<i>Cen.</i>	Century Magazine.
<i>Charm</i>	Charm.
<i>Chic. Trib.</i>	Chicago Tribune. (Syndicate Service.)
<i>Col.</i>	Collier's Weekly.
<i>Colum.</i>	Columbia.
<i>Com.</i>	Commonweal.
<i>Cos.</i>	Cosmopolitan.
<i>Dear. Ind.</i>	Dearborn Independent.
<i>Del.</i>	Delineator.
<i>Des.</i>	Designer.
<i>Det.</i>	Detective Story Magazine.
<i>Dial</i>	Dial.
<i>Dub. T.</i>	Dubuque Telegraph Herald.
<i>Echo</i>	Echo.
<i>Elks</i>	Elks' Magazine.
<i>Eur.</i>	Europe.
<i>Ev.</i>	Everybody's Magazine.
<i>F. S.</i>	Famous Story Magazine.
<i>Fire</i>	Fire.
<i>For.</i>	Forum.
<i>Forest</i>	Forest and Stream.
<i>Fron.</i>	Frontier Stories.
<i>G. H.</i>	Good Housekeeping. (New York.)
<i>Gam.</i>	Gammadion.
<i>Gol.</i>	Golden Book.

<i>H. J.</i>	Haldeman-Julius Quarterly.
<i>Harp. B.</i>	Harper's Bazar.
<i>Harp. M.</i>	Harper's Magazine.
<i>Hol.</i>	Holland's Magazine.
<i>Husk</i>	Husk.
<i>Ind.</i>	Independent.
<i>Int.</i>	International Book Review.
<i>J. T.</i>	Jewish Tribune.
<i>L. H. J.</i>	Ladies' Home Journal.
<i>L. Merc.</i>	London Mercury.
<i>L. Rev.</i>	Literary Review. (New York Evening Post.)
<i>Lar.</i>	Larus.
<i>Liv. A.</i>	Living Age.
<i>Ly.</i>	Liberty.
<i>M. P.</i>	Modern Priscilla.
<i>McC.</i>	McClure's Magazine.
<i>McCall</i>	McCall's Magazine.
<i>MacL.</i>	MacLean's Magazine.
<i>Men. J.</i>	Menorah Journal.
<i>Mid.</i>	Midland.
<i>Mod. Q.</i>	Modern Quarterly.
<i>Mun.</i>	Munsey's Magazine.
<i>Mys.</i>	Mystery Stories.
<i>N. A. Rev.</i>	North American Review.
<i>N. Mass.</i>	New Masses.
<i>N. Rep.</i>	New Republic.
<i>N. Y. Sun.</i>	New York Sun.
<i>N. Y. Times.</i>	New York Times Book Review.
<i>N. Y. Trib.</i>	New York Herald Tribune.
<i>Nat. (N. Y.)</i>	Nation. (New York.)
<i>Opp.</i>	Opportunity.
<i>Outl. (N. Y.)</i>	Outlook. (New York.)
<i>Over.</i>	Overland Monthly.
<i>P. M.</i>	Pall Mall.
<i>Par.</i>	American Parade.
<i>Pict. R.</i>	Pictorial Review.
<i>Pop.</i>	Popular Magazine.
<i>Pr. S.</i>	Prairie Schooner.
<i>Psy.</i>	Psychology.
<i>Red Bk.</i>	Red Book Magazine.
<i>Rot.</i>	Rotarian.
<i>S. E. P.</i>	Saturday Evening Post.
<i>S. F. R.</i>	San Francisco Review.
<i>S. W.</i>	Southwest Review.
<i>Sat. R. (N. Y.)</i>	Saturday Review of Literature.
<i>Scan.</i>	American-Scandinavian Review.
<i>Sch.</i>	Scholastic.
<i>Scr.</i>	Scribner's Magazine.
<i>Sh. St.</i>	Short Stories Magazine.
<i>Shrine</i>	Shrine.
<i>St. Nich.</i>	St. Nicholas.
<i>Strat.</i>	Stratford Magazine.

<i>Suc.</i>	Success.
<i>Sun.</i>	Sunset Magazine.
<i>Tan.</i>	Tanager.
<i>Transit.</i>	Transition.
<i>V. F.</i>	Vanity Fair.
<i>Va.</i>	Virginia Quarterly Review.
<i>W. H. C.</i>	Woman's Home Companion.
<i>W. Tom.</i>	World Tomorrow.
<i>W. W.</i>	Woman's World.
<i>World</i>	New York World.
<i>Y. I.</i>	Young Israel.
<i>Yale</i>	Yale Review.
<i>Young</i>	Young's Magazine.
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(2: 161)	Volume 2, Page 161.

II. BOOKS

<i>Asquith</i>	Asquith. The Ghost Book.
<i>Aumonier D.</i>	Aumonier. The Baby Grand.
<i>Austin D.</i>	Austin. The War God Walks Again.
<i>Austin E.</i>	Austin. When Mankind Was Young.
<i>Basile</i>	Basile. Il Pentamerone.
<i>Beck C.</i>	Beck. Dreams and Delights.
<i>Becke F.</i>	Becke. Notes from My South Sea Log.
<i>Bennett B.</i>	Bennett. The Woman Who Stole Everything.
<i>Bercovici F.</i>	Bercovici. Singing Winds.
<i>Borden</i>	Borden. Four O'Clock.
<i>Bowen</i>	Bowen. Ann Lee's. (English edition.)
<i>Bower</i>	Bower. East Anglian Neighbours. (English edition.)
<i>Cankar</i>	Cankar. Yerne's Justice.
<i>Cather B.</i>	Cather. My Mortal Enemy.
<i>Chaplin</i>	Chaplin. Five Hundred Dollars.
<i>Clifford C.</i>	Clifford. In Days That Are Dead.
<i>Cobb J.</i>	Cobb. Ladies and Gentlemen.
<i>Contemporary</i> ...	Gerould and Bayly. Contemporary Short Stories.
<i>Coppard F.</i>	Coppard. The Field of Mustard.
<i>Copy D.</i>	Copy, 1927.
<i>D.</i>	"H. D." Palimpsest.
<i>Dixie</i>	In Dixie Land.
<i>Doyle G.</i>	Doyle. The Case Book of Sherlock Holmes.
<i>Dreiser C.</i>	Dreiser. Chains.
<i>Eaton E.</i>	Eaton. The Best French Short Stories of 1925-26.
<i>Eaton F.</i>	Eaton. The Best Continental Short Stories of 1926.
<i>Ertz</i>	Ertz. The Wind of Complication.
<i>Fairbank</i>	Fairbank. Idle Hands.
<i>Farjeon</i>	Farjeon. Faithful Jenny Dove. (English edition.)
<i>Ferber D.</i>	Ferber. Mother Knows Best.
<i>France B.</i>	France. Golden Tales.
<i>Freeman C.</i>	Freeman. Best Stories of Mary E. Wilkins.
<i>French M.</i>	French. Ghosts, Grim and Gentle.

- Garvin* Garvin. Corn in Egypt. (English edition.)
Georgian D. Georgian Stories, 1926.
Gerhardi Gerhardi. Pretty Creatures.
Gilchrist Gilchrist. A Peakland Faggot. (English edition.)
Gray B. Gray. Real Dogs.
Hecht B. Hecht. Broken Necks.
Housman D. Housman. Ironical Tales.
Hume Hume. Street of the Malcontents.
Hurst D. Hurst. Song of Life.
Istrati Istrati. Kyra Kyralina.
Jacks B. Jacks. Magic Formula.
Jacobs Jacobs. Sea Whispers.
Jacot Jacot. The Longer Shadow. (English edition.)
Kavanagh Kavanagh. The Ashes of Old Wishes.
Kaye-Smith Kaye-Smith. Joanna Godden Married.
Keyserling Keyserling. Twilight.
Kipling C. Kipling. Debits and Credits.
Komroff B. Komroff. The Voice of Fire.
Lawson A. Lawson. Where the Billy Boils. 1st series. (English edition.)
Lawson B. Lawson. Where the Billy Boils. 2nd series. (English edition.)
Locke Locke. Stories, Near and Far.
McNeile McNeile. Word of Honour.
Maugham C. Maugham. The Casuarina Tree.
Maupassant O. ... Maupassant. The Pedlar.
Morley A. Morley. The Arrow.
Morley B. Morley. Pleased to Meet You.
Mottram Mottram. The Spanish Farm Trilogy. (English edition.)
Nason Nason. Three Lights from a Match.
Neihardt Neihardt. Indian Tales.
O'Brien Q. O'Brien. Best Short Stories of 1926.
O'Brien R. O'Brien. Best British Short Stories of 1926.
Pegasus Young Pegasus.
Phillpotts D. Phillpotts. The Miniature.
Phillpotts E. Phillpotts. Peacock House.
Prize H. O. Henry Memorial Award. Prize Stories of 1926.
Rhys D. Rhys and Dawson Scott. 28 Humorous Tales.
Rhys E. Rhys. Black Horse Pit. (English edition.)
Schnitzler A. Schnitzler. None But the Brave.
Schnitzler B. Schnitzler. Rhapsody.
Shuster Shuster. The Hill of Happiness.
Sigmund Sigmund. Wapsipinicon Tales.
Smith, B. Smith. Innocents Aloft.
South South Carolina.
Springs Springs. Nocturne Militaire.
Stone Stone. The Laughingest Lady.
Suckow Suckow. Iowa Interiors.
Sullivan Sullivan. Under the Northern Lights.
Tagore B. Tagore. Broken Ties.
Thomason Thomason. Red Pants.
Thurston Thurston. The Rossetti. (English edition.)

<i>Tolstoy A.</i>	Tolstoy. The Devil.
<i>Tolstoy B.</i>	Tolstoy. Stories and Dramas.
<i>Trites</i>	Trites. The Gypsy.
<i>Trumps</i>	Trumps.
<i>Van Dyke B.</i>	Van Dyke. The Golden Key.
<i>Villiers</i>	Villiers de l'Isle Adam. Sardonic Tales.
<i>Walrond</i>	Walrond. Tropic Death.
<i>Wassermann</i>	Wassermann. Oberlin's Three Stages.
<i>Weeks</i>	Weeks. The Hound-Tuner of Callaway.
<i>White</i>	White. Lukundoo.
<i>Williamson</i>	Williamson. The Old Stag.
<i>Wilson D.</i>	Wilson. The Painted City.
<i>Winslow C.</i>	Winslow. People Round the Corner.
<i>Witwer</i>	Witwer. Bill Grimm's Progress.
<i>Wren B.</i>	Wren. Dew and Mildew.
<i>Wren C.</i>	Wren. The Young Stagers.
<i>Wrong</i>	Wrong. Crime and Detection.

ADDRESSES OF MAGAZINES PUBLISHING SHORT STORIES

I. AMERICAN MAGAZINES

Adventure, 223 Spring Street, New York City.
All's Well, Gayeta Lodge, Fayetteville, Ark.
Amazing Stories, 53 Park Place, New York City.
American Boy, 142 Lafayette Boulevard, Detroit, Mich.
American Caravan, Care of Mr. Paul Rosenfeld, 77 Irving Place, New York City.
American Hebrew, 19 West 44th Street, New York City.
American Magazine, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.
American Mercury, 730 Fifth Avenue, New York City.
American Parade, 166 Remsen Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
American-Scandinavian Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.
Argosy All-Story Weekly, 280 Broadway, New York City.
Atlantic Monthly, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass.
Blue Book Magazine, 36 South State Street, Chicago, Ill.
Bookman, 452 Fifth Avenue, New York City.
Catholic World, 120 West 60th Street, New York City.
Century Magazine, 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City.
Chicago Tribune, Chicago, Ill.
Collier's Weekly, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.
Columbia, New Haven, Conn.
Commonweal, 25 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York City.
Cosmopolitan, 119 West 40th Street, New York City.
Country Gentleman, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.
Delineator, Spring and Macdougall Streets, New York City.
Dial, 152 West 13th Street, New York City.
Echo, 1837 Champa Street, Denver, Col.
Elks' Magazine, 50 East 42nd Street, New York City.
Everybody's Magazine, Spring and Macdougall Streets, New York City.
Farm and Fireside, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.
Forum, 441 Lexington Avenue, New York City.
Frontier, Garden City, Long Island, N. Y.
Gammadion, P. O. Box 624, Birmingham, Alabama.
Golden Book, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City.
Good Housekeeping, 119 West 40th Street, New York City.
Harper's Bazar, 119 West 40th Street, New York City.
Harper's Magazine, 49 East 33rd Street, New York City.
Holland's Magazine, Dallas, Texas.
Independent, 9 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass.
Jewish Tribune, Marbridge Building, New York City.
Ladies' Home Journal, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.
Larus, 12 Baker Street, Lynn, Mass.
Liberty, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.
McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.

McClure's Magazine, 119 West 40th Street, New York City.
 MacLean's Magazine, 143 University Avenue, Toronto, Ont., Canada.
 Menorah Journal, 167 West 13th Street, New York City.
 Midland, Care of Mr. John T. Frederick, Iowa City, Iowa.
 Munsey's Magazine, 280 Broadway, New York City.
 New Masses, 39 Union Square, West, New York City.
 New Republic, 421 West 21st Street, New York City.
 North American Review, 9 East 37th Street, New York City.
 Open Road, 284 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.
 Opportunity, 17 Madison Avenue, New York City.
 Outlook, 120 East 16th Street, New York City.
 Overland Monthly, 356 Pacific Building, San Francisco, Cal.
 Pictorial Review, 216 West 39th Street, New York City.
 Popular Magazine, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City.
 Red Book Magazine, North American Building, Chicago, Ill.
 Rotarian, 221 East Cullerton Street, Chicago, Ill.
 St. Nicholas, 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City.
 Saturday Evening Post, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.
 Scribner's Magazine, 597 Fifth Avenue, New York City.
 Sea Stories, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City.
 Short Stories, Garden City, Long Island, N. Y.
 Shrine, 1440 Broadway, New York City.
 Southwest Review, Methodist University, Dallas, Texas.
 Stratford Magazine, 234 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.
 Success, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York City.
 Sunset, 460 Fourth Street, San Francisco, Cal.
 Vanity Fair, 23 West 44th Street, New York City.
 Virginia Quarterly Review, 8 West Lawn, University, Va.
 West, Garden City, Long Island, N. Y.
 Woman's Home Companion, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.
 Woman's World, 107 South Clinton Street, Chicago, Ill.
 Yale Review, 315 Whitney Avenue, New Haven, Conn.
 Young's Magazine, 112 East 19th Street, New York City.

II. BRITISH AND IRISH MAGAZINES

All-Story Magazine, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E. C. 4.
 Argosy, La Belle Sauvage, Ludgate Hill, London, E. C. 4.
 Blackwood's Magazine, 37 Paternoster Row, London, E. C. 4.
 Blue Magazine, 13 Whitefriars Street, London, E. C. 4.
 Blue Peter, 12 St. Mary Axe, London, E. C.
 Bystander, 346 Strand, London, W. C. 2.
 Cassell's Magazine, La Belle Sauvage, Ludgate Hill, London, E. C. 4.
 Chambers' Journal, 38 Soho Square, London, W. C. 1.
 Corner Magazine, La Belle Sauvage, Ludgate Hill, London, E. C. 4.
 Cornhill Magazine, 50a Albemarle Street, London, W. 1.
 Empire Review, Macmillan and Co., Ltd., St. Martin's Street, London, W. C. 2.
 English Review, 4 Dean's Yard, Westminster, London, S. W. 1.
 Eve, 346 Strand, London, W. C. 2.
 Fortnightly Review, 11 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W. C. 2.

- G. K.'s Weekly, 20-21 Essex Street, Strand, London, W. C. 2.
 Gaiety, 8 Adam Street, Adelphi, London, W. C. 2.
 Good Housekeeping, 153 Queen Victoria Street, London, E. C. 4.
 Grand Magazine, 8-11 Southampton Street, Strand, London, W. C. 2.
 Graphic, 346 Strand, London, W. C. 2.
 Happy Magazine, 8 Southampton Street, Strand, London, W. C. 2.
 Home Magazine, 18 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W. C. 2.
 Hutchinson's Adventure Story Magazine, 34-36 Paternoster Row, London, E. C. 4.
 Hutchinson's Best Story Magazine, 34-36 Paternoster Row, London, E. C. 4.
 Hutchinson's Magazine, 34-36 Paternoster Row, London, E. C. 4.
 Hutchinson's Mystery Story Magazine, 34-36 Paternoster Row, London, E. C. 4.
 Illustrated London News, 346 Strand, W. C. 2.
 Irish Statesman, 84 Merrion Square, Dublin, Irish Free State.
 John o' London's Weekly, 8 Southampton Street, Strand, London, W. C. 2.
 Jolly Magazine, 34-36 Paternoster Row, London, E. C. 4.
 Lady, 39 Bedford Street, Strand, London, W. C. 2.
 Lady's World, Lennox House, Norfolk Street, Strand, London, W. C. 2.
 London Magazine, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E. C. 4.
 London Mercury, 229 Strand, London, W. C. 2.
 Manchester Guardian, 3 Cross Street, Manchester, England.
 Monthly Criterion, 24 Russell Square, London, W. C. 1.
 Nash's Magazine, 153 Queen Victoria Street, London, E. C. 4.
 Nation and Athenæum, 38 Great James Street, Holborn, London, W. C. 2.
 New Age, 70 High Holborn, London, W. C. 1.
 New Coterie, 68 Red Lion Street, London, W. C. 1.
 New Magazine, La Belle Sauvage, Ludgate Hill, London, E. C. 4.
 New Statesman, 10 Great Queen Street, Kingsway, London, W. C. 2.
 Novel Magazine, 18 Henrietta Street, London, W. C. 2.
 Outlook, 69 Fleet Street, London, E. C. 4.
 Outspan, P. O. Box 245, Bloemfontein, Orange Free State.
 Outward Bound, Edinburgh House, 2 Eaton Gate, London, S. W. 1.
 Pall Mall, 153 Queen Victoria Street, London, E. C. 4.
 Pearson's Magazine, 18 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W. C. 2.
 Premier, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E. C. 4.
 Queen, Bream Buildings, London, E. C. 4.
 Quiver, La Belle Sauvage, Ludgate Hill, London, E. C. 4.
 Red Magazine, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E. C. 4.
 Romance, 3 Lancaster Place, Wellington Street, London, W. C. 2.
 Royal Magazine, 18 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W. C. 2.
 Saturday Review, 9 King Street, Covent Garden, London, W. C. 2.
 Sketch, 346 Strand, London, W. C. 2.
 Spectator, 13 York Street, Covent Garden, London, W. C. 2.
 Sphere, 346 Strand, London, W. C. 2.
 Story-Teller, La Belle Sauvage, Ludgate Hill, London, E. C. 4.
 Strand Magazine, 8-11 Southampton Street, Strand, London, W. C. 2.
 T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly, La Belle Sauvage, Ludgate Hill, London, E. C. 4.

Tatler, 346 Strand, London, W. C. 2.

Time and Tide, 88 Fleet Street, London, E. C. 4.

Truth, Carteret Street, Queen Anne's Gate, London, S. W. 1.

20-Story Magazine, 93 Long Acre, London, W. C. 2.

Violet Magazine, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E. C. 4.

Windsor Magazine, Warwick House, Salisbury Square, London, E. C. 4.

Woman, 34-36 Paternoster Row, London, E. C. 4.

Yellow Magazine, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E. C. 4.

THE BIOGRAPHICAL ROLL OF HONOR OF AMERICAN SHORT STORIES

SEPTEMBER, 1926, TO JULY, 1927

NOTE. Only stories by American authors are listed. The index figures 1 to 13 prefixed to the name of the author indicate the last Roll of Honor in which his name has been included. The figure 1 refers to 1914, the figure 2 to 1915, etc. The Roll of Honor for 1914 appeared in the volume for 1915. The list excludes reprints.

- (13) ADAMS, BILL (*for biography, see 1922*).

Comrades of the Sea.

Jukes.

Sacrament.

- (12) AIKEN, CONRAD (*for biography, see 1922*).

State of Mind.

- (12) "ALEXANDER, SANDRA" (MILDRED ALEXANDER LEWIS) (*for biography, see 1923*).

Passion.

ALEY, MAXWELL. Born in Vincennes, Indiana, September 21, 1889. Son of Robert Judson Aley and Nelle Archer Aley. Ancestry Dutch-English on father's side, Scotch-Irish on mother's. Father, university professor and later university president; childhood spent at Indiana University, Leland Stanford, and University of Pennsylvania. Early education, at home; then Bloomington, Ind., High School, and Indiana University (A.B. 1911). After that two years of foreign travel. Published juvenile novel, "The Barnstormers," 1912. Editorial positions with Doubleday, Page & Co., Henry Holt & Co., Harper & Bros., Century Co., Managing Editor, *Century Magazine*, 1921-23. Fiction Editor, *The Woman's Home Companion*, since 1923. Literary adviser to Bobbs-Merrill Company. Secretary American Center P. E. N., 1922-26. Lecturer on short story, New York University, 1922-27. Married to Ruth E. T. Parkhurst of San Francisco, in 1915. Two sons. Lives in New York City and Cos Cob, Conn.

Mr. Petty's Garden.

ALLEN, HARBOR. Born in Kentucky, 1900; drifted from one university to another till he got a degree from Chicago; edited a newspaper in Blue Island, Illinois; taught in a Wisconsin college; became a newspaper correspondent in Europe, drifting through Germany and Italy, with visits to other countries; returned to Middle West, wrote articles, stories, poems for numerous magazines, moved to New York; publicity director for the American Civil Liberties Union; dramatic critic for

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the *Daily Worker*; contributing editor to the *New Masses*. Now working in a coal mine in Nant-y-Glo, Pa.
Caged.

- (13) ANDERSON, SHERWOOD (*for biography, see 1917*).

Another Wife.
Criminal's Christmas.
Death in the Woods.
Tar's Day of Bravery.
Tar's Wonderful Sunday.
What Makes a Boy Afraid.
Worlds of Fancy and of Facts.

- (13) BAILEY, MARGARET EMERSON (*for biography, see 1926*).

Breathing Space.
Common Law.

BARNARD, LESLIE GORDON.

Traitor.

- (12) BEEDE, IVAN (*for biography, see 1924*).

Bertie.

- (9) BEER, THOMAS (*for biography, see 1917*).

Cramambuli.

BENNETT, GWENDOLIN.

Wedding Day.

BENTLEY, HAROLD.

Broken Threads.

- (13) BERCOVICI, KONRAD (*for biography, see 1920*).

Lena.
Unfinished House.
When Faith Returns.
Youth to Youth.

BLAKE, CLARICE. Was born in New York City, November 13, 1894. Her parents are native New Yorkers. Her father is a newspaper man on the *N. Y. Times*. Is a graduate of the Convent school in Fort Lee. Has taught and is now on the staff of the Grantwood, N. J., Public Library. Has just finished a year's study in a short story class at Columbia. "The Mold" is the eighth story she wrote, and the first to be accepted. Lives in Grantwood, N. J.
Mold.

- (13) BOYLE, KAY (*for biography, see 1926*).

Summer.
Transition.

BRADFORD, ROARK.

Child of God.

BRECHT, HAROLD W. Born in Rushford, N. Y., December 23, 1899; graduated Haverford College (B.A.), 1920. Throughout college course worked as reporter, book salesman, porter; on the whole, unsuccessfully, but his window washing was complimented. Became a writer of advertising copy, and was fired in disgrace in time to become a teacher at the Central High School, Philadelphia, Pa. Wrote first story at age of seven; happily lost. Sent first story to magazine aged fifteen. It was returned (rightfully) in three days. First story published (and paid for), "True Love," 1920, *Brief Story Magazine*. Lives in Philadelphia.
Vienna Roast.

- (13) BRYNER, EDNA CLARE (*for biography, see 1920*).
Ballad of Hannah Silvis.

BURMAN, BEN LUCIEN. Born in Covington, Kentucky, in 1896. He graduated from Harvard in 1920 after a war interim during which he was severely wounded at Soissons in July, 1918. For a time he was a member of the editorial staff of the *Boston Herald*, later he served as assistant city editor of the *Cincinnati Times Star*, then became a special writer for the *New York Sunday World*. He was a staff literary reviewer for the *Nation*. He is the author of the Kentucky article in the symposium "These United States," and of numerous ballads which have appeared chiefly in the *Century Magazine*. He is thoroughly acquainted with the mountain and river country of which he writes. In addition to this Southern material he has contributed detective stories to various magazines, *Liberty*, *Elks*, etc. He lives in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Minstrels of the Mist.

- (12) BURT, (MAXWELL) STRUTHERS (*for biography, see 1917*).
C'est la Guerre.

- (13) CABELL, JAMES BRANCH (*for biography, see 1918*).
Between Worlds.

- (13) CALLAGHAN, MORLEY (*for biography, see 1926*).
Last Spring They Came Over.

- (5) CANFIELD, DOROTHY (*for biography, see 1918*).
Remembrance.

- (13) CARVER, ADA JACK (*for biography, see 1925*).
Singing-Woman.

- (10) CHAMBERLAIN, GEORGE AGNEW (*for biography, see 1917*).
Red, Red Tree.

- (8) CHILD, RICHARD WASHBURN (*for biography, see 1921*).
Let's See It Through.

- (13) CLINE, LEONARD (LANSON).
Mekku.

- (13) COBB, IRVIN S. (*for biography, see 1917*).
Walls of Carcassone.

- (13) CORLEY, DONALD (*for biography, see 1923*).
House of Lost Identity.

CRAWFORD, NELSON ANTRIM. Born in Miller, South Dakota, May 4, 1888. He holds the degree of Bachelor of Arts from the University of Iowa and of Master of Arts from the University of Kansas. He was married to Muriel Shaver in 1925. He was formerly engaged in daily newspaper work, and was subsequently for some years head of the department of journalism in the Kansas State Agricultural College. He is now director of information for the United States Department of Agriculture, in this capacity having full charge of the publications, the press service, and the radio service of that department. He has been for a number of years an associate editor of *The Midland*, and is a contributor, chiefly of verse and criticism, to many magazines. He is author of "The Carrying of the Ghost" (verse), "The Ethics of Journalism," and other books.
Frock Coats.

- (13) CROWELL, CHESTER T. (*for biography, see 1924*).
Valhalla-Bound.

DAVENPORT, WALTER. Born in Maryland, 1889. Attended public and private schools, and the University of Pennsylvania in Philadelphia. Tramp laborer. Reporter for *Philadelphia Public Ledger*, *New York American*, *New York Sun*, *New York Herald*. In 1916 enlisted in the United States Army for service in Mexico. Went to France as sergeant 27th Division, A. E. F., and demobilized August, 1919, as captain, 28th Division. Thereafter wrote for newspapers and magazines until 1924, became associate editor of *Liberty* and there remained until April, 1926, when joined the editorial staff of *Collier's Weekly*. Lives in New York City.
Dr. Lysander.
Were I a Pirate?

DAVIS, ELMER HOLMES. Born at Aurora, Indiana, in 1890; educated in the Aurora public schools, Franklin College, and Queen's College, Oxford; and was from 1914 to 1924 a reporter and editorial writer on the *New York Times*. He is author of the novels "Times Have Changed," "I'll Show You the Town," "The Keys of the City," and "Friends of Mr. Sweeney"; also of a number of short stories and a considerable amount of critical and controversial writing, inclined to the conservative side both in æsthetics and in politics. Lives in New York City.
Bride of Quietness.

- (13) DELANO, EDITH BARNARD (*for biography, see 1920*).
Home from the Sea.

- (13) DINGLE, AYLWARD E. (*for biography, see 1925*).
Cyclops.

- (13) DOBIE, CHARLES CALDWELL (*for biography, see 1917*).
Labyrinth.
Slow Poison.

DRAPER, EDYTHE SQUIER.
As It Began to Dawn.

(13) EDMONDS, WALTER D. (*for biography, see 1926*).
Who Killed Rutherford?

(11) ELLERBE, ALMA AND PAUL (*for biographies, see 1918*).
"Done Got Over."

FINLEY-THOMAS, ELISABETH. Born in St. Paul, Minnesota, of New England parents. Educated in New Haven, Washington, France, Germany, Italy and Spain. Studied painting at Julian's in Paris with William Chase and Irving Wiles. Painted portraits and genre and exhibited regularly at the Society of American Artists, National Academy of Design, Paris Salon, etc., etc., over a period of ten years. Married Edward Russell Thomas in 1912. Has one son born in 1913. During the painting period published verses in English and American periodicals. Has been associated with the *Morning Telegraph* since 1912. Author of "Rendez-vous," 1926, and "Empty Shrines," 1927. Lives in New York City.
Mademoiselle.

(12) FISHER, RUDOLPH (*for biography, see 1925*).
Promised Land.

FITZGERALD, HELEN. Author, lecturer and traveler. Born in Vicksburg, Mississippi, and brought up in California. Later she spent several years in Montana, studying Indian tribes, National Parks, and Western history. In recognition of her services, she was adopted by the Blackfeet and given the name of Muchanicha, "The Victory." Recently she has spent considerable time lecturing in Europe and the Far East. She lived for a year in the Italian Alps and on the Lago di Como amongst the peasants of Lombardy where she found plots for a number of stories. Her books, published under the name of Helen Fitzgerald Sanders, are: "Trails Through Western Woods," "The White Quiver," "The Dream Maker," "Little Mother America," and "Petalesharoo and the Star Brave." She is a contributor to magazines and is the author of many short stories and poems.
Robber.

(13) GALE, ZONA (*for biography, see 1923*).
Annie Laurie.

GILKYSON, PHOEBE HUNTER. Born 1892 in Mont Clare, Montgomery County, Pennsylvania. Attended Hollins College in Virginia, 1906-1909, and Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts in 1911. Married 1912 to Hamilton H. Gilkyson, Jr. Four children. Walter Gilkyson is her brother-in-law. Lives at Mont Clare, Pennsylvania.
Portrait.

(13) GLASPELL, SUSAN (*for biography, see 1917*).
Rose in the Sand.

GLEASON, ARTHUR.
Land of the Free.

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GORDON, EUGENE. Born Oviedo, Florida, 1890, son of a colored Baptist minister. Educated Howard University, Washington, D. C.; the Western Front, France (1917-1918), as enlisted man and second lieutenant, and Boston University. Since the war on staff of *Boston Post*; at present editing copy and writing occasional editorials. Evenings devoted to study, Negro press, and writing about it and scribbling short story masterpieces that editors simply cannot "see." Recently founded, and is at present head of, the Saturday Evening Quill Club, organization of young Boston writers. Married. Lives in Cambridge, Mass. Rootbound.

- (12) GREEN, PAUL (*for biography, see 1925*).

Too Smart for God.

- (13) GREENWALD, TUPPER (*for biography, see 1924*).

Watcher.

When the Fruit-Tree Blossoms.

- (12) GREGG, FRANCES. A Philadelphian who went to England with "H. D." in 1911. Has lived in France, Italy and America. Is now resident in England with her children. Has published poems and stories in many English and American periodicals. Has completed a novel and a collection of short stories. Lives at Badingham, Suffolk, England.

Immigrant.

- (12) HALL, JAMES NORMAN.

Occupation: Journalist.

HARE, AMORY. Born in Philadelphia, August 30th, 1885. Father, Hobart Amory Hare. Mother, Rebecca Clifford Pemberton. Descent, English. Published work in *Atlantic Monthly*, *Harper's Monthly*, *Harper's Bazar*, *Scribner's Magazine*, *Cosmopolitan*, and other periodicals. Browning medal 1924. Books (Poetry) "Tossed Coins," 1920; "The Swept Hearth," 1922; "The Olympians," 1925; "Sonnets," 1927. In private life the wife of Dr. James P. Hutchinson. Children, Mary Amory Cook, Hobart A. H. Cook. Occupation, farming. Lives at Media, Pennsylvania.

Three Lumps of Sugar.

- (11) HARRIS, ROBERT J. (*for biography, see 1923*).

Careless Flame.

- (11) HARTLEY, ROLAND ENGLISH (*for biography, see 1924*).

Destiny.

HARTWICK, HARRY. Born at Council Bluffs, Iowa, May 25, 1907. Educated at Des Moines and at the University of Iowa. "Light" is his first published story. Lives at Des Moines, Iowa.

Light.

- (13) HEMINGWAY, ERNEST (*for biography, see 1925*).

Canary for One.

Fifty Grand.

In Another Country.

Killers.

- (13) HERGESHEIMER, JOSEPH (*for biography, see 1918*).
 Charleston.
 1888.
 Natchez.
 New Orleans.
 Trial by Armes.
 Washington.

HEYWARD, DuBOSE. Born in Charleston, S. C., August, 1885. At an early age became the sole support of his widowed mother. Painted as a young man near Tryon, N. C. Organized war work among the negroes in South Carolina. Collaborated with Hervey Allen in "Carolina Chansons." Has given many lectures and readings throughout the Southern States. Author of "Sky Lines and Horizons," "Porgy," and "Angel." Married in 1923. Dramatization of "Porgy" will be produced in New York this winter. Now living in England.
 Half Pint Flask.

- (9) HOPPER, JAMES (*for biography, see 1922*).
 When It Happens.

HUGHES, LLEWELLYN. Born about forty years ago at Penarth, Wales. His early inclinations turned to play writing and piano playing. Educated at Harvard University. Has been writing fiction since 1919. Was overseas during the war with a Canadian regiment. Has taken out first American papers for naturalization. Lives in New York City.
 Mr. Nobody.

- (13) HURSTON, ZORA NEALE. Born in Eatonville, Florida (first exclusively colored town in America), Jan. 7, 1900. Went to local school. Father, a Baptist preacher. Poor. Went to Morgan Academy, 1917-18. Graduated from Howard Academy, Washington, D. C., 1919. Entered Howard University same year. Dropped out in 1923 because she could not find the money for tuition. After "Spunk" was published received a scholarship to Barnard College, New York City, as the first colored woman to be admitted. Graduated, 1927. Author of numerous short stories. Is now on the staff of Dr. Franz Boas, head of the Department of Anthropology, doing Anthropometry among colored people in Harlem for a study in racial admixture. Lives in New York City.
 Sweat.

- (13) JAVITZ, ALEXANDER (*for biography, see 1926*).
 Where the Sea Is Strange.

JERARD, ELISE JEAN. Born in New York in 1902. Graduated from Hunter College. Her first story appeared two years ago. Taught French, German, and English for a short while. Is interested in people and the arts, and in rhythmic exercises, such as swimming, boating and dancing. Lives in New York City.
 Treat.

JOHN, WILLIAM M. Born in Trinidad, Colorado, in 1888. The combined efforts of the Trinidad public schools and Mercersburg (Pa.)

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Academy landed him in Princeton. While there dreamed of reaching fame by play-writing. Graduated in 1910, and circumstances took him back to Colorado and the ranches. Spent the next ten years, with the exception of six months when he broke away and reported for the *Denver Times*, with the cow herd. Learned to judge the weight of a steer, and the size of a man, and profited somewhat thereby. Married. Is now living in the foothills near Denver.

Through Hell.

KENNEDY, JOHN B. Born in Quebec, 1895, Irish-French parentage. Educated at Xaverian College, Sussex, England, and at St. Louis University, St. Louis, Mo. Began writing fiction while a cub reporter in Montreal, St. Louis, and Chicago. The war interrupted a fairly good start and at its end was too busy recovering lost financial ground in publicity work to resume fiction until he joined the staff of *Collier's* in the fall of 1924. Securely married since 1916, with two daughters. Lives in New York City.

Riders to the Moon.

(13) KERR, SOPHIE. Born at Denton, Maryland, August 23, 1880. Educated at Hood College and the University of Vermont. Has been a newspaper editor, and managing editor of the *Woman's Home Companion*. Author of "Love at Large," 1916; "The Blue Envelope," 1917; "The Golden Block," 1918; "The See-Saw," 1919; "Painted Meadows," 1920; and "One Thing Is Certain," 1922. Lives in New York City.

Mrs. Mather.

KUHRING, LUDWIG PAUL ("L. PAUL"). Born in Toronto in 1890. Educated at Rothesay and Lake Lodge schools and at the University of New Brunswick. Taught school for a short time, served in the Canadian army during the war. Is at present a Civil Engineer in the Canadian Government Service. Married. Lives at Ottawa.

Texts.

LA FARGE, OLIVER, 2ND. Born in New York City, December 19, 1901. Educated at St. Bernard's School, Groton School, and Harvard University. Rowed on the lightweight 'Varsity Eight. Was president of the *Harvard Advocate*, associate editor of the *Harvard Lampoon*, class poet, and member of the Spee Club. Has accompanied two archaeological expeditions and directed one to the Navaho Indian country, in Arizona, Utah and New Mexico in 1924-25. Was Hemenway Fellow in Anthropology at Harvard, interrupting his studies to go for six months as assistant on the First Tulane University Expedition in Mexico and Guatemala. Since then he has been assistant in Ethnology, Department of Middle American Research, Tulane University, and has directed their third expedition in Guatemala.

North Is Black.

(9) LANE, ROSE WILDER (*for biography, see 1922*).

Thanksgiving.

Yarbwoman.

(13) LARDNER, RING W. (*for biography, see 1922*).

I Can't Breathe.

LATIMER, MARGERY. "I was born in Portage, Wisconsin, February 6, 1899. I suffered very much in the schools of Portage, in Wooster College, Columbia University, and the University of Wisconsin. I still think about it although I feel much better now that I'm not in any of them. I have no degrees because I studied only Philosophy and Literature. Mr. Hergesheimer sent my first stories that were published to the *Reviewer*, two of them, and they were accepted. Next I published a few in the *Echo*. I sold one to the *Century* and another to the *New Masses*. *Transition* took one that I have been trying to place for six years. I am to appear in the *American Caravan* this fall. I have two unpublished novels. Zona Gale, Joseph Hergesheimer, and Edward Garnett have all recommended the first, but no one will publish either of them. To make my living I do various things. I read stories and articles for literary agents. I type manuscripts. I review books for the *World* and the *Herald Tribune*." Lives in New York City.

Grotesque.

LE SUEUR, MERIDEL. "I was born in Iowa in 1900. Attended American Academy of Dramatic Art in 1917. I am now director of the Children's Theatre of Sacramento. I have lived most of my life in the Middle West, which I hate. But I can live nowhere else. When you are born in America it means something. You may never find out what it means but after that your life is mystically bound up with it. It's very hard to write about one's destiny here in America. One's life is not ordered. It's very hard to tell just what has happened. You improvise your life, so to speak, and it's difficult after that to remember the tune." Lives in Sacramento, California.

Persephone.

LEWIS, OSCAR. Born at San Francisco, 1893, and until 1917 lived in various parts of California, chiefly at Berkeley. In army, 1917-19, U. S. and France. Spent 1923-24 in Europe and North Africa writing articles, political and travel, for a variety of publications. Contributor of articles and fiction to magazine since 1914. Lives at San Francisco and divides time between literary and journalistic work and duties as Secretary of the Book Club of California, an association of bibliophiles.

Truant.

(13) MACNICHOL, KENNETH (*for biography, see 1926*).

Brother Death.

Moon-Charm.

MACUMBER, MARIE.

Vine.

(13) MAHONEY, JAMES (*for biography, see 1922*).

Affair of Monsieur and Madame.

MARBAKER, N. D.

Bishop Comes.

Conversion.

Disillusion.

Fear.
 Filial Piety.
 Gossip.
 Patent Medicine.
 Strong Red Hands.

- (12) MARQUAND, J. P. (*for biography, see 1923*).

Good Morning, Major.

- (13) MASON, GRACE SARTWELL (*for biography, see 1920*).

Way to Heaven.

- (12) MATHEUS, JOHN (*for biography, see 1925*).

Clay.

- (13) MONTAGUE, MARGARET PFESCOTT (*for biography, see 1919*).

Golden Moment.

Last Tenth.

MORAN, HELEN BRENNAN. Born, Rockdale, Texas, 1893. Small amount of education received in various places, including the University of Texas. Now writes advertising in New York City.

"It Is Not a Small Thing . . ."

- (11) MORRIS, GOUVERNEUR (*for biography, see 1918*).

Lady of Temper.

- (9) MYERS, WALTER L. (*for biography, see 1918*).

Foolsfaces.

- (13) O'BRIEN, SEUMAS (*for biography, see 1917*).

Woman of His Heart.

O'NEIL, GEORGE. Born in St. Louis in 1898. Educated there. Began to write poetry when he was about fifteen. Author of "The Cobbler in Willow Street," 1919, and "The White Rooster," 1926. Has a volume of short stories in press. Is fond of travel and has lived for considerable periods in Paris and Italy. Now lives in New York City.

Immortal Laughter.

"PAUL, L." See KUHRING, LUDWIG PAUL.

PENTLARGE, GEORGIANA. "I was born in New York. At twelve I wished to write books and draw 'pictures.' Therefore I did library work after my school days for four years until I couldn't do it any more. Illness. Then I wrote 'The Glory Box' (*Atlantic Monthly*, December, 1914), 'Blue Reefers' (*Atlantic Monthly*, November, 1914), and 'Atonement' (*Atlantic Monthly*, 1917). More illness. Taught in a private school near Boston, a most terrifying performance. Stopped teaching to write for a year short stories and a novelette. One story was published in *Munsey's Magazine* in October, 1921. Very long severe illness. I discovered in the hospital that I could draw. Indeed I drew all day and half the night. So as a matter of course I began formal study at the Art Students' League of

New York in October, 1923. I became a commuter, an achievement I am very proud of. I also wrote stories. Last season I contributed stage interviews to the *Herald Tribune*, but studied in the mornings at the Art Students' League. To sum up: The way is clear for me to realize that first dream. 'Writing books and stories and drawing pictures.' A nice ending to a biography, I think. And as I believe that very distinguished people have 'recreations' I will mention mine: hanging around city excavations to draw them, portraits, four little nieces, the theater. Writing is a sacred duty, not a pleasure." Has published stories under the name of "Elizabeth Ashe." Lives at Montclair, N. J.

John Duffy.

- (13) POOLE, ERNEST (*for biography, see 1923*).

Evil Eye.

- (9) POST, MELVILLE DAVISSON (*for biography, see 1920*).

Devil's Track.

RAMOS, ELEANOR. Born in Brooklyn, of Irish descent. She has lived in various cities in Spain, and in Vienna. Commenced to publish in 1922. Contributed short stories to the old *Smart Set*, *The American Parade*, and other magazines. Collaborated with W. Adolphe Roberts on various stories in *Smart Set*, etc. She was the editor of *Saucy Stories*, 1922-24.

Red Waltz.

- (13) SAXON, LYLE. Born in Louisiana in 1891. Louisiana State University at Baton Rouge, 1908-1912. He is a newspaper man and has worked in several American cities. For the last eight years has been on the editorial staff of the *New Orleans Times-Picayune*. Now living in New York. He contributes to *Century*, *The Dial*, *The New Republic*, and other magazines. "Cane River," a short story published in *The Dial*, was included in the O. Henry Prize Stories for 1926.

Voodoo.

SEXTON, JOHN S. Born at Hudson, Mass., 1897. Educated, Hudson High School, Holy Cross College, and St. John's Ecclesiastical Seminary, Brighton, Mass. Was ordained Catholic priest in 1924. Lives in Lowell, Mass.

Pawnshop.

SHAY, FRANK. "Born, East Orange, N. J., 1888. Educated, parochial schools of that city and public schools of New York. Entered book business in 1908 and, save for frequent interruptions, has served continuously behind a counter. 1913, work plug and bindle stiff in 'the Last Great West'; 1915, sailor before the mast on deep-water ships; 1916, nature crank living in the Housatonic woods; 1917-19, sergeant 312th Infantry, A. E. F. Since then has conducted stationary and mobile bookshops under his own name and doubled in brass as dramatic editor for D. Appleton & Company. Resides permanently in Provincetown, Mass."

Little Dombey.

SHELBY, GERTRUDE MATHEWS. Born at Momence, Ill., April 13, 1881. High School education. Married. Has contributed to American

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periodicals since 1915 and lectured. Engaged during the war in publicity war work. Democrat. Unitarian. Author of "Treasure," 1917; "Galusha A. Grow" (with James T. Dubois), 1917; "How to Face Peace," 1919. Lives in New York City.
Déporté.

- (13) SHIFFRIN, A. B. (*for biography, see 1924*).
Just Around the Corner.
Morrison's Revenge.
Ten Dollars.
- (13) SINGMASTER, ELSIE (*for biography, see 1917*).
Aged One Hundred and Twenty.
Fiery Cross.
Pomp an' Glory.
- (13) SPRINGER, FLETA CAMPBELL (*for biography, see 1919*).
Severson.
- (13) STANLEY, MAY (*for biography, see 1925*).
Fishing Weather.
- (13) STEELE, WILBUR DANIEL (*for biography, see 1917*).
Autumn Bloom.
Drink of Water.
Sailor! Sailor!
- (13) SUCKOW, RUTH (*for biography, see 1923*).
Eminence.
Man of the Family.
- (4) SULLIVAN, ALAN. Born in Montreal, Canada. Educated at Loretto School, Scotland. Played Rugby for Huddersfield in Yorkshire Cup Ties in holidays. Then to University of Toronto, Canada. Played for them. Science course, civil and mining engineer. Exploring and on construction for the C. P. R. and Grand Trunk Railway. On Government staff construction of ship canal between Lakes Superior and Huron. Then exploring in northern Canada for timber and minerals. Prospecting for and developing gold mines for British interests. Made member of tribe of Ojibway Indians, with whom he spent some time. Made particular study of habits of wild animals of the north. Subsequently Supt. Engineer of large works in Toronto. Took up writing as means of mental change from mechanics. Served in R. A. F. during last two years of war, and learned to fly. After a winter in California, explored northern British Columbia coast for timber and minerals and water power. Past president of Arts and Letters Club of Toronto. Father of a noted Irish Bishop in Canada. Mother, Scotch and Italian descent from the Borgia family. Travels in France, Italy and northern Africa. Author of "The Passing of Oul-i-but," "Blantyre-Alien," "The Inner Door," "The Rapids," "The Jade God," "The Birth Mark," "The Crucible," "The Day of Their Youth," "In the Beginning," "Brother Eskimo," "Under the Northern Lights," "The Verdict of the Sea," and "No Secrets Island." Lives at Pluckley, Kent, England.
In Portofino.

- (12) TARKINGTON, BOOTH (*for biography, see 1918*).
Mr. White.

TARLETON, FISWOODE. Born in Louisiana. Went to South America at the age of three. Back to the States at five. From five to ten lived in Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, and on Mississippi River steamboats. Moved to Nebraska (Omaha) at age of ten. At fifteen saw the greater parts of Missouri, Kansas and Nebraska from the saddle of a mustang pony. Moved to Minnesota, then to Wisconsin at twenty. Lived in the North woods off and on and in the upper Michigan country for several years. Returned south and lived in Kentucky and Tennessee until 1920. That year moved to Boston. Associate editor of *Voices*, 1921. Founder and editor of *Modern Review* from 1923 to 1925. Author of a short-story course. Lives in western North Carolina.
Eloquence.

- (12) TAYLOR, ELLEN DU POIS (*for biography, see 1925*).
Nostalgia.

THOMAS, ELISABETH FINLEY-. See FINLEY-THOMAS, ELISABETH.

- (10) THOMPSON, MARY WOLFE. Born in Connecticut, 1886. Educated at the New Jersey State Normal School and at Columbia University. Is a resident of northern New Jersey and writes about that section of the country. Author of two juvenile books, "Farmtown Tales," and "Shoemaker's Shoes."
Zinnias.

TILDEN, FREEMAN. Born at Malden, Mass., August 22, 1883. Educated privately. Married. Has been foreign correspondent for various periodicals in South America and Europe. Translator of "Three Plays," by Henri Becque, 1913. Author of "That Night and Other Stories," 1916; "Second Wind," 1917; "Khaki," 1918; "Mr. Podd," 1923, and "The Virtuous Husband," 1925. Lives at Pembroke, N. H.
Thick Fog.

TRITES, W. B. "I am no chicken—turned fifty, in fact. I was born in Philadelphia, both my father and grandfather were physicians there, and after studying at the Philadelphia Episcopal Academy and the University of Pennsylvania I put in a year at medicine myself, but I hated it and gave it up. I worked for a time on the *Philadelphia Record*; the first part of 'John Cave' describes the *Record* crowd. Afterwards I 'syndicated'—see 'John Cave' again. My wife and I have lived for the last twenty years abroad, mostly in France. 'John Cave,' my first novel, I brought out myself in London. It had excellent reviews but didn't sell. However, it paid its way. 'Life,' my second novel, I also brought out myself in London. Its reviews were still better than 'John Cave's,' but it was censored by the libraries, and it, too, only paid its way. But I handed it over to the London firm of Mills & Boon, and they sold over 100,000 copies at a shilling. My third novel, 'Love,' brought out by Mills & Boon in a horribly expurgated form during the war, fell flat. I shouldn't have submitted to the expurgations. My fourth novel, 'Broken Pinions,' is a war

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book. It has not yet been published. My fifth, 'Ask the Young,' was brought out by Grant Richards. A few good reviews. No sales. 'The Gypsy' reviews have been excellent. I haven't yet tried to sell the little book. I am now at work on a very long novel called 'Paterfamilias.' If I succeed in it, if I succeed in making the last quarter as good as the first three-quarters are, I shall be very happy. 'John Cave' and 'Life' (called 'Barbara Gwynne') were brought out in America by Duffield, and the reviews left nothing to be desired. No sales again. 'Love' was brought out by Knopf. Knopf changed the title to 'Brian Banaker's Autobiography.' Very small sales. That is all of my work that has appeared in America, and I am quite unknown there. Quite unknown in England, too, for that matter. You see, I don't produce enough. Also I have never been able to reach the rather small public of intelligent readers to whom my work appeals. Also again I am never *dans le mouvement*. When nobody spoke out, I did so; and now, when everybody speaks out, I hate it and go in for reticence." Lives at Nice, France.

Gipsy.

WATKINS, MAURINE.

Alimony.

WEEKS, RAYMOND. A native of Bourbon County, Kentucky. Went to a country school in Missouri, then to Central High School, Kansas City, where he graduated, as he did later at Andover and Harvard. After teaching French at the University of Michigan, he passed two years in France. Was appointed professor of French at University of Missouri, and later at Illinois and Columbia. He has been president of several learned societies. Author of short stories and poems; ambulance service in France, 1917-18; Légion d'Honneur, 1919. Author of "Ode to France," "Boys' Own Arithmetic," and "The Hound-Tuner of Callaway." Lives at Manakin, Va., and in New York City.

Hound-Tuner of Callaway.

(11) WHITNEY, PARKHURST (*for biography, see 1924*).

Something Noble.

(13) WISTER, OWEN (*for biography, see 1924*).

Lone Fountain.

Right Honorable the Strawberries.

(12) WRYNN, ANTHONY. "I was born in the United States in 1898. My youth was spent mostly at the keyboard of a piano. When I left high school, having decided that mine was to be the career of a pianist, I labored valiantly until one evening in my twenty-first year when I suddenly asked myself why I spent ten hours a day working on another man's ideas. I closed the piano and locked it. After the most casual connections with the University of California and that of Harvard, I met Amy Lowell, who was extremely encouraging about the poetry I had written during that time. She suggested that I send some of it to a magazine. It was published. Since then I have contributed poems to various periodicals, but 'The Equinox' is the first story of mine that I have submitted for publication." Lives in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Where the River Ends.

THE ROLL OF HONOR OF FOREIGN SHORT STORIES IN AMERICAN MAGAZINES

SEPTEMBER, 1926, TO JULY, 1927

NOTE. *The index figures from 1 to 13 prefixed to the name of the author indicate the last Roll of Honor in which his work has been included. Thus the figure 1 indicates 1914, the figure 2 indicates 1915, etc. The Roll of Honor for 1914 appeared in the volume for 1915. The list excludes reprints.*

I. BRITISH AND IRISH AUTHORS

- (13) "ARLEN, MICHAEL."
Eyes of the Blind.
- (13) ARMSTRONG, MARTIN.
On Patrol.
Sea View.
- (13) AUMONIER, STACY.
Spoil Sport.
- (13) BENNETT, ARNOLD.
Place in Venice.
- (13) BOTTOME, PHYLLIS.
Second Time.
- (13) BURKE, THOMAS.
Adventurer.
Hôtel Côte d'Azur.
- (13) CHESTERTON, G. K.
Red Moon of Meru.
Vanishing of Vaudrey.
- COLUM, MARY M.
Portrait of a Philosopher.
- (13) COLUM, PADRAIC.
Herd's House.
- (12) COPPARD, A. E.
Silver Circus.

- (13) CORKERY, DANIEL.
Carrig-an-Afrinn.
Eyes of the Dead.
Looter of the Hills.
Nightfall.

CROMPTON, RICHMAL.
Mrs. Lillie.

- (6) DESMOND, SHAW.
Informer.

"DOYLE, LYNN."
Partition.
Smoke.

- (13) DUNSANY, LORD.
King of Sarahb.

- (11) ERTZ, SUSAN.
Face to Face.

- (12) ERVINE, ST. JOHN.
Mountain.

- (10) GALSWORTHY, JOHN.
Black Coat.
Passing By.
Told by the Schoolmaster.

- (13) GIBBS, SIR PHILIP.
Soul of Honor.

HACKETT, FRANCIS.
Cinder.

- (4) HAMILTON, COSMO.
In the Rôle of God.

- (13) KIPLING, RUDYARD.
Eye of Allah.

- (13) LAWRENCE, D. H.
Man Who Loved Islands.
Mercury.
Two Blue Birds.

- (11) MCFEE, WILLIAM.
Untarnished Shield.

MANNIN, ETHEL.
Michael's Mother.

- (11) "MANSFIELD, KATHERINE."
Apple Tree.

MASON, A. E. W.

Strange Case of Joan.

(13) METCALFE, JOHN.

Funeral March of a Marionette.

(13) MONTAGUE, C. E.

Action.

Why Mrs. Mellery Won't Come.

(9) MOORE, GEORGE.

At the Turn of the Road.

Hermit's Love Story.

(9) MORDAUNT, ELINOR.

Missionary's Wife.

MOTTRAM, R. H.

Stranger Takes a Look.

Virginia.

Winner.

(13) NORMAN-SMITH, DOROTHY E.

Joke.

O' FÁOLÁIN, SEAN.

Bomb-Shop.

Under the Roof.

(6) ROBINSON, LENNOX.

Quest.

SACKVILLE-WEST, EDWARD.

Lock.

SCHREINER, OLIVE.

Child's Day.

SIMPSON, VIOLET A.

Point of Honor.

SOMERVILLE, MARY.

Sheep.

STRONG, L. A. G.

Orpheus.

TOWNEND, W.

Ship in the Swamp.

(13) WALPOLE, HUGH.

Picture.

Tiger.

- (13) WETJEN, ALBERT RICHARD.
 Captain.
 Covenant of the Craddocks.
 First Law of Nature.
 Fog.
 Judgment.
 Strange Adventure of Tommy Lawn.

WITHEROW, J. M.
 Test.

- (12) WOOLF, VIRGINIA.
 New Dress.

- (13) WYLIE, I. A. R.
 Grandmother Bernle Learns Her Letters.
 Things We Do.

II. TRANSLATIONS

- (10) BLASCO IBÁÑEZ, VICENTE (*Spanish*).
 Kiss.

- (11) BULL, JACOB BREDÅ (*Norwegian*).
 Village Genius.

CENDRARS, BLAISE (*French*).
 Days of '49.

- (13) FALKBERGET, JOHAN (*Norwegian*).
 Petrus: the Silent Mountain Priest.

- (12) "GORKY, MAXIM" (*Russian*).
 Old Man.

IBÁÑEZ, VICENTE BLASCO (*Spanish*). See BLASCO IBÁÑEZ, VICENTE.

JOUGHANDEAU, MARCEL (*French*).
 Madeleine the Taciturn.

KUNETICKA, BOZENA VIKOVA (*Czech*).
 Geese.

LIE, JONAS (*Norwegian*).
 Goodman, Slerka and Mistress Ladda.

- (10) MANN, THOMAS (*German*).
 Disorder and Early Sorrow.

- (13) MOLNAR, FERENC (*Hungarian*).
 Most Dangerous Woman in the World.

(13) MORAND, PAUL (*French*).

Child of a Hundred Years.

Chinese Phantoms.

Horse of Gengis Khan.

MUSSOLINI, BENITO (*Italian*).

Nothing Matters; Everything Goes.

POULAILLE, HENRI (*French*).

Mad Train.

(13) SCHNITZLER, ARTHUR (*Austrian*).

Fridolin and Albertine.

She Never Knew.

Three-fold Warning.

SÖDERBERG, HJALMAR (*Swedish*).

Sketch in Ink.

Vox Populi.

SOUPAULT, PHILIPPE (*French*),

Silent House.

STERNHEIM, CARL (*German*).

Busekow.

THE BEST BOOKS OF SHORT STORIES OF 1927

I. AMERICAN AUTHORS

1. ANDERSON. *Tar*. Boni and Liveright.
2. BERCOVICI. *Singing Winds*. Doubleday, Page.
3. CORLEY. *The House of Lost Identity*. McBride.
4. FREEMAN. *Best Stories*. Harper.
5. KOMROFF. *The Voice of Fire*. Paris: Titus.
6. SUCKOW. *Iowa Interiors*. Knopf.
7. WEEKS. *The Hound-Tuner of Callaway*. Columbia University Press.

II. BRITISH AND IRISH AUTHORS

8. AUMONIER. *The Baby Grand*. Holt.
9. CLIFFORD. *In Days That Are Dead*. Doubleday, Page.
10. COPPARD. *The Field of Mustard*. Knopf.
11. ERTZ. *Wind of Complication*. Appleton.
12. *Georgian Stories, 1926*. Putnam.
13. GERHARDI. *Pretty Creatures*. Duffield.
14. INCE. *At the Sign of Sagittarius*. Day.
15. JACKS. *The Magic Formula*. Harper.
16. JACOBS. *Sea Whispers*. Scribner.
17. KIPLING. *Debits and Credits*. Doubleday, Page.
18. MAUGHAM. *The Casuarina Tree*. Doran.
19. PHILLPOTTS. *Peacock House*. Macmillan.
20. WILLIAMSON. *The Old Stag*. Dutton.

III. TRANSLATIONS

21. BASILE. *Il Pentamerone*. Boni and Liveright.
22. FRANCE. *Golden Tales*. Dodd, Mead.
23. GAUTIER. *The Beautiful Vampire*. McBride.
24. HOWELL, *translator*. *The Restitution of the Bride*. Brentano's.
25. HUYSMANS. *Down Stream*. Covici.
26. ISTRATI. *Kyra Kyralina*. Knopf.
27. KEYSERLING. *Twilight*. Macaulay.
28. SCHNITZLER. *None But the Brave*. Simon and Schuster.
29. SCHNITZLER. *Rhapsody*. Simon and Schuster.
30. TAGORE. *Broken Ties*. Macmillan.
31. TOLSTOY. *Stories and Dramas*. Dutton.
32. VILLIERS DE L'ISLE-ADAM. *Sardonic Tales*. Knopf.
33. WASSERMANN. *Oberlin's Three Stages*. Harcourt.

VOLUMES OF SHORT STORIES PUBLISHED IN THE UNITED STATES

SEPTEMBER, 1926, TO JULY, 1927

NOTE. *An asterisk before a title indicates distinction. This list includes single short stories and collections of short stories.*

I. AMERICAN AUTHORS

- ADAMS, E. C. L. *Congaree Sketches. Univ. of North Carolina Press.
 ANDERSON, MRS. LARZ. Wall Paper Code. Four Seas Co.
 ANDERSON, SHERWOOD. *Tar. Boni and Liveright.
 BARBOUR, RALPH HENRY, *editor*. Year's Best Stories for Boys. Dodd, Mead.
 BECK, L. ADAMS. *Dreams and Delights. Dodd, Mead.
 BERCOVICI, KONRAD. *Singing Winds. Doubleday, Page.
 BORDEN, MARY. *Four O'Clock. Doubleday, Page.
 BRAND, MAX. White Wolf. Putnam.
 BUTLER, ELLIS PARKER. Behind Legs of the 'Orse. Houghton Mifflin.
 COBB, IRVIN S. *Ladies and Gentlemen. Cosmopolitan Book Corporation.
 Copy, 1927. Appleton.
 CORLEY, DONALD. *House of Lost Identity. McBride.
 CRANE, MANNIN. Yarns from a Windjammer. Houghton Mifflin.
 ELDEN, ELOIS FELICIA. Snappy Western Stories. Stratford Co.
 ELLIS, GRIFFITH OGDEN, *editor*. American Boy Stories. Doubleday, Page.
 ERBSTEIN, CHARLES E. Show-up. Covici.
 FAIRBANK, JANET A. *Idle Hands. Bobbs-Merrill.
 FERBER, EDNA. *Mother Knows Best. Doubleday, Page.
 FINN, FRANCIS JAMES. Candles' Beams. Benziger.
 FITCH, GEORGE. At Good Old Siwash. Little, Brown. Petey Simmons at Siwash. Little, Brown.
 FREEMAN, MARY E. WILKINS. *Best Stories. Harper.
 FRENCH, JOSEPH LEWIS, *editor*. *Ghosts, Grim and Gentle. Dodd, Mead.
 GAER, YOSSEF. Magic Flight. Frank-Maurice.
 GEROULD, GORDON E., and BAYLY, CHARLES, JR. *Contemporary Short Stories. Harper.
 GLASS, MONTAGUE. Lucky Numbers. Doubleday, Page.
 GRAY, CHARLES WRIGHT, *compiler*. Real Dogs. Holt.
 "GRAYSON, DAVID." Day of Pleasant Bread. Doubleday, Page.
 HARRINGTON, GEORGE WHEATON. Silver Lining. Brimmer.
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 HECHT, BEN. Broken Necks. Covici.

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 HERZBERG, MAX, *editor*. Stories of Adventure. Allyn and Bacon.
 HUME, CYRIL. *Street of the Malcontents. Doran.
 HURST, FANNIE. *Song of Life. Knopf.
 In Dixie Land. Purdy Press.
 JOHNSTON, WILLIAM, *editor*. *World's Best Short Stories of 1926*.
 Doran.
 JOYCE, ELIZABETH MOORE. The Western Slope. Washington: Potomac
 Printing Co.
 KIRKHAM, STANTON DAVIS. Animal Nature. Stratford.
 KOMROFF, MANUEL. *Voice of Fire. Paris: Titus.
 LORD, JOHN. *Frontier Dust. E. V. Mitchell.
 LOWELL, AMY. *East Wind. Houghton Mifflin.
 MCCULLOCH, FRED H. "There's a Land that Is Fairer Than Day."
 Doran.
 MILLER, ANNE ARCHBOLD. Square Dog. Greenberg.
 Mississippi. Purdy Press.
 MONTROSS, LOIS. Among Those Present. Doran.
 MORLEY, CHRISTOPHER. *Arrow. Doubleday, Page. *Pleased to Meet
 You. Doubleday, Page.
 NASON, LEONARD H. Three Lights from a Match. Doran.
 NEIHARDT, JOHN G. Indian Tales. Macmillan.
 O'BRIEN, EDWARD J., *editor*. The Best Short Stories of 1926. Dodd,
 Mead.
 PELÉE, LILLIAN SUTTON. Whirling Around the World. Badger.
 PORTER, ELEANOR HODGMAN. Little Pardner. Doran.
 REESE, LOWELL OTUS. Little Injun. Crowell.
 RHODES, EUGENE MANLOVE. Once in the Saddle. Houghton Mifflin.
 RINEHART, MARY ROBERTS. Tish Plays the Game. Doran.
 SCHOLZ, JACKSON. Split Seconds. Morrow.
 SCOTT, R. T. M. Aurelius Smith—Detective. Dutton.
 SIGMUND, JAY G. *Wapsipinicon Tales. Prairie Publishing Co. Cedar
 Rapids, Iowa.
 SMITH, HENRY JUSTIN. Innocents Aloft. Covici.
 South Carolina. Purdy Press.
 SPRINGS, ELLIOTT WHITE. Nocturne Militaire. Doran.
 STEIN, GERTRUDE. *Three Lives. Boni.
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 STONE, ELINORE COWAN. *Laughingest Lady. Appleton.
 SUCKOW, RUTH. *Iowa Interiors. Knopf.
 SULLIVAN, ALAN. *Under the Northern Lights. Dutton.
 TEMPLETON, HERMINIE. *Ashes of Old Wishes. Chicago: Jordan
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 THOMASON, JOHN W., JR. Red Pants. Scribner.
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 Press.
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 WHITE, EDWARD LUCAS. *Lukundoo. Doran.
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- WILLIAMS, BLANCHE COLTON, *editor*. *Best American Stories (1919-1924). 2 vols. Doubleday, Page.
 WILSON, MARY BADGER. *The Painted City. Stokes.
 WINSLOW, THYRA SAMTER. *People Round the Corner. Knopf.
 WITWER, HARRY CHARLES. Bill Grimm's Progress. Putnam.
 Young Pegasus. Dial Press.

II. BRITISH AND IRISH AUTHORS

- ASQUITH, LADY CYNTHIA, *editor*. *Ghost Book. Scribner.
 AUMONIER, STACY. *Baby Grand. Holt.
 AUSTIN, FREDERICK BRITTEN. *When Mankind Was Young. Doubleday, Page.
 BECKE, LOUIS. *Notes from My South Sea Log. Lippincott.
 BENNETT, ARNOLD. *Woman Who Stole Everything. Doran.
 CLIFFORD, SIR HUGH CHARLES. *In Days That Are Dead. Doubleday, Page.
 COPPARD, A. E. *Field of Mustard. Knopf.
 "COPPLESTONE, BENNET" (FREDERICK HARCOURT KITCHIN). Dead Men's Tales. Houghton Mifflin.
 DELL, ETHEL M. House of Happiness. Putnam.
 DOYLE, SIR ARTHUR CONAN. Case Book of Sherlock Holmes. Doran.
 ERTZ, SUSAN. *Wind of Complication. Appleton.
 FLETCHER, JOSEPH SMITH. Massingham Butterfly. Small, Maynard.
 FREEMAN, R. AUSTIN. Magic Casket. Dodd, Mead.
 *Georgian Stories, 1926. Putnam.
 GERHARDI, WILLIAM. *Pretty Creatures. Duffield.
 HOUSMAN, LAURENCE. *Ironical Tales. Doran.
 INCE, RICHARD B. *At the Sign of Sagittarius. Day.
 JACKS, L. P. *Magic Formula. Harper.
 JACOBS, WILLIAM WYMARK. *Sea Whispers. Scribner.
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 KIPLING, RUDYARD. *Debits and Credits. Doubleday, Page.
 LOCKE, W. J. Stories Near and Far. Dodd, Mead.
 MACDONALD, PHILIP. Queen's Mate. Dial Press.
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 MACMANUS, SEUMAS. *Donegal Wonder Book. Stokes.
 MCNEILE, HERMAN CYRIL ("SAPPER"). Word of Honour. Doran.
 MAUGHAM, WILLIAM SOMERSET. *Casuarina Tree. Doran.
 MOORE, GEORGE. *Peronnik, the Fool. Rudge.
 O'BRIEN, EDWARD J., *editor*. The Best British Short Stories of 1926. Dodd, Mead.
 OPPENHEIM, E. PHILLIPS. Adventures of Mr. Joseph P. Cray. Little, Brown. Channay Syndicate. Little, Brown. Madame and Her Twelve Virgins. Little, Brown. Terrible Hobby of Sir Joseph Londe, Bart. Little, Brown.
 PHILLPOTTS, EDEN. Miniature. Macmillan. *Peacock House. Macmillan.
 REID, ANNETTE. *Toll of Victory. Appleton.
 RHYS, ERNEST, and DAWSON-SCOTT, C. A. *28 Humorous Stories. Appleton.
 SCOTT, R. T. M. Aurelius Smith—Detective. Dutton.

- WILLIAMSON, HENRY. *Old Stag. Dutton.
 WODEHOUSE, P. G. Divots. Doran.
 WREN, PERCIVAL C. Dew and Mildew. Stokes. Young Stagers.
 Stokes.
 WRONG, E. M., *editor*. *Crime and Detection. Oxford University Press.

III. TRANSLATIONS

- BASILE, GIOVANNI BATISTE (*Italian*). *Pentamerone. Boni and Liveright.
 CANKAR, IVAN (*Jugoslav*). *Yerney's Justice. Vanguard Press.
 EATON, RICHARD, *editor*. *Best Continental Short Stories of 1926. Dodd, Mead.
 FRANCE, ANATOLE (*French*). *Golden Tales. Dodd, Mead.
 GAUTIER, THÉOPHILE (*French*). *Beautiful Vampire. McBride.
 HOWELL, E. BUTTS, *translator* (*Chinese*). *Restitution of the Bride. Brentano's.
 HUYSMANS, JORIS-KARL (*French*). *Down Stream. Covici.
 ISTRATI, PANAIȚ (*French*). *Kyra Kyralina. Knopf.
 KEYSERLING, COUNT EDOUARD VON (*German*). *Twilight. Macaulay.
 LEROUX, GASTON (*French*). New Terror. Macaulay.
 SCHNITZLER, ARTHUR (*Austrian*). *None But the Brave. Simon and Schuster. *Rhapsody. Simon and Schuster.
 TAGORE, RABINDRANATH (*Bengali*). *Broken Ties. Macmillan.
 TOLSTOY, COUNT LYOF N. (*Russian*). *Stories and Dramas. Dutton.
 VILLIERS DE L'ISLE-ADAM, PHILIPPE AUGUSTE MATHIAS, COMTE DE (*French*). *Sardonic Tales. Knopf.
 WASSERMANN, JAKOB (*German*). *Oberlin's Three Stages. Harcourt.
 ZEITLIN, IDA, *translator* (*Russian*). *Skazki: Tales and Legends of Old Russia. Doran.
 ZWEIG, STEFAN (*German*). *Invisible Collection. Pynson Printers.

ARTICLES ON THE SHORT STORY IN AMERICAN MAGAZINES

SEPTEMBER, 1926, TO JULY, 1927

Authors of articles are printed in capital letters. For articles in British and Irish periodicals, see "The Best British Short Stories of 1927."

A

ADAMIC, LOUIS.

Theodore Dreiser. H. J. Jan. (93.)

Adams, E. C. L.

Anonymous. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Jun. 25. (3:929.)

ADAMS, EDITH.

George N. Shuster. Com. Nov. 17, '26. (5:53.)

AIKEN, CONRAD.

British Short Story. L. Rev. Apr. 9. (4.)

"H. D." N. Rep. Feb. 2. (49:309.)

Henry James. Books. Feb. 27. (5.) Ind. Mar. 12. (118:295.)

Arthur Schnitzler. L. Rev. Apr. 2. (4.)

Count Lyof Tolstoy. Ind. Mar. 12. (118:295.)

Ivan Turgenev. N. Rep. May 11. (50:349.)

ALDINGTON, RICHARD.

Stanislas-Jean de Boufflers. L. Rev. Sept. 11, '26. (3:101.)

ALLEN, HERVEY.

Edgar Allan Poe. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Feb. 26. (3:618.)

Allen, James Lane.

Anonymous. Dial. Sept., '26. (81:263.)

American Short Story.

Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Nov. 7, '26. (33.) Jan. 23. (8.)

By Edwin Clark. Com. Mar. 30. (5:584.)

By John W. Crawford. N. Y. Times. Jan. 2. (7.)

By N. Bryllion Fagin. J. T. Apr. 15. (46.)

By H. M. Hamilton. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Apr. 2. (3:706.)

By Mary Kolars. Books. Jan. 30. (7.)

By Louis Kronenberger. Books. Oct. 3, '26. (18.) Dec. 26, '26. (23.) Jan. 16. (4.) Jan. 23. (21.) Sat. R. (N. Y.) May 28. (3:861.)

By Lloyd Morris. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Mar. 5. (3:621.)

By Frank Luther Mott. Mid. Jul. (13:205 and 208.)

By Frances Newman. L. Rev. Feb. 5. (1.)

By Edward J. O'Brien. B. E. T. Nov. 20, '26.

By Ruth Seinfel. Books. Jul. 17. (10.)

By Vincent Starrett. World. Dec. 19, '26. (10 M.)

AMINOFF, BARONESS LÉONIE.

Alexander Pushkin. Pict. R. May. (2.)

Andersen, Hans Christian.

Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Jun. 26. (2.)

By Isabel Boyd. L. Rev. Jul. 23. (8.)

By Padraic Colum. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Jul. 23. (3:987.)

By Henry Commager. N. Rep. Jun. 15. (51:105.)

Anderson, Mrs. Larz.

Anonymous. N. Y. Sun. Jul. 13. (24.)

Anderson, Sherwood.

Anonymous. Dial. Mar. (82:256.)

By Percy H. Boynton. N. A. Rev. Mar.-May. (224:140.)

By Van Wyck Brooks. For. Oct., '26. (76:637.)

By Anne Cleeland. For. Apr. (77:636.)

By Arthur Colton. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Feb. 19. (3:593.)

By H. E. Dounce. L. Rev. Jan. 22. (2.)

By Clifton P. Fadiman. Nat. (N. Y.) Feb. 2. (124:121.)

By James L. Ford. Int. Sept., '26. (4:654.)

By Theodore Maynard. Com. Feb. 9. (5:386.)

By H. L. Mencken. A. Merc. Mar. (10:382.)

By Frank Luther Mott. Mid. Dec., '26. (12:359.) May. (13:157.)

By Harry Salpeter. World. Mar. 27. (10 M.)

ANSLEY, C. F.

Raymond Weeks. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Jul. 2. (3:945.)

Artzybashev, M. P.

By Alexander I. Nazaroff. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Apr. 9. (3:716.)

ARVIN, NEWTON.

Nathaniel Hawthorne. Ind. Apr. 23. (118:447.)

ASBURY, HERBERT.

Ruth Suckow. Books. Oct. 3, '26. (6.)

Asch, Sholom.

By Louis Rich. J. T. Oct. 8, '26. (3.)

Aumonier, Stacy.

Anonymous. Liv. A. Oct. 15, '26. (331:184.)

Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Apr. 10. (22.)

Anonymous. World. Apr. 10. (11 M.)

By Jane Cassidy. L. Rev. Mar. 26. (10.)

Austin, F. Britten.

Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Mar. 20. (11.)

By John Bakeless. Books. Sept. 19, '26. (7:21.)

By Philip Coan. N. Y. Sun. Mar. 26. (11.)

By John Kemmerer. Books. May 29. (13.)

AUSTIN, MARY.

John G. Neihardt. L. Rev. Oct. 23, '26. (2.)

Edgar Allan Poe. For. Sept., '26. (76:474.)

B

B., I.

Henry Van Dyke. L. Rev. Jan. 22. (2.)

Babel, Isaac.

By John Cournos. L. Rev. May 7. (16.)

BAKELESS, JOHN.

F. Britten Austin. Books. Sept. 19, '26. (7:21.)

- BALOS, HENRY H.
Irvin S. Cobb. Int. Sept., '26. (4:649.)
- BALZAC, Honoré de.
By Samuel C. Chew. N. Y. Sun. Jul. 9. (22.)
By Henry James Forman. N. Y. Times. July 3. (5.)
By Harry Hansen. World. Jun. 26. (8 M.)
By Ralph Oppenheim. H. J. Jan. (153.)
By Edith Valerio. N. Y. Times. July 17. (5.)
- BARBUSSE, Henri.
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Dec. 5, '26. (8.)
By J. H. Lewis. Books. Mar. 20. (9.)
By Amelia von Ende. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Dec. 25, '26. (3:470.)
- BARR, F. STRINGFELLOW.
Guy de Maupassant. Va. Jul. (3:447.)
- BARRETTO, LARRY.
John W. Thomason, Jr. Books. May 15. (3.)
- BATES, ERNEST SUTHERLAND.
James Branch Cabell. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Jun. 25. (3:923.)
George Moore. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Jun. 25. (3:923.)
Arthur Schnitzler. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Apr. 23. (3:752.)
- BAYARD, MARTHA.
Walter de la Mare. Com. Sept. 8, '26.
- BEACH, JOSEPH WARREN.
Norman Douglas. Yale. Jan. (16:378.)
- Beck, L. Adams.
By Arthur W. Colton. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Nov. 6, '26. (3:273.)
- Beer, Thomas.
By Harry Salpeter. World. Apr. 10. (10 M.)
- Beerbohm, Max.
By A. S. Frere-Reeves. Liv. A. Feb. 15. (332:340.)
- BELL, LISLE.
Ferenc Molnar. Nat. (N. Y.) Sept. 1, '26. (123:199.)
- Benefield, Barry.
By Harold C. Burr. Int. Nov., '26. (4:774.)
By Gladys Graham. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Jan. 15. (3:514.)
By Lenore Marshall. Books. Sept. 19, '26. (7:20.)
By H. L. Mencken. A. Merc. Nov., '26. (9:382.)
By Blanche Colton Williams. Book. (N. Y.) Nov., '26. (64:360.)
- BENÉT, LAURA.
Chinese Short Stories. L. Rev. Feb. 26. (4.)
Walt Whitman. L. Rev. Jul. 2. (9.)
Mary E. Wilkins. L. Rev. Apr. 9. (10.)
- BENÉT, WILLIAM ROSE.
Donald Corley. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Jul. 23. (3:992.)
- Bennett, Arnold.
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Apr. 24. (14.)
By H. W. Boynton. N. Y. Sun. Apr. 23. (9.)
By Frances Newman. L. Rev. May 14. (2.)
- Bercovici, Konrad.
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Sept. 26, '26. (11.)
- BERNSTEIN, HERMAN.
Israel Zangwill. J. T. Sept. 10, '26. (22.)

Bierce, Ambrose.

By Adolphe de Castro. N. Y. Times. Jan. 23. (27.) Par. Oct., '26. (28.)

BJÖRKMAN, EDWIN.

Thomas Burke. Book. (N. Y.) Jan. (64:561.)

BLANCHARD, EDWIN H.

Anatole France. N. Y. Sun. Apr. 9.

John W. Thomason, Jr. N. Y. Sun. May 21. (11.)

BONNER, MARY GRAHAM.

Emma-Lindsay Squier. Int. Sept., '26. (4:642.)

BORDEAUX, HENRY.

Paul Bourget. Liv. A. Sept. 4, '26. (330:525.)

Borden, Mary.

Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Mar. 27. (8.)

By Grace Frank. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Apr. 23. (3:753.)

By Lucile Gulliver. N. Y. Sun. Apr. 2. (11.)

By Margery Latimer. World. Mar. 20. (9 M.)

By Ruth Lechlitner. L. Rev. Jul. 2. (8.)

By E. H. W. N. Rep. Jun. 22. (51:132.)

Boufflers, Stanislas-Jean de.

By Richard Aldington. L. Rev. Sept. 11, '26. (3:101.)

Bourget, Paul.

By Henry Bordeaux. Liv. A. Sept. 4, '26. (330:525.)

By William A. Drake. Books. May 29. (9.)

Bowen, Elizabeth.

Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Oct. 3, '26. (9.)

By H. W. Boynton. Outl. Oct. 13, '26. (144:215.)

By Gladys Graham. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Jan. 15. (3:514.)

By Mary Kolars. Books. Oct. 31, '26. (21.)

By Frances Newman. L. Rev. Dec. 11, '26. (3.)

BOYD, ERNEST.

Anatole France. Books. Dec. 26, '26. (1.)

George Gissing. Ind. Apr. 9. (118:391.)

Guy de Maupassant. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Oct. 30, '26. (3:253.)

Luigi Pirandello. Ind. Jan. 22. (118:105.)

BOYD, ISABEL.

Hans Christian Andersen. L. Rev. Jul. 23. (8.)

Richard B. Ince. L. Rev. Mar. 5. (15.)

Sheila Kaye-Smith. L. Rev. Nov. 27, '26. (3.)

BOYD, JAMES.

Leonard H. Nason. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Jun. 4. (3:880.)

Elliott White Springs. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Jun. 4. (3:880.)

John W. Thomason, Jr., Sat. R. (N. Y.) Jun. 4. (3:880.)

BOYD, THOMAS.

Leonard H. Nason. L. Rev. May 14. (1.)

John W. Thomason, Jr. L. Rev. May 14. (1.)

BOYNTON, H. W.

Arnold Bennett. N. Y. Sun. Apr. 23. (9.)

Elizabeth Bowen. Outl. (N. Y.) Oct. 13, '26. (144:215.)

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. N. Y. Sun. Jun. 25. (8.)

Theodore Dreiser. N. Y. Sun. May 14. (9.)

Susan Ertz. Outl. (N. Y.) Feb. 23. (145:248.)

- Edna Ferber. N. Y. Sun. Apr. 23. (9.)
 Fannie Hurst. N. Y. Sun. Mar. 5. (10.)
 L. P. Jacks. N. Y. Sun. Apr. 23. (9.)
 Gilbert Norwood. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Oct. 16, '26. (3:200.)
- BOYNTON, PERCY H.
 Sherwood Anderson. N. A. Rev. Mar.-May. (224:140.)
 Lafcadio Hearn. Va. Jul. (3:418.)
 Edgar Allan Poe. N. Rep. May 11. (50:340.)
- Brand, Max.
 Anonymous. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Oct. 16, '26. (3:218.)
- BRÉGY, KATHERINE.
 George N. Shuster. Cath. W. Dec., '26. (124:420.)
- BREWSTER, DOROTHY.
 Ivan Turgenev. Nat. (N. Y.) Jan. 5. (124:19.)
- British Short Story.
 By Conrad Aiken. L. Rev. Apr. 9. (4.)
 Anonymous. N. Y. Sun. Feb. 25. (24.)
 By John W. Crawford. N. Y. Times. Jan. 2. (7.)
 By Mary Kolars. Books. Jan. 2. (2.)
 By Louis Kronenberger. Books. Jun. 5. (15.)
 By Lloyd Morris. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Mar. 5. (3:621.)
 By Frances Newman. L. Rev. Dec. 18, '26. (3.)
 By Vincent Starrett. World. Nov. 28, '26. (11 M.)
- BROCK, H. I.
 Anatole France. N. Y. Times. Nov. 21, '26. (9.) Dec. 26, '26. (5.)
- BROOKS, VAN WYCK.
 Sherwood Anderson. For. Oct., '26. (76:637.)
- BROWN, HOWARD.
 Chinese Short Stories. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Mar. 26. (3:678.)
- BROWN, W. NORMAN.
 Rabindranath Tagore. Books. Nov. 21, '26. (20.)
- BROWN, WARREN WILMER.
 Dmitri Merejkovski. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Nov. 27, '26. (3:342.)
- Bunin, I. A.
 Anonymous. N. Y. Sun. Jun. 27. (18.)
 By John Cournos. L. Rev. Feb. 12. (20.) Jun. 11. (7.)
 By Alexander I. Nazarov. N. Y. Times. Feb. 20. (5.)
- Burke, Thomas.
 Anonymous. Dial. Jan. (82:73.)
 By Edwin Björkman. Book. (N. Y.) Jan. (64:561.)
 By James L. Ford. Int. Sept., '26. (4:640.)
- BURR, HAROLD C.
 Barry Benefield. Int. Nov., '26. (4:774.)
- BURRELL, ANGUS.
 George Gissing. Nat. (N. Y.) Jun. 8. (124:648.)
- BUSEY, GARRETA.
 George Gissing. Books. Mar. 6. (6.)
 Thyra Samter Winslow. Books. May 29. (3.)

C

- C., J.
 Anatole France. L. Rev. Dec. 18, '26. (2.)
 Ivan Turgenev. L. Rev. Feb. 5. (3.)

Cabell, James Branch.

By Ernest Sutherland Bates. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Jun. 25. (3:923.)

By Benjamin De Casseres. A. Merc. Dec., '26. (9:394.)

By Dashiell Hammett. For. Jan. (77:159.)

By Abbe Niles. Nat. (N. Y.) Jan. 5. (124:18.)

By D. B. W. N. Rep. Sept. 22, '26. (48:128.)

CANBY, HENRY SEIDEL.

Washington Irving. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Dec. 25, '26. (3:461.)

Herman Melville. Sat. R. (N. Y.) May 28. (3:864.)

Cankar, Ivan.

Anonymous. Books. May 1. (17.)

Anonymous. Nat. (N. Y.) May 4. (124:509.)

CARLTON, W. N. C.

Anatole France. L. Rev. Dec. 11, '26. (4.)

Carnevali, Emanuel.

By Michael Gold. N. Mass. Dec., '26. (19.)

CARPENTER, B. FRANK.

Edgar Allan Poe. Books. Dec. 26, '26. (21.)

CARROLL, ELEANOR.

Susan Ertz. L. Rev. Feb. 26. (4.)

CASSIDY, JANE.

Stacy Aumonier. L. Rev. Mar. 26. (10.)

CASTRO, ADOLPHE DE.

Ambrose Bierce. N. Y. Times. Jan. 23. (27.) Par. Oct., '26. (28.)

Cather, Willa.

Anonymous. Dial. Jan. (82:73.)

Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Oct. 24, '26. (2.)

By Lee Wilson Dodd. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Oct. 23, '26. (3:234.)

By Louise Maunsell Field. Int. Nov., '26. (4:761.)

By John M. Kenny, Jr. Com. Mar. 9. (5:499.)

By Joseph Wood Krutch. Nat. (N. Y.) Nov. 10, '26. (123:484.)

By R. L. N. Rep. Nov. 24, '26. (49:22.)

By Robert N. Lasch. Pr. S. Apr. (1:166.)

By Miriam McNally. Tan. May. (20.)

By Isabel Paterson. Books. Oct. 24, '26. (3.)

By Carl Van Doren. Cen. Jan. (113:383.)

Chapman, Elisabeth Cobb.

By Landon Robinson. N. Y. Sun. May 28. (8.)

CHASE, CLEVELAND B.

Susan Ertz. N. Y. Sun. Mar. 26. (11.)

Chekhov, Anton.

By Joseph Collins. L. Rev. Jul. 23. (8.)

By Henry James Forman. N. Y. Times. Jun. 12. (14.)

By Robert Littell. N. Rep. Jun. 22. (51:124.)

By Clarence A. Manning. Yale. Oct., '26. (16:187.)

By Jacob Zeitlin. N. Y. Sun. Jun. 4. (28.)

Chesterton, Gilbert Keith.

By Edwin Clark. Com. Sept. 29, '26. (4:499.)

By Stanley B. James. Colum. Dec., '26. (12.)

CHEW, SAMUEL C.

Honoré de Balzac. N. Y. Sun. Jul. 9. (22.)

Thomas Hardy. Yale. Oct., '26. (16:185.)

Chinese Short Stories.

- By Laura Benét. L. Rev. Feb. 26. (4.)
 By Howard Brown. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Mar. 26. (3:678.)
 By John Cournos. N. Y. Times. Mar. 20. (9.)
 By Isidor Schneider. N. Y. Sun. Jun. 18. (6.)

CLARK, BARRETT H.

- Maxim Gorky. S. W. Oct., '26. (12:31.)

CLARK, EDWIN.

- American Short Story. Com. Mar. 30. (5:584.)
 Gilbert Keith Chesterton. Com. Sept. 29, '26. (4:499.)
 L. P. Jacks. N. Y. Times. Jul. 10. (2.)

CLARKE, GEORGE HERBERT.

- Anatole France. Va. Jan. (3:147.)
 Nikolay Gogol. Va. Jan. (3:147.)
 Alexander Pushkin. Va. Jan. (3:147.)

CLEELAND, ANNE.

- Sherwood Anderson. -For. Apr. (77:636.)

Clifford, Sir Hugh.

- Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Dec. 26, '26. (12.)
 By Gordon Hall Gerould. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Jun. 4. (3:888.)
 By W. B. Seabrook. Books. Dec. 12, '26. (16.)

COAN, PHILIP.

- F. Britten Austin. N. Y. Sun. Mar. 26. (11.)

Cobb, Irvin S.

- Anonymous. N. Y. Sun. Mar. 8. (22.)
 Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Feb. 27. (8.)
 By Henry H. Balos. Int. Sept., '26. (4:649.)
 By Will Cuppy. Books. Sept. 12, '26. (19.)

Cohen, Octavus Roy.

- Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Jul. 24. (12.)

COLBY, NATHALIE SEDGWICK.

- Edna Ferber. Sat. R. (N. Y.) May 14. (3:819.)
 William Gerhardt. Sat. R. (N. Y.) May 14. (3:819.)
 Mary E. Wilkins. Sat. R. (N. Y.) May 14. (3:819.)

COLLINS, JOSEPH.

- Anton Chekhov. L. Rev. Jul. 23. (8.)
 Anatole France. L. Rev. Apr. 30. (11.)
 Nathaniel Hawthorne. L. Rev. Jul. 16. (8.)
 Henry James. L. Rev. Jun. 18. (8.)
 Guy de Maupassant. L. Rev. Jan. 8. (1.)
 Prosper Mérimée. L. Rev. Apr. 23. (10.)
 Edgar Allan Poe. L. Rev. Jan. 15. (2.)
 Booth Tarkington. Book. (N. Y.) Mar. (65:12.)

COLTON, ARTHUR W.

- Sherwood Anderson. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Feb. 19. (3:593.)
 L. Adams Beck. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Nov. 6, '26. (3:273.)

COLUM, MARY M.

- Nathaniel Hawthorne. Sat. R. (N. Y.) May 28. (3:866.)

COLUM, PADRAIC.

- Hans Christian Andersen. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Jul. 23. (3:987.)
 "Stendhal." Dial. Jun. (82:470.)

COMMAGER, HENRY.

- Hans Christian Andersen. N. Rep. Jun. 15. (51:105.)

COMPTON, THOMAS.

William Gerhardi. N. Y. Sun. Apr. 23. (8.)

CONRAD, JOSEPH.

Three Letters. Sat. R. (N. Y.) May 21. (3:845.)

Conrad, Joseph.

Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Sept. 26, '26. (2.) Dec. 19, '26. (7.)

By Wilbur Cross. Yale. Oct., '26. (16:161.)

By William McFee. Books. Nov. 21, '26. (6.)

By Christopher Morley. Sat. R. (N. Y.) May 21. (3:845.)

By Grace Willard. L. Rev. Oct. 9, '26. (5.)

Coppard, A. E.

Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Feb. 6. (8.)

By John Cournos. Nat. (N. Y.) Mar. 2. (124:239.)

By Ford Madox Ford. Books. Feb. 27. (4.)

By Gladys Graham. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Jun. 4. (3:880.)

By W. F. K. N. Rep. May 4. (50:310.)

By Frances Newman. L. Rev. Mar. 12. (4.)

By Cuthbert Wright. N. Y. Sun. Feb. 5. (10.)

Corley, Donald.

Anonymous. N. Y. Sun. Jun. 26. (8.) Jul. 8.

By William Rose Benét. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Jul. 23. (3:992.)

By John Macy. World. Jul. 17. (9 E.)

By J. M. March. L. Rev. Jul. 23. (9.)

By Juana Nelson. Books. Jul. 10. (7.)

By Harry Salpeter. World. Jul. 31. (6 M.)

CORMACK, BARTLETT.

Nathaniel Hawthorne. World. Mar. 20. (9 M.)

COURNOS, JOHN.

Isaac Babel. L. Rev. May 7. (16.)

I. A. Bunin. L. Rev. Feb. 12. (12.) Jun. 11. (7.)

Chinese Short Stories. N. Y. Times. Mar. 20. (9.)

A. E. Coppard. Nat. (N. Y.) Mar. 2. (124:239.)

Nikolai Gogol. Yale. Apr. (16:594.) Int. Oct., '26. (4:689.)

Panaït Istrati. L. Rev. Oct. 23, '26. (3.)

Alexander Kuprin. L. Rev. Jun. 11. (7.)

Alexei Remizov. L. Rev. Feb. 12. (12.)

Courteline, Georges.

By Pierre Loving. L. Rev. Mar. 5. (12.)

COWLEY, MALCOLM.

French Short Story. Books. Sept. 5, '26. (17.)

Crane, Stephen.

By Ford Madox Ford. Books. Jan. 2. (1.)

By Mark Van Doren. Nat. (N. Y.) Feb. 16. (124:180.)

CRAWFORD, JOHN W.

American Short Story. N. Y. Times. Jan. 2. (7.)

British Short Story. N. Y. Times. Jan. 2. (7.)

CROSS, WILBUR.

Joseph Conrad. Yale. Oct., '26. (16:161.)

CROWLEY, PAUL.

Fyodor Dostoevsky. Com. Oct. 13, '26. (4:564.)

Nathaniel Hawthorne. Com. Apr. 27. (5:696.)

Cunninghame Graham, R. B.

Anonymous. Dial. Dec., '26. (81:519.)

By Katherine Anne Porter. N. Rep. Mar. 16. (50:111.)

CUPPY, WILL.

Irvin S. Cobb. Books. Sept. 12, '26. (19.)

P. G. Wodehouse. Books. May 1. (20.)

D

"D., H."

By Conrad Aiken. N. Rep. Feb. 2. (49:309.)

Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Nov. 21, '26. (6.)

By Babette Deutsch. Books. Nov. 28, '26. (2.)

By Alyse Gregory. Dial. May. (82:417.)

By Robert Sage. Transit. Apr. (142.)

By Marian Storm. L. Rev. Nov. 27, '26. (3.)

By Mark Van Doren. Nat. (N. Y.) Dec. 22, '26. (123:668.)

Davis, Richard Harding.

By Frederick Palmer. Scr. Nov., '26. (80:472.)

DAVIS, ROBERT H.

"O. Henry." N. Y. Sun. May 5. (26.)

Edison Marshall. N. Y. Sun. Apr. 7. (30.)

"Mark Twain." N. Y. Sun. Feb. 8. (20.)

DE CASSERES, BENJAMIN.

James Branch Cabell. A. Merc. Dec., '26. (9:394.)

De la Mare, Walter.

Anonymous. Dial. Oct., '26. (81:353.)

By Martha Bayard. Com. Sept. 8, '26.

By Robert Cortes Holliday. Yale. Oct., '26. (16:196.)

DEUTSCH, BABETTE.

"H. D." Books. Nov. 28, '26. (2.)

Nikolay Gogol. Books. Oct. 10, '26. (19.)

Panaït Istrati. Books. Nov. 7, '26. (25.)

Christopher Morley. Books. May 1. (4.)

DODD, LEE WILSON.

Willia Sibert Cather. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Oct. 23, '26. (3:234.)

Ruth Suckow. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Nov. 27, '26. (3:330.)

DOSTOEVSKI, FYODOR.

Letters. Va. Oct., '26. (2:546.)

Dostoevski, Fyodor.

By Paul Crowley. Com. Oct. 13, '26. (4:564.)

By Catherine, Princess Radziwill. L. Rev. Sept. 25, '26. (3:137.)

By I. A. Richards. For. Jul. (88:88.)

By Avraham Yarmolinsky. N. Y. Times. Sept. 26, '26. (4.)

DOUGLAS, DONALD.

Edward Lucas White. Books. Jun. 5. (15.)

Douglas, Norman.

By Joseph Warren Beach. Yale. Jan. (16:378.)

DOUNCE, H. E.

Sherwood Anderson. L. Rev. Jan. 22. (2.)

Mary Badger Wilson. L. Rev. Feb. 5. (2.)

Percival Wren. L. Rev. Feb. 5. (2.)

Dowson, Ernest.

By Norman Flower. Book. (N. Y.) Oct., '26. (64:148.)

Doyle, Sir Arthur Conan.

Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Jun. 26. (9.)

By H. W. Boynton. N. Y. Sun. Jun. 25. (8.)

- By Edmund Pearson. Outl. (N. Y.) Jul. 20. (146:386.)
 By W. Teignmouth Shore. Dear. Ind. Sept. 11, '26. (3.)
- DRAKE, WILLIAM A.
 Paul Bourget. Books. May 29. (9.)
 Henri de Regnier. Books. Mar. 6. (9.)
 August Strindberg. Books. Apr. 3. (9.)
 Jakob Wassermann. Books. Sept. 19, '26. (7:9.) Am. H.
 Feb. 11. (120:480.)
- Dreiser, Theodore.
 By Louis Adamic. H. J. Jan. (93.)
 By H. W. Boynton. N. Y. Sun. May 14. (9.)
 By Harry Hansen. World. May 22. (8 M.)
 By V. E. Holder. Lar. Jul. (29.)
 By Ruth Lechlitner. L. Rev. May 28. (3.)
 By William McFee. N. Rep. Jun. 15. (51:104.)
 By Gorham B. Munson. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Jun. 25. (3:928.)
 By Henry Longan Stuart. N. Y. Times. May 15. (2.)
 By Milton Waldman. Liv. A. Oct. 1, '26. (331:43.)

E

- EATON, G. D.
 Ruth Suckow. World. Oct. 3, '26. (9 M.)
- Eldridge, Paul.
 Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Jan. 2. (13.)
- Ertz, Susan.
 Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Feb. 13. (8.) Jul. 24. (13.)
 By H. W. Boynton. Outl. (N. Y.) Feb. 23. (145:248.)
 By Eleanor Carroll. L. Rev. Feb. 26. (4.)
 By Cleveland B. Chase. N. Y. Sun. Mar. 26. (11.)

F

- F., L. M.
 W. Somerset Maugham. Int. Nov., '26. (4:773.)
- FADIMAN, CLIFTON P.
 Sherwood Anderson. Nat. (N. Y.) Feb. 2. (124:121.)
 Richard B. Ince. Books. Feb. 27. (13.)
 Paul Morand. L. Rev. Jun. 4. (9.)
- FAGIN, N. BRYLLION.
 American Short Story. J. T. Apr. 15. (46.)
- Fairbank, Janet A.
 Anonymous. N. Y. Times. May 15. (9.)
 By Rose Mary Fischkin. Books. Jun. 5. (18.)
 By R. L. N. Rep. Jun. 29. (51:157.)
- FARRAR, JOHN.
 Edna Ferber. Book. (N. Y.) Jun. (65:467.)
- FAULKNER, WILLIAM HARRISON.
 Jakob Wassermann. Va. Oct., '26. (2:631.)
- FERRARU, LEON.
 Panait Istrati. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Dec. 18, '26. (3:449.)
- Ferber, Edna.
 Anonymous. World. Jul. 3. (6 M.)
 By H. W. Boynton. N. Y. Sun. Apr. 23. (9.)

- By Nathalie Sedgwick Colby. Sat. R. (N. Y.) May 14. (3:819.)
 By John Farrar. Book. (N. Y.) Jun. (65:467.)
 By Louis Kronenberger. N. Y. Times. Apr. 17. (2.)
 By Grant Overton. Book. (N. Y.) Oct., '26. (64:138.)
 By Marian Storm. L. Rev. May 14. (7.)
 By Thyra Samter Winslow. Books. Apr. 24. (3.)
- Field, Eugene.
 By Hilton Gregory. Book. (N. Y.) Mar. (65:89.)
 By Morris Markey. L. Rev. Feb. 19. (8.)
 By George N. Shuster. Com. Mar. 30. (5:383.)
 By Vincent Starrett. World. Jan. 30. (11 M.)
 By Charles Willis Thompson. N. Y. Times. Feb. 20. (2.)
- FIELD, LOUISE MAUNSELL.
 Willa Cather. Int. Nov., '26. (4:761.)
 Sheila Kaye-Smith. Book. (N. Y.) Jan. (64:632.)
- FINGER, CHARLES J.
 Jay G. Sigmund. Mid. May. (13:143.)
- FISCHKIN, ROSE MARY.
 Janet A. Fairbank. Books. Jun. 5. (18.)
- Fitzgerald F. Scott.
 By Harry Salpeter. World. Apr. 3. (12 M.)
- Flaubert, Gustave.
 By Arnold Whitridge. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Jul. 30. (4:8.)
- Fletcher, J. S.
 Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Dec. 12, '26. (37.)
 By Dashiell Hammett. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Jan. 15. (3:510.)
- FLOWER, NEWMAN.
 Ernest Dowson. Book. (N. Y.) Oct., '26. (64:148.)
 Edgar Allan Poe. Book. (N. Y.) Oct., '26. (64:152.)
 Oscar Wilde. Book. (N. Y.) Oct., '26. (64:150.)
- FORD, FORD MADOX.
 A. E. Coppard. Books. Feb. 27. (4.)
 Stephen Crane. Books. Jan. 2. (1.)
- FORD, JAMES L.
 Sherwood Anderson. Int. Sept., '26. (4:654.)
 Thomas Burke. Int. Sept., '26. (4:640.)
- FORMAN, HENRY JAMES.
 Honoré de Balzac. N. Y. Times. Jul. 3. (5.)
 Anton Chekhov. N. Y. Times. Jun. 12. (14.)
 Ivan Turgenev. N. Y. Times. Nov. 14, '26. (5.)
- FORT, JOHN P.
 Eric Walrond. For. May. (77:797.)
- France, Anatole.
 Anonymous. Dial. Dec., '26. (81:518.) Mar. (82:257.)
 Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Jun. 12. (5.)
 By Edwin H. Blanchard. N. Y. Sun. Apr. 9.
 By Ernest Boyd. Books. Dec. 26, '26. (1.)
 By H. I. Brock. N. Y. Times. Nov. 21, '26. (9.) Dec. 26, '26. (5.)
 By J. C. L. Rev. Dec. 18, '26. (2.)
 By W. N. C. Carlton. L. Rev. Dec. 11, '26. (4.)
 By George Herbert Clarke. Va. Jan. (3:147.)
 By Joseph Collins. L. Rev. Apr. 30. (11.)

- By Lewis Galantière. *World*. May 1. (10 M.)
 By Frank W. Garrison. *Nat.* (N. Y.) Apr. 13. (124:399.)
 By Francis Gribble. *Liv. A.* Oct. 15, '26. (331:138.)
 By Henry Hansen. *World*. Nov. 14, '26. (10 M.)
 By Joseph Wood Krutch. *Nat.* (N. Y.) Jan. 19. (124:69.)
 By Lawrence S. Morris. *N. Rep.* Mar. 2. (50:51.)
 By Alexander I. Nazaroff. *Int.* Sept., '26. (4:610.)
 By Catherine, Princess Radziwill. *For.* Oct., '26. (76:640.)
 By Burton Rascoe. *N. Rep.* Mar. 19. (50:105.)
 By Ben Ray Redman. *Books.* Jun. 5. (5.)
 By Nicolas Ségur. *Liv. A.* Jul. 15. (333:143.)
 By George A. Underwood. *Yale.* Jul. (16:808.)
 By Grenville Vernon. *Com.* Sept. 1, '26. (4:411.) Feb. 9.
 (5:387.) May 11. (6:22.)
- FRANK, GRACE.
 Mary Borden. *Sat. R.* (N. Y.) Apr. 23. (3:753.)
- FRANK, WALDO.
 Eric Walrond. *Opp.* Nov., '26. (4:352.)
- FREDERICK, JOHN T.
 Arthur Schnitzler. *Mid.* Apr. (13:117.)
 Henry Williamson. *Mid.* Jul. (13:304.)
- Freeman, Mary E. Wilkins.
See Wilkins, Mary E.
- Freeman, R. Austin.
 Anonymous. *N. Y. Times.* May 1. (24.)
- French Short Story.
 By Malcolm Cowley. *Books.* Sept. 5, '26. (17.)
 By Lewis Galantière. *Books.* Jan. 9. (4.)
 By Lloyd Morris. *Sat. R.* (N. Y.) Mar. 5. (3:621.)
- FRERE-REEVES, A. S.
 Max Beerbohm. *Liv. A.* Feb. 15. (332:340.)

G

- G., L. A.
 Eden Phillpotts. *L. Rev.* Jun. 11. (7.)
- GAINES, FRANK P.
 Percy Mackaye. *Va.* Oct., '26. (2:597.)
- GALANTIÈRE, LEWIS.
 Anatole France. *World*. May 1. (10 M.)
 French Short Story. *Books.* Jan. 9. (4.)
 Guy de Maupassant. *Books.* Dec. 12, '26. (4.)
 Paul Morand. *N. Rep.* Jul. 13. (51:207.)
- Galsworthy, John.
 By Joseph J. Reilly. *Cath. W.* Sept., '26. (123:754.)
- GARD, WAYNE.
 Opie Read. *Tan.* Mar. (13.)
 Ruth Suckow. *Tan.* May. (25.)
 Rabindranath Tagore. *Int.* Sept., '26. (4:619.)
- GARRISON, FRANK W.
 Anatole France. *Nat.* (N. Y.) Apr. 13. (124:399.)
- GAUSS, CHRISTIAN.
 Guy de Maupassant. *Sat. R.* (N. Y.) Jun. 18. (3:910.)

Gautier, Théophile.

Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Mar. 20. (11.)

Gerhardi, William.

Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Apr. 17. (6.)

By Nathalie Sedgwick Colby. Sat. R. (N. Y.) May 14. (3:819.)

By Thomas Compton. N. Y. Sun. Apr. 23. (8.)

By R. L. N. Rep. Jun. 1. (51:54.)

By Ruth Suckow. World. Jun. 5. (7 M.)

GEROULD, GORDON HALL.

Sir Hugh Clifford. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Jun. 4. (3:888.)

GEROULD, KATHARINE FULLERTON.

Rudyard Kipling. Books. Oct. 3, '26. (1.)

Ghost Stories.

Anonymous. Dial. Jul. (83:76.)

Anonymous. N. Y. Sun. Mar. 17. (22.)

Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Jun. 5. (9.)

By Harry McGuire. Com. Jun. 1. (6:108.)

By Allan Nevins. World. Apr. 17. (11 M.)

GIBBS, A. HAMILTON.

Rudyard Kipling. L. Rev. Oct. 9, '26. (3.)

Gissing, George.

Anonymous. N. Y. Sun. Mar. 15. (22.)

Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Mar. 27. (7.)

By Ernest Boyd. Ind. Apr. 9. (118:391.)

By Angus Burrell. Nat. (N. Y.) Jun. 8. (124:648.)

By Garreta Busey. Books. Mar. 6. (6.)

By Henry A. Lappin. Book. (N. Y.) May. (65:345.)

By William McFee. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Jun. 11. (3:894.)

By Virginia Woolf. N. Rep. Mar. 2. (50:49.)

Glasgow, Ellen.

By Dorothea Lawrance Mann. Book. (N. Y.) Nov., '26. (64:265.)

Glass, Montague.

Anonymous. N. Y. Sun. Feb. 23. (28.)

Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Feb. 27. (6.)

Gogol, Nikolay.

Anonymous. Dial. Jul. (83:77.)

By George Herbert Clarke. Va. Jan. (3:147.)

By John Cournos. Yale. Apr. (16:594.) Int. Oct., '26. (4:689.)

By Babette Deutsch. Books. Oct. 10, '26. (19.)

By Robert Littell. N. Rep. Oct. 13, '26. (48:218.)

By Clarence A. Manning. Yale. Oct., '26. (16:187.)

GOLD, MICHAEL.

Emanuel Carnevali. N. Mass. Dec., '26. (19.)

Guy de Maupassant. N. Mass. Feb. (28.)

GOLDBERG, ISAAC.

David Pinski. Y. I. Sept., '26. (10.)

GOLDBERG, SARAH.

I. L. Peretz. B'nai B'rith Magazine. Sept., '26. (40:426.)

GOLDING, LOUIS.

G. B. Stern. Am. H. Jan. 28. (120:399.)

Israel Zangwill. Men. J. Dec., '26. (12:561.)

GOLDMAN, HETTY.

Emily James Putnam. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Dec. 4, '26. (3:364.)

Gorky, Maxim.

By Barrett H. Clark. S. W. Oct., '26. (12:31.)

By Alexander Kaun. Book. (N. Y.) Jul. (65:506.)

GORMAN, HERBERT S.

Nathaniel Hawthorne. L. Rev. Mar. 12. (3.)

Henry James. World. Mar. 20. (9 M.)

Paul Morand. World. May 15. (9 M.)

Edgar Allan Poe. N. Y. Times. Dec. 5, '26. (1.)

GRAHAM, GLADYS.

Barry Benefield. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Jan. 15. (3:514.)

Elizabeth Bowen. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Jan. 15. (3:514.)

A. E. Coppard. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Jun. 4. (3:880.)

Richard B. Ince. Sat. R. (N. Y.) May 28. (3:859.)

W. Somerset Maugham. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Jan. 15. (3:514.)

GRATTAN, C. HARTLEY.

Edgar Allan Poe. World. Dec. 5, '26.

GREGORY, ALYSE.

"H. D." Dial. May. (82:417.)

GREGORY, HILTON.

Eugene Field. Book. (N. Y.) Mar. (65:89.)

GRIBBLE, FRANCIS.

Anatole France. Liv. A. Oct. 15, '26. (331:138.)

GULLIVER, LUCILE.

Mary Borden. N. Y. Sun. Apr. 2. (11.)

H

HAMILTON, H. M.

American Short Story. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Apr. 2. (3:706.)

HAMMETT, DASHIELL.

James Branch Cabell. For. Jan. (77:159.)

J. S. Fletcher. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Jan. 15. (3:510.)

HAMMOND, BRAY.

Laurence Housman. N. Y. Sun. Mar. 12. (10.)

HANSEN, HARRY.

Honoré de Balzac. World. Jun. 26. (8 M.)

Theodore Dreiser. World. May 22. (8 M.)

Anatole France. World. Nov. 14, '26. (10 M.)

Ben Hecht. World. Apr. 17. (10 M.)

Hardy, Thomas.

By Samuel C. Chew. Yale. Oct., '26. (16:185.)

Harte, Francis Bret.

Anonymous. Books. Jan. 30. (15.)

Anonymous. Dial. Dec., '26. (81:517.)

Anonymous. N. Y. Times. May 8. (6.)

Haukland, Andreas.

By Hanna Astrup Larsen. Scan. Nov., '26. (14:689.)

HAWTHORNE, JULIAN.

Nathaniel Hawthorne. Dear. Ind. Oct. 16, '26. (4.) Sat. R.
(N. Y.) Apr. 16. (3:727.)

Hawthorne, Nathaniel.

Anonymous. N. Y. Sun. Jul. 28. (18.)

Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Mar. 13. (6.) Jul. 31. (9.)

- By Newton Arvin. Ind. Apr. 23. (118:447.)
 By Joseph Collins. L. Rev. Jul. 16. (8.)
 By Mary M. Colum. Sat. R. (N. Y.) May 28. (3:866.)
 By Bartlett Cormack. World. Mar. 20. (9 M.)
 By Paul Crowley. Com. Apr. 27. (5:696.)
 By Herbert S. Gorman. L. Rev. Mar. 12. (3.)
 By Julian Hawthorne. Dear. Ind. Oct. 16, '26. (4.) Sat. R. (N. Y.) Apr. 16. (3:727.)
 By Leon Kelley. Book. (N. Y.) Mar. (65:22.) Sat. R. (N. Y.) Jun. 18. (3:916.)
 By Joseph Wood Krutch. Nat. (N. Y.) Mar. 23. (124:320.)
 By Lawrence S. Morris. N. Rep. Jul. 20. (51:233.)
 By Fred Lewis Pattee. N. Y. Sun. Mar. 12. (11.)
 By Edwin L. Shuman. N. Y. Times. Mar. 20. (2.)
 By Raymond Weaver. Books. Mar. 20. (3.)
 Hearn, Lafcadio.
 By Percy H. Boynton. Va. Jul. (3:418.)
 Hecht, Ben.
 Anonymous. Books. Dec. 12, '26. (3:21.)
 Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Dec. 5, '26. (31:30.)
 By Henry Hansen. World. Apr. 17. (10 M.)
 Hémon, Louis.
 By Seumas MacManus. Cath. W. May. (125:179.)
 "Henry, O."
 By Robert H. Davis. N. Y. Sun. May 5. (26.)
 HERRICK, ROBERT.
 Eric Walrond. N. Rep. Nov. 10, '26. (48:332.)
 HIPWELL, HERMINE HALLAM.
 Hector Olivera Lavié. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Jun. 25. (3:931.)
 HOLDER, V. E.
 Theodore Dreiser. Lar. Jul. (29.)
 HOLLIDAY, ROBERT CORTES.
 Walter de la Mare. Yale. Oct., '26. (16:196.)
 HOLLOWAY, EMORY.
 Walt Whitman. Books. Apr. 3. (3.)
 HORWILL, HERBERT W.
 Rudyard Kipling. N. Y. Times. Oct. 10, '26. (8.)
 HOUSE, ROY TEMPLE.
 August Strindberg. Nat. (N. Y.) May 4. (124:508.)
 Housman, Laurence.
 Anonymous. Nat. (N. Y.) Jun. 8. (124:650.)
 Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Mar. 20. (10.)
 By Bray Hammond. N. Y. Sun. Mar. 12. (10.)
 By T. S. M. N. Rep. Apr. 20. (50:257.)
 By Juana Nelson. Books. Jul. 31. (8.)
 By Harry Salpeter. World. Mar. 27. (11 M.)
 By Arnold Whitridge. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Apr. 2. (3:694.)
 HUGHES, LANGSTON.
 Eric Walrond. Books. Dec. 5, '26. (3:9.)
 Hume, Cyril.
 Anonymous. World. Jun. 26. (8 M.)
 By Richard Lockridge. N. Y. Sun. May 28. (9.)
 By Marian Storm. L. Rev. Jun. 25. (9.)
 By Hugh Walpole. Books. May 29. (1.)

Hurst, Fannie.

- Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Apr. 3. (7.)
- By H. W. Boynton. N. Y. Sun. Mar. 5. (10.)
- By Pauline Kronman. Am. H. Apr. 1. (120:736.)
- By Robert Littell. N. Rep. Mar. 30. (50:178.)
- By Marie Luhrs. World. Mar. 13. (9 M.)
- By Marian Storm. L. Rev. Jun. 25. (8.)
- By Miriam Teichner. Suc. Dec., '26. (32.)
- By Thyra Samter Winslow. Books. Mar. 13. (5.)

HUTCHISON, PERCY A.

- Henry James. N. Y. Times. Feb. 13. (2.)

Huxley, Aldous.

- Anonymous. Dial. Dec., '26. (81:515.)
- By H. L. Mencken. A. Merc. Sept., '26. (9:127.)
- By James Rorty. N. Mass. Sept., '26. (25.)
- By Carl Van Doren. Cen. Sept., '26. (112:638.)

Huysmans, Joris-Karl.

- Anonymous. N. Y. Sun. Jun. 27. (18.)

I

Ince, Richard B.

- Anonymous. Nat. (N. Y.) May 25. (124:589.)
- Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Feb. 13. (8.)
- By Isabel Boyd. L. Rev. Mar. 5. (15.)
- By Clifton P. Fadiman. Books. Feb. 27. (13.)
- By Gladys Graham. Sat. R. (N. Y.) May 28. (3:859.)
- By Landon Robinson. N. Y. Sun. Apr. 2. (11.)
- By Harry Salpeter. World. Mar. 6. (13 M.)

IRVING, WASHINGTON.

- Unpublished Letters. Yale. Apr. (16:459.)

Irving, Washington.

- By Henry Seidel Canby. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Dec. 25, '26. (3:461.)
- By Anne Carroll Moore. Books. Apr. 3. (8.)
- By Stanley T. Williams. Yale. Apr. (16:459.)

ISH-KISHOR, SULAMITH.

- Jakob Wassermann. J. T. Feb. 18. (4.)

Istrati, Panait.

- Anonymous. Nat. (N. Y.) Mar. 23. (124:323.)
- Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Oct. 10, '26. (10.)
- By John Cournos. L. Rev. Oct. 23, '26. (3.)
- By Babette Deutsch. Books. Nov. 7, '26. (25.)
- By Leon Feraru. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Dec. 18, '26. (3:449.)

J

Jacks, L. P.

- Anonymous. N. Y. Times. May 8. (8.)
- By H. W. Boynton. N. Y. Sun. Apr. 23. (9.)
- By Edwin Clark. N. Y. Times. Jul. 10. (2.)
- By Mary Kolars. Books. Oct. 24, '26. (10.)
- By Margery Latimer. Books. Jun. 5. (11.)
- By Marian Storm. L. Rev. May 28. (12.)

Jacobs, W. W.

Anonymous. Books. Mar. 13. (25.)

Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Nov. 21, '26. (6.)

James, Henry.

By Conrad Aiken. Books. Feb. 27. (5.) Ind. Mar. 12. (118:295.)

Anonymous. N. Y. Sun. Mar. 11. (22.)

By Joseph Collins. L. Rev. Jun. 18. (8.)

By Herbert S. Gorman. World. Mar. 20. (9 M.)

By Percy A. Hutchison. N. Y. Times. Feb. 13. (2.)

By Leon Kelley. Book. (N. Y.) Mar. (65:22.)

By Johan Smertenko. Nat. (N. Y.) Apr. 6. (124:375.)

By L. H. Titterton. For. Jul. (88:158.)

By Edmund Wilson. N. Rep. Mar. 16. (50:112.)

JAMES, STANLEY B.

G. K. Chesterton. Colum. Dec., '26. (12.)

Jerome, Jerome K.

By Edmund Pearson. Outl. (N. Y.) Jun. 29. (146:288.)

JOHNSTON, WILLIAM.

Short Stories. World. Oct. 31, '26. (11 M.)

JOLAS, EUGENE, and PAUL, ELLIOT.

James Joyce. Transit. Jun. (173.)

Gertrude Stein. Transit. Jun. (173.)

Joyce, James.

By Eugene Jolas and Elliot Paul. Transit. Jun. (173.)

K

K., W. F.

A. E. Coppard. N. Rep. May 4. (50:310.)

KAUN, ALEXANDER.

Maxim Gorky. Book. (N. Y.) Jul. (65:506.)

Kaye-Smith, Sheila.

Anonymous. Dial. Mar. (82:253.)

Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Oct. 24, '26. (7.)

Anonymous. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Dec. 11, '26. (3:419.)

Anonymous. World. Dec. 19, '26. (11 M.)

By Isabel Boyd. L. Rev. Nov. 27, '26. (3.)

By Louise Maunsell Field. Book. (N. Y.) Jan. (64:632.)

By Harrison Smith. Books. Nov. 21, '26. (25.)

KELLEY, LEON.

Nathaniel Hawthorne. Book. (N. Y.) Mar. (65:22.) Sat. R. (N. Y.) Jun. 18. (3:916.)

Henry James. Book. (N. Y.) Mar. (65:22.)

KELLY, FRED C.

Booth Tarkington. Shrine. Apr. (19.)

KEMMERER, JOHN.

F. Britten Austin. Books. May 29. (13.)

KENNY, JOHN M., JR.

Willa Cather. Com. Mar. 9. (5:499.)

Kerr, Sophie.

Anonymous. N. Y. Sun. Jun. 29. (26.)

Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Jul. 3. (13.)

Kipling, Rudyard.

- By Katharine Fullerton Gerould. Books. Oct. 3, '26. (1.)
 By A. Hamilton Gibbs. L. Rev. Oct. 9, '26. (3.)
 By Herbert W. Horwill. N. Y. Times. Oct. 10, '26. (8.)
 By Brander Matthews. Int. Nov., '26. (4:745.)
 By Edmund Pearson. Outl. (N. Y.) Oct. 6, '26. (144:182.)
 By Edmund Wilson. N. Rep. Oct. 6, '26. (48:194.)
 By Robert Wolf. Nat. (N. Y.) Nov. 17, '26. (123:509.)

KOLARS, MARY.

- American Short Story. Books. Jan. 30. (7.)
 Elizabeth Bowen. Books. Oct. 31, '26. (21.)
 British Short Story. Books. Jan. 2. (2.)
 L. P. Jacks. Books. Oct. 24, '26. (10.)

KRONENBERGER, LOUIS.

- American Short Story. Books. Oct. 3, '26. (18.) Dec. 26, '26.
 (23.) Jan. 16. (4.) Jan. 23. (21.) Sat. R. (N. Y.) May
 28. (3:861.)
 British Short Story. Books. Jun. 5. (15.)
 Edna Ferber. N. Y. Times. Apr. 17. (2.)

KRONMAN, PAULINE.

- Fannie Hurst. Am. H. Apr. 1. (120:736.)

KRUTCH, JOSEPH WOOD.

- Willa Cather. Nat. (N. Y.) Nov. 10, '26. (123:484.)
 Anatole France. Nat. (N. Y.) Jan. 19. (124:69.)
 Nathaniel Hawthorne. Nat. (N. Y.) Mar. 23. (124:320.)
 Guy de Maupassant. Nat. (N. Y.) Dec. 22, '26. (123:669.)
 Edgar Allan Poe. Nat. (N. Y.) Jan. 5. (124:17.) Sat. R.
 (N. Y.) Jan. 8. (3:493.)

Kuprin, Alexander.

- By John Cournos. L. Rev. Jun. 11. (7.)

L

L., P.

- Arthur Schnitzler. N. Rep. Apr. 6. (50:203.)

L., R.

- Willa Cather. N. Rep. Nov. 24, '26. (49:22.)
 Janet A. Fairbank. N. Rep. Jun. 29. (51:157.)
 William Gerhardt. N. Rep. Jun. 1. (51:54.)

L., R. M.

- Ruth Suckow. N. Rep. Dec. 1, '26. (49:50.)

LAPPIN, HENRY A.

- George Gissing. Book. (N. Y.) May. (65:345.)

Lardner, Ring W.

- By Robert Littell. N. Rep. Sept. 29, '26. (48:147.)

LARSEN, HANNA ASTRUP.

- Andreas Haukland. Scan. Nov., '26. (14:689.)
 Gabriel Scott. Scan. Nov., '26. (14:689.)

LASCH, ROBERT N.

- Willa Cather. Pr. S. Apr. (1:166.)

LATIMER, MARGERY.

- Mary Borden. World. Mar. 20. (9 M.)
 L. P. Jacks. Books. Jun. 5. (11.)

- Lavié, Hector Olivera.
By Hermine Hallam Hipwell. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Jun. 25. (3:931.)
- LECHLITNER, RUTH.
Mary Borden. L. Rev. Jul. 2. (8.)
Theodore Dreiser. L. Rev. May 28. (3.)
- LEE, FELICIA.
Maria Moravsky. Am. H. Mar. 25. (120:701.)
- LEFTWICH, JOSEPH.
Israel Zangwill. J. T. Sept. 3, '26. (7.)
- LEWIS, J. H.
Henri Barbusse. Books. Mar. 20. (9.)
- LITTELL, ROBERT.
Anton Chekhov. N. Rep. Jun. 22. (51:124.)
Nikolay Gogol. N. Rep. Oct. 13, '26. (48:218.)
Fannie Hurst. N. Rep. Mar. 30. (50:178.)
Ring W. Lardner. N. Rep. Sept. 29, '26. (48:147.)
"Stendhal." N. Rep. Sept. 29, '26. (48:158.)
Count Lyof N. Tolstoy. N. Rep. Jan. 26. (49:283.)
- Loch, Sydney.
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Feb. 13. (16.)
- Locke, W. J.
Anonymous. N. Y. Sun. Feb. 23. (28.)
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Feb. 27. (8.)
By Marian Storm. L. Rev. Jun. 25. (8.)
- LOCKRIDGE, RICHARD.
Cyril Hume. N. Y. Sun. May 28. (9.)
- Lord, John.
By Ruth Suckow. World. Feb. 6. (8 M.)
- LORENTE, MARIANO JOAQUIN.
Ercole Luigi Morselli. Lar. Feb. (12.)
- LOVING, PIERRE.
Georges Courteline. L. Rev. Mar. 5. (12.)
- LUHRS, MARIE.
Fannie Hurst. World. Mar. 13. (9 M.)
Christopher Morley. World. May 22. (9 M.)
- LYND, ROBERT.
Robert Louis Stevenson. Yale. Oct., '26. (16:156.).

M

- M., J. M.
Christopher Morley. L. Rev. May 7. (10.)
- M., M.
Count Lyof Tolstoy. L. Rev. Dec. 18, '26. (3.)
P. G. Wodehouse. L. Rev. Apr. 2. (5.)
- M., T. S.
Laurence Housman. N. Rep. Apr. 20. (50:257.)
Christopher Morley. N. Rep. Jul. 20. (51:236.)
- MABBOTT, THOMAS OLLIVE.
Edgar Allan Poe. Books. Dec. 5, '26. (3.)
- MacDonald, Philip.
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. May 15. (24.)

McFEE, WILLIAM.

Joseph Conrad. Books. Nov. 21, '26. (6.)

Theodore Dreiser. N. Rep. Jun. 15. (51:104.)

George Gissing. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Jun. 11. (3:894.)

McGUIRE, HARRY.

Ghost Stories. Com. Jun. 1. (6:108.)

Mackaye, Percy.

By Frank P. Gaines. Va. Oct., '26. (2:597.)

By Edwin Markham. Int. Sept., '26. (4:633.)

MACMANUS, SEUMAS.

Louis Hémon. Cath. W. May. (125:179.)

McNALLY, MIRIAM.

Willia Cather. Tan. May. (20.)

McNeile, H. C. ("Sapper").

Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Dec. 19, '26. (13.)

MACY, JOHN.

Donald Corley. World. Jul. 17. (9 E.)

MANN, DOROTHEA LAWRENCE.

Ellen Glasgow. Book. (N. Y.) Nov., '26. (64:265.)

Harvey O'Higgins. Int. Sept., '26. (4:620.)

MANNING, CLARENCE A.

Alexander Pushkin. Yale. Oct., '26. (16:187.)

MARCH, J. M.

Donald Corley. L. Rev. Jul. 23. (9.)

MARKEY, MORRIS.

Eugene Field. L. Rev. Feb. 19. (8.)

MARKHAM, EDWIN.

Percy Mackaye. Int. Sept., '26. (4:633.)

Marshall, Edison.

By Robert H. Davis. N. Y. Sun. Apr. 7. (30.)

MARSHALL, LENORE G.

Barry Benefield. Books. Sept. 19, '26. (20.)

Henry Van Dyke. Books. Dec. 19, '26. (12.)

MARSHALL, LOUIS.

Israel Zangwill. J. T. Oct. 1, '26. (1.)

MARTENS, FREDERICK H.

Raymond Weeks. L. Rev. May 28. (2.)

MATTHEWS, BRANDER.

Rudyard Kipling. Int. Nov., '26. (4:745.)

MATTHEWS, HERBERT L.

Herman Melville. N. Y. Times. May 15. (6.)

Maugham, W. Somerset.

Anonymous. Dial. Mar. (82:254.)

Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Oct. 17, '26. (6.)

By L. M. F. Int. Nov., '26. (4:773.)

By Gladys Graham. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Jan. 15. (3:514.)

By Grant Overton. Book. (N. Y.) Nov., '26. (64:298.)

By Isabel Paterson. Books. Oct. 3, '26. (5.)

By Henry Albert Phillips. L. Rev. Oct. 2, '26. (7.)

By Carl Van Doren. Cen. Dec., '26. (113:254.)

By Blanche Colton Williams. Book. (N. Y.) Nov., '26. (64:360.)

Maupassant, Guy de.

- By F. Stringfellow Barr. Va. Jul. (3:447.)
- By Ernest Boyd. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Oct. 30, '26. (3:253.)
- By Joseph Collins. L. Rev. Jan. 8. (1.)
- By Lewis Galantière. Books. Dec. 12, '26. (4.)
- By Christian Gauss. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Jun. 18. (3:910.)
- By Michael Gold. N. Mass. Feb. (28.)
- By Joseph Wood Krutch. Nat. (N. Y.) Dec. 22, '26. (123:669.)
- By Arthur Bartlett Maurice. L. Rev. Nov. 6, '26. (1.)
- By Alexander I. Nazaroff. N. Y. Times. Nov. 21, '26. (9.)
- By Ben Ray Redman. Books. Feb. 6. (16.)
- By Harry Salpeter. World. Nov. 21, '26. (10 M.)

MAURICE, ARTHUR BARTLETT.

- Guy de Maupassant. L. Rev. Nov. 6, '26. (1.)

MAYER, FREDERICK P.

- Eric Walrond. Va. Jan. (3:127.)

MAYNARD, THEODORE.

- Sherwood Anderson. Com. Feb. 9. (5:386.)

Melville, Herman.

- By Henry Seidel Canby. Sat. R. (N. Y.) May 28. (3:864.)
- By Herbert L. Matthews. N. Y. Times. May 15. (6.)

MENCKEN, H. L.

- Sherwood Anderson. A. Merc. Mar. (10:382.)
- Barry Benefield. A. Merc. Nov., '26. (9:382.)
- Aldous Huxley. A. Merc. Sept., '26. (9:127.)
- Ruth Suckow. A. Merc. Nov., '26. (9:382.)

Merejkovski, Dmitri.

- By Warren Wilmer Brown. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Nov. 27, '26. (3:342.)

Mérimeé, Prosper.

- By Joseph Collins. L. Rev. Apr. 23. (10.)
- By Isabel Paterson. Books. Apr. 24. (4.)

MEYER, HAROLD.

- "Mark Twain." S. W. Apr. (12:197.)

Molnar, Ferenc.

- By Lisle Bell. Nat. (N. Y.) Sept. 1, '26. (123:199.)

Montross, Lois Seyster.

- Anonymous. N. Y. Times. May 8. (25.)
- By Desmond Powell. Book. (N. Y.) Jun. (65:477.)

MOORE, ANNE CARROLL.

- Washington Irving. Books. Apr. 3. (8.)

Moore, George.

- By Ernest Sutherland Bates. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Jun. 25. (3:923.)
- By Henry Albert Phillips. N. Y. Times. Jun. 12. (2.)

MOORE, LOUIS.

- Ruth Suckow. Int. Nov., '26. (4:772.)

Morand, Paul.

- By Clifton P. Fadiman. L. Rev. Jun. 4. (9.)
- By Lewis Galantière. N. Rep. Jul. 13. (51:207.)
- By Herbert S. Gorman. World. May 15. (9 M.)
- By Cuthbert Wright. N. Y. Sun. Apr. 30. (11.)

Moravsky, Maria.

- By Felicia Lee. Am. H. Mar. 25. (120:701.)

MORLEY, CHRISTOPHER.

Joseph Conrad. Sat. R. (N. Y.) May 21. (3:845.)

Robert Louis Stevenson. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Mar. 19. (3:663.)

Morley, Christopher.

Anonymous. N. Y. Sun. Apr. 26. (24.)

Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Apr. 24. (16.)

By Babette Deutsch. Books. May 1. (4.)

By Marie Luhrs. World. May 22. (9 M.)

By J. M. M. L. Rev. May 7. (10.)

By T. S. M. N. Rep. Jul. 20. (51:236.)

MORRIS, LAWRENCE S.

Anatole France. N. Rep. Mar. 2. (50:51.)

Nathaniel Hawthorne. N. Rep. Jul. 20. (51:233.)

MORRIS, LLOYD.

American Short Story. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Mar. 5. (3:621.)

British Short Story. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Mar. 5. (3:621.)

French Short Story. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Mar. 5. (3:621.)

MORRISON, THEODORE.

Edgar Allan Poe. Ind. Jan. 22. (118:106.)

Morselli, Ercole Luigi.

By Mariano Joaquin Lorente. Lar. Feb. (12.)

MOTT, FRANK LUTHER.

American Short Story. Mid. Jul. (13:205 and 208.)

Sherwood Anderson. Mid. Dec., '26. (12:358.) May. (13:157.)

Edgar Allan Poe. Mid. Oct., '26. (12:300.)

Emily James Putnam. Mid. May. (13:158.)

Short Story. Mid. Jan. (13:29.)

Eric Walrond. Mid. Mar. (13:94.)

Munro, Neil.

By Cameron Rogers. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Jul. 16. (3:971.)

MUNSON, GORHAM B.

Theodore Dreiser. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Jun. 25. (3:928.)

MURPHY, ROBERT CUSHMAN.

Samuel Scoville, Jr. L. Rev. Mar. 5. (8.)

N

Nason, Leonard H.

By James Boyd. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Jun. 4. (3:880.)

By Thomas Boyd. L. Rev. May 14. (1.)

By John W. Thomason, Jr. Books. Jun. 5. (7.)

By Cuthbert Wright. N. Y. Sun. May 7. (10.)

NAZAROFF, ALEXANDER I.

M. P. Artzybashev. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Apr. 9. (3:716.)

I. A. Bunin. N. Y. Times. Feb. 20. (5.)

Anatole France. Int. Sept., '26. (4:610.)

Guy de Maupassant. N. Y. Times. Nov. 21, '26. (9.)

Count Lyof Tolstoy. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Dec. 4, '26. (3:386.)

Neihardt, John G.

Anonymous. Dial. Apr. (82:344.)

Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Oct. 10, '26. (28.)

By Mary Austin. L. Rev. Oct. 23, '26. (2.)

NELSON, JUANA.

Donald Corley. Books. Jul. 10. (7.)

Laurence Housman. Books. Jul. 31. (8.)

NEVINS, ALLAN.

Ghost Stories. World. Apr. 17. (11 M.)

NEWMAN, FRANCES.

American Short Story. L. Rev. Feb. 5. (1.)

Arnold Bennett. L. Rev. May 14. (2.)

Elizabeth Bowen. L. Rev. Dec. 11, '26. (3.)

British Short Story. L. Rev. Dec. 18, '26. (3.)

A. E. Coppard. L. Rev. Mar. 12. (4.)

Ruth Suckow. L. Rev. Oct. 23, '26. (2.)

NILES, ABBE.

James Branch Cabell. Nat. (N. Y.) Jan. 5. (124:18.)

NOLLEN, JOHN S.

Arthur Schnitzler. Tan. Jul. (2:30.)

Norwood, Gilbert.

Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Jul. 17. (5.)

By H. W. Boynton. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Oct. 26, '26. (3:200.)

O

O'BRIEN, EDWARD J.

American Short Story. B. E. T. Nov. 20, '26.

O'Flaherty, Liam.

Anonymous. Dial. Sept., '26. (81:262.)

O'Higgins, Harvey.

By Dorothea Lawrance Mann. Int. Sept., '26. (4:620.)

OPPENHEIM, JAMES.

Short Story. H. J. Apr. (160.)

OPPENHEIM, RALPH.

Honoré de Balzac. H. J. Jan. (153.)

OVERTON, GRANT.

Edna Ferber. Book. (N. Y.) Oct., '26. (64:138.)

W. Somerset Maugham. Book. (N. Y.) Nov., '26. (64:298.)

Mary Roberts Rinehart. Book. (N. Y.) Jul. (65:542.)

Anne Douglas Sedgwick. Book. (N. Y.) Apr. (65:125.)

P

PALMER, FREDERICK.

Richard Harding Davis. Scr. Nov., '26. (80:472.)

PARADISE, VIOLA.

Edgar Allan Poe. For. Jun. (77:958.)

PARROTT, T. M.

Edgar Allan Poe. Yale. Oct., '26. (16:172.)

PATERSON, ISABEL.

Willa Cather. Books. Oct. 24, '26. (3.)

W. Somerset Maugham. Books. Oct. 3, '26. (5.)

Prosper Mérimée. Books. Apr. 24. (4.)

Ivan Turgenev. Books. Nov. 21, '26. (3.)

Mary Badger Wilson. Books. Jan. 30. (16.)

PATTEE, FRED LEWIS.

Nathaniel Hawthorne. N. Y. Sun. Mar. 12. (11.)

PEARSON, EDMUND.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Outl. (N. Y.) Jul. 20. (146:386.)

Jerome K. Jerome. Outl. (N. Y.) Jun. 29. (146:288.)

Rudyard Kipling. Outl. (N. Y.) Oct. 6, '26. (144:182.)

Peretz, I. L.

By Sarah Goldberg. B'nai B'rith Magazine. Sept., '26. (40:426.)

Peterkin, Julia.

By Harry Salpeter. World. Jul. 10. (6 M.)

Petrova, Olga.

Anonymous. N. Y. Times. May 8. (24.)

PHELPS, WILLIAM LYON.

Ivan Turgenev. Sat. R. (N. Y.) May 7. (3:802.)

PHILLIPS, HENRY ALBERT.

W. Somerset Maugham. L. Rev. Oct. 2, '26. (7.)

George Moore. N. Y. Times. Jun. 12. (2.)

Phillpotts, Eden.

Anonymous. Dial. Mar. (82:253.)

Anonymous. N. Y. Sun. Mar. 14. (20.)

Anonymous. N. Y. Times. May 1. (22.)

By L. A. G. L. Rev. Jun. 11. (7.)

Pilniak, Boris.

Anonymous. Books. Feb. 27. (9.)

Pinski, David.

By Isaac Goldberg. Y. I. Sept., '26. (10.)

Pirandello, Luigi.

By Ernest Boyd. Ind. Jan. 22. (118:105.)

By Daniel-Rops. Liv. A. Jun. 1. (332:1001.)

By Francis Brett Young. Books. Jan. 16. (1.)

Poe, Edgar Allan.

By Hervey Allen. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Feb. 26. (3:618.)

Anonymous. Dial. Sept., '26. (81:264.)

By Mary Austin. For. Sept., '26. (76:474.)

By Percy H. Boynton. N. Rep. May 11. (50:340.)

By B. Frank Carpenter. Books. Dec. 26, '26. (21.)

By Joseph Collins. L. Rev. Jan. 15. (2.)

By Newman Flower. Book. (N. Y.) Oct., '26. (64:152.)

By Herbert S. Gorman. N. Y. Times. Dec. 5, '26. (1.)

By C. Hartley Grattan. World. Dec. 5, '26.

By Joseph Wood Krutch. Nat. (N. Y.) Jan. 5. (124:17.)

Sat. R. (N. Y.) Jan. 8. (3:493.)

By Thomas Ollive Mabbott. Books. Dec. 5, '26. (3.)

By Theodore Morrison. Ind. Jan. 22. (118:106.)

By Frank Luther Mott. Mid. Oct., '26. (12:300.)

By Viola Paradise. For. Jun. (77:958.)

By T. M. Parrott. Yale. Oct., '26. (16:172.)

By Lorine Pruette. Book. (N. Y.) Dec., '26. (64:511.)

By J. M. S. Robertson. Mod. Q. Sept.-Dec., '26. (3:274.) Jan.-Apr. (4:60.)

By Carl Schreiber. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Oct. 9, '26. (3:165.)

By Carl Van Doren. Cen. Feb. (113:510.)

By J. H. Whitty. N. Y. Times. Jan. 23. (19.) Sat. R. (N. Y.) Feb. 26. (3:618.)

By Stanley T. Williams. Yale. Jul. (16:812.)

- By Eola Willis. Book. (N. Y.) Nov., '26. (64:288.)
 By Edmund Wilson. N. Rep. Dec. 8, '26. (49:77.)
 By James Southall Wilson. N. A. Rev. Dec.-Jan.-Feb. (223:675.)
 Va. Apr. (3:313.)
- Porter, Eleanor H.
 Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Jan. 2. (13.)
- PORTER, KATHERINE ANNE.
 R. B. Cunningham Graham. N. Rep. Mar. 16. (50:111.)
- PORTERFIELD, ALLEN W.
 Henryk Sienkiewicz. Books. Feb. 27. (16.)
- POWELL, DESMOND.
 Lois Seyster Montross. Book. (N. Y.) Jul. (65:477.)
- PRUETTE, LORINE.
 Edgar Allan Poe. Book. (N. Y.) Dec., '26. (64:511.)
- Pushkin, Alexander.
 By Baroness Léonie Aminoff. Pict. R. May. (2.)
 By George Herbert Clarke. Va. Jan. (3:147.)
 By Clarence A. Manning. Yale. Oct., '26. (16:187.)
 By Princess Catherine Radziwill. Com. Sept. 1, '26. (4:410.)
- Putnam, Emily James.
 By Hetty Goldman. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Dec. 4, '26. (3:364.)
 By Frank Luther Mott. Mid. May. (13:158.)
 By George F. Whicher. Books. Dec. 19, '26. (14.)

R

- RADZIWILL, PRINCESS CATHERINE.
 Fyodor Dostoevsky. L. Rev. Sept. 25, '26. (3:137.)
 Anatole France. For. Oct., '26. (76:640.)
 Alexander Pushkin. Com. Sept. 1, '26. (4:410.)
- RANDALL, A. W. G.
 Stefan Zweig. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Feb. 12. (3:581.)
- RASCOE, BURTON.
 Anatole France. N. Rep. Mar. 19. (50:105.)
 Thyra Samter Winslow. N. Y. Sun. May 28. (9.)
- READ, OPIE.
 "Mark Twain." Cos. Apr. (21.)
- Read, Opie.
 By Wayne Gard. Tan. Mar. (13.)
- REDMAN, BEN RAY.
 Anatole France. Books. Jun. 5. (5.)
 Guy de Maupassant. Books. Feb. 6. (16.)
- Regnier, Henri de.
 By William A. Drake. Books. Mar. 6. (9.)
- REILLY, JOSEPH J.
 John Galsworthy. Cath. W. Sept., '26. (123:754.)
 Short Story. Cath. W. Oct., '26. (124:138.)
- Remizov, Alexei.
 By John Cournos. L. Rev. Feb. 12. (12.)
- RICH, LOUIS.
 Sholom Asch. J. T. Oct. 8, '26. (3.)
- RICHARDS, I. A.
 Fyodor Dostoevsky. For. Jul. (88:88.)

RIDING, LAURA.

Gertrude Stein. *Transit.* Jun. (153.)

Rinehart, Mary Roberts.

Anonymous. *N. Y. Times.* Dec. 12, '26. (36.)

By Grant Overton. *Book.* (N. Y.) Jul. (65:542.)

RITTENBERG, LOUIS.

Jakob Wassermann. *Am. H.* Feb. 18. (120:505.)

ROBERTSON, J. M. S.

Edgar Allan Poe. *Mod. Q.* Sept.-Dec., '26. (3:274.) Jan.-Apr. (4:60.)

Robinson, L. E.

Edith Wharton. *Rot.* Sept., '26. (27.)

ROBINSON, LANDON.

Elisabeth Cobb Chapman. *N. Y. Sun.* May 28. (8.)

Richard B. Ince. *N. Y. Sun.* Apr. 2. (11.)

ROGERS, CAMERON.

Neil Munro. *Sat. R.* (N. Y.) Jul. 16. (3:971.)

ROPS, DANIEL.

Luigi Pirandello. *Liv. A.* Jun. 1. (332:1001.)

RORTY, JAMES.

Aldous Huxley. *N. Mass.* Sept., '26. (25.)

S

SAGE, ROBERT.

"H. D." *Transit.* Apr. (142.)

SALPETER, HARRY.

Sherwood Anderson. *World.* Mar. 27. (10 M.)

Thomas Beer. *World.* Apr. 10. (10 M.)

Donald Corley. *World.* Jul. 31. (6 M.)

F. Scott Fitzgerald. *World.* Apr. 3. (12 M.)

Laurence Housman. *World.* Mar. 27. (11 M.)

Richard B. Ince. *World.* Mar. 6. (13 M.)

Guy de Maupassant. *World.* Nov. 21, '26. (10 M.)

Julia Peterkin. *World.* Jul. 10. (6 M.)

Jakob Wassermann. *World.* Feb. 20. (10 M.)

SAPIN, RUTH.

Arthur Schnitzler. *Nat.* (N. Y.) Apr. 20. (124:456.)

"Sapper." *See* McNeile, H. C.

SCHMALHAUSEN, SAMUEL.

Israel Zangwill. *Mod. Q.* Sept.-Dec., '26. (3:285.)

SCHNEIDER, ISIDOR.

Chinese Short Stories. *N. Y. Sun.* Jun. 18. (6.)

Schnitzler, Arthur.

By Conrad Aiken. *L. Rev.* Apr. 2. (4.)

Anonymous. *Dial.* Feb. (82:164.) Jul. (83:76.)

By Ernest Sutherland Bates. *Sat. R.* (N. Y.) Apr. 23. (3:752.)

By John T. Frederick. *Mid.* Apr. (13:117.)

By P. L. *N. Rep.* Apr. 6. (50:203.)

By John S. Nollen. *Tan.* Jul. (2:30.)

By Ruth Sapin. *Nat.* (N. Y.) Apr. 20. (124:456.)

Scholz, Jackson.

Anonymous. *N. Y. Times.* Feb. 27. (8.)

- SCHREIBER, CARL.
Edgar Allan Poe. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Oct. 9, '26. (3:165.)
- Scott, Gabriel.
By Hanna Astrup Larsen. Scan. Nov., '26. (14:689.)
- SCOTT, W. B., JR.
Gertrude Stein. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Jun. 4. (3:888.)
- Scoville, Samuel, Jr.
By Robert Cushman Murphy. L. Rev. Mar. 5. (8.)
- SEABROOK, W. B.
Sir Hugh Clifford. Books. Dec. 12, '26. (16.)
- Sedgwick, Anne Douglas.
By Grant Overton. Book. (N. Y.) Apr. (65:125.)
- SÉGUR, NICOLAS.
Anatole France. Liv. A. Jul. 15. (333:143.)
- SEINFEL, RUTH.
American Short Story. Books. Jul. 17. (10.)
- SHORE, W. TEIGNMOUTH.
Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Dear. Ind. Sept. 11, '26. (3.)
- Short Story.
Anonymous. N. Y. Sun. May 31. (22.)
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Jun. 19. (8.)
Anonymous. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Feb. 26. (3:605.)
Anonymous. World. Oct. 3, '26. (8 M.)
By Frank Luther Mott. Mid. Jan. (13:29.)
By James Oppenheim. H. J. Apr. (160.)
By Joseph J. Reilly. Cath. W. Oct., '26. (124:138.)
- SHUMAN, EDWIN L.
Nathaniel Hawthorne. N. Y. Times. Mar. 20. (2.)
- SHUSTER, GEORGE N.
Eugene Field. Com. Mar. 30. (5:383.)
- Shuster, George N.
By Edith Adams. Com. Nov. 17, '26. (5:53.)
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- Sienkiewicz, Henryk.
By Allen W. Porterfield. Books. Feb. 27. (16.)
- Sigmund, Jay G.
By Charles J. Finger. Mid. May. (13:143.)
- SMERTENKO, JOHAN.
Henry James. Nat. (N. Y.) Apr. 6. (124:375.)
- SMITH, BEVERLY W., JR.
Thyra Samter Winslow. L. Rev. Jul. 16. (9.)
- SMITH, HARRISON.
Sheila Kaye-Smith. Books. Nov. 21, '26. (25.)
- Springs, Elliott White.
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- Squier, Emma-Lindsay.
By May Graham Bonner. Int. Sept., '26. (4:642.)
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By Laura Riding. Transit. Jun. (153.)

By W. B. Scott, Jr. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Jun. 4. (3:888.)

By Jack Vanzler. Mod. Q. Jun.-Sept. (4:168.)

By Edmund Wilson. N. Rep. Apr. 13. (50:228.)

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By Padraic Colum. Dial. Jun. (82:470.)

By Robert Littell. N. Rep. Sept. 29, '26. (48:158.)

Stern, G. B.

By Louis Golding. Am. H. Jan. 28. (120:399.)

Stevenson, Robert Louis.

By Robert Lynd. Yale. Oct., '26. (16:156.)

By Christopher Morley. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Mar. 19. (3:663.)

STORM, MARIAN.

"H. D." L. Rev. Nov. 27, '26. (3.)

Edna Ferber. L. Rev. May 14. (7.)

Cyril Hume. L. Rev. Jun. 25. (9.)

Fannie Hurst. L. Rev. Jun. 25. (8.)

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William J. Locke. L. Rev. Jun. 25. (8.)

Strindberg, August.

By William A. Drake. Books. Apr. 3. (9.)

By Roy Temple House. Nat. (N. Y.) May 11. (124:508.)

STUART, HENRY LONGAN.

Theodore Dreiser. N. Y. Times. May 15. (2.)

SUCKOW, RUTH.

William Gerhardt. World. Jun. 5. (7 M.)

John Lord. World. Feb. 6. (8 M.)

Mary E. Wilkins. World. Mar. 27. (10 M.)

Suckow, Ruth.

Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Sept. 26, '26. (10.)

Anonymous. Outl. (N. Y.) Nov. 10, '26. (144:342.)

By Herbert Asbury. Books. Oct. 3, '26. (6.)

By Lee Wilson Dodd. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Nov. 27, '26. (3:330.)

By G. D. Eaton. World. Oct. 3, '26. (9 M.)

By Wayne Gard. Tan. May. (25.)

By R. M. L. N. Rep. Dec. 1, '26. (49:50.)

By H. L. Mencken. A. Merc. Nov., '26. (9:382.)

By Louis Moore. Int. Nov., '26. (4:772.)

By Frances Newman. L. Rev. Oct. 23, '26. (2.)

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Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Nov. 28, '26. (32.)

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T., C.

Short Story. Com. May 26, '26. (4:82.)

Tagore, Rabindranath.

Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Oct. 10, '26. (11.)

Anonymous. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Dec. 4, '26. (3:398.)

- By W. Norman Brown. Books. Nov. 21, '26. (20.)
 By Wayne Gard. Int. Sept., '26. (4:619.)
- Tarkington, Booth.
 By Joseph Collins. Book. (N. Y.) Mar. (65:12.)
 By Fred C. Kelly. Shrine. Apr. (19.)
 By May B. Whiting. Dear. Ind. Oct. 2, '26. (3.)
- TEALL, EDWARD N.
 Arthur Train. Books. Nov. 14, '26. (10.)
- TEICHSNER, MIRIAM.
 Fannie Hurst. Suc. Dec., '26. (32.)
- THOMASON, JOHN W., JR.
 Leonard H. Nason. Books. Jun. 5. (7.)
- Thomason, John W., Jr.
 Anonymous. N. Y. Times. May 15. (9.)
 By Larry Barretto. Books. May 15. (3.)
 By Edwin H. Blanchard. N. Y. Sun. May 21. (11.)
 By James Boyd. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Jun. 4. (3:880.)
 By Thomas Boyd. L. Rev. May 14. (1.)
- THOMPSON, CHARLES WILLIS.
 Eugene Field. N. Y. Times. Feb. 20. (2.)
- THOMPSON, DOROTHY.
 Jakob Wassermann. L. Rev. Feb. 19. (12.)
- TITTERTON, L. H.
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- Tolstoy, Count Lyof N.
 By Conrad Aiken. Ind. Mar. 12. (118:295.)
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 By Robert Littell. N. Rep. Jan. 26. (49:283.)
 By M. M. L. Rev. Dec. 18, '26. (3.)
 By Alexander I. Nazaroff. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Dec. 4, '26. (3:386.)
 By Avraham Yarmolinsky. Books. Jan. 9. (3.) May 15. (12.)
- Train, Arthur.
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 By Edward N. Teall. Books. Nov. 14, '26. (10.)
- Trites, W. B.
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- Turgenev, Ivan.
 By Conrad Aiken. N. Rep. May 11. (50:349.)
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 By Dorothy Brewster. Nat. (N. Y.) Jan. 5. (124:19.)
 By J. C. L. Rev. Feb. 5. (3.)
 By Henry James Forman. N. Y. Times. Nov. 14, '26. (5.)
 By Isabel Paterson. Books. Nov. 21, '26. (3.)
 By William Lyon Phelps. Sat. R. (N. Y.) May 7. (3:802.)
 By Jacob Zeitlin. Book. (N. Y.) Jan. (64:630.)
- "Twain, Mark."
 Anonymous. Books. Jan. 30. (15.)
 Anonymous. N. Y. Times. May 8. (8.)
 By Robert H. Davis. N. Y. Sun. Feb. 8. (20.)
 By Harold Meyer. S. W. Apr. (12:197.)
 By Opie Read. Cos. Apr. (21.)

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UNDERWOOD, GEORGE A.

Anatole France. Yale. Jul. (16:808.)

V

VALERIO, EDITH.

Honoré de Balzac. N. Y. Times. Jul. 17. (5.)

VAN DOREN, CARL.

Willa Cather. Cen. Jan. (113:383.)

Aldous Huxley. Cen. Sept., '26. (112:638.)

W. Somerset Maugham. Cen. Dec., '26. (113:254.)

Edgar Allan Poe. Cen. Feb. (113:510.)

VAN DOREN, MARK.

Stephen Crane. Nat. (N. Y.) Feb. 16. (124:180.)

"H. D." Nat. (N. Y.) Dec. 22, '26. (123:668.)

Van Dyke, Henry.

Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Oct. 24, '26. (32.)

By I. B. L. Rev. Jan. 22. (2.)

By Lenore G. Marshall. Books. Dec. 19, '26. (12.)

VANZLER, JACK.

Gertrude Stein. Mod. Q. Jun.-Sept. (4:168.)

VERNON, GRENVILLE.

Anatole France. Com. Sept. 1, '26. (4:411.) Feb. 9. (5:387.)

May 11. (6:22.)

VON ENDE, AMELIA.

Henri Barbusse. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Dec. 25, '26. (3:470.)

W

W., D. B.

James Branch Cabell. N. Rep. Sept. 22, '26. (48:128.)

W., E. H.

Mary Borden. N. Rep. Jun. 22. (51:132.)

WALDMAN, MILTON.

Theodore Dreiser. Liv. A. Oct. 1, '26. (331:43.)

WALPOLE, HUGH.

Cyril Hume. Books. May 29. (1.)

Walrond, Eric.

Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Oct. 17, '26. (6.)

By John P. Fort. For. May. (77:797.)

By Waldo Frank. Opp. Nov., '26. (4:352.)

By Robert Herrick. N. Rep. Nov. 10, '26. (48:332.)

By Langston Hughes. Books. Dec. 5, '26. (3:9.)

By Frederick P. Mayer. Va. Jan. (3:127.)

By Frank Luther Mott. Mid. Mar. (13:94.)

WASHBURN, CLAUDE C.

Edith Wharton. Com. Sept. 8, '26. (4:425.)

Wassermann, Jakob.

By William A. Drake. Am. H. Feb. 11. (120:480.) Books.

Sept. 19, '26. (9.)

By William Harrison Faulkner. Va. Oct., '26. (2:631.)

By Sulamith Ish-Kishor. J. T. Feb. 18. (4.)

By Louis Rittenberg. Am. H. Feb. 18. (120:505.)

- By Harry Salpeter. World. Feb. 20. (10 M.)
 By Dorothy Thompson. L. Rev. Feb. 19. (12.)
- WEAVER, RAYMOND.
 Nathaniel Hawthorne. Books. Mar. 20. (3.)
- Weeks, Raymond.
 By C. F. Ansley. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Jul. 2. (3:945.)
 By Frederick H. Martens. L. Rev. May 28. (2.)
- Wharton, Edith.
 By L. E. Robinson. Rot. Sept., '26. (27.)
 By Claude C. Washburn. Com. Sept. 8, '26. (4:425.)
- WHICHER, GEORGE F.
 Emily James Putnam. Books. Dec. 19, '26. (14.)
- White, Edward Lucas.
 Anonymous. N. Y. Times. May 8. (24.)
 By Donald Douglas. Books. Jun. 5. (15.)
- WHITING, MAY B.
 Booth Tarkington. Dear. Ind. Oct. 2, '26. (3.)
- Whitman, Walt.
 Anonymous. N. Y. Sun. Mar. 28. (22.)
 By Laura Benét. L. Rev. Jul. 2. (9.)
 By Emory Holloway. Books. Apr. 3. (3.)
- WHITRIDGE, ARNOLD.
 Gustave Flaubert. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Jul. 30. (4:8.)
 Laurence Housman. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Apr. 2. (3: 694.)
- WHITTY, J. H.
 Edgar Allan Poe. N. Y. Times. Jan. 23. (19.) Sat. R. (N. Y.)
 Feb. 26. (3:618.)
- Wilde, Oscar.
 Anonymous. Dial. Dec., '26. (81:517.)
 By Newman Flower. Book. (N. Y.) Oct., '26. (64:150.)
- Wilkins, Mary E. (Mary E. Wilkins Freeman.)
 By Laura Benét. L. Rev. Apr. 9. (10.)
 By Nathalie Sedgwick Colby. Sat. R. (N. Y.) May 14. (3:819.)
 By Ruth Suckow. World. Mar. 27. (10 M.)
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- WILLIAMS, BLANCHE COLTON.
 Barry Benefield. Book. (N. Y.) Nov., '26. (64:360.)
 W. Somerset Maugham. Book. (N. Y.) Nov., '26. (64:360.)
- WILLIAMS, STANLEY T.
 Washington Irving. Yale. Apr. (16:459.)
 Edgar Allan Poe. Yale. Jul. (16:812.)
- WILLIAMS-ELLIS, AMABEL.
 Thyra Samter Winslow. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Jun. 25. (3:928.)
- Williamson, Henry.
 Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Apr. 17. (20.)
 By John T. Frederick. Mid. Jul. (13:204.)
- WILLIS, EOLA.
 Edgar Allan Poe. Book. (N. Y.) Nov., '26. (64:288.)
- WILSON, EDMUND.
 Henry James. N. Rep. Mar. 16. (50:112.)
 Rudyard Kipling. N. Rep. Oct. 6, '26. (48:194.)

Edgar Allan Poe. N. Rep. Dec. 8, '26. (49:77.)

Gertrude Stein. N. Rep. Apr. 13. (50:228.)

WILSON, JAMES SOUTHWALL.

Edgar Allan Poe. N. A. Rev. Dec.-Jan.-Feb. (223:675.) Va.
Apr. (3:313.)

Wilson, Mary Badger.

Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Feb. 13. (14.)

By H. E. Dounce. L. Rev. Feb. 5. (2.)

By Isabel Paterson. Books. Jan. 30. (16.)

WINSLOW, THYRA SAMTER.

Edna Ferber. Books. Apr. 24. (3.)

Fannie Hurst. Books. Mar. 13. (5.)

Winslow, Thyra Samter.

By Garreta Busey. Books. May 29. (3.)

By Burton Rascoe. N. Y. Sun. May 28. (9.)

By Beverly W. Smith, Jr. L. Rev. Jul. 16. (9.)

By Amabel Williams-Ellis. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Jun. 25. (3:928.)

Wodehouse, P. G.

Anonymous. N. Y. Sun. Mar. 8. (22.)

Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Mar. 13. (8.)

By Will Cuppy. Books. May 1. (20.)

By M. M. L. Rev. Apr. 2. (5.)

WOLF, ROBERT.

Rudyard Kipling. Nat. (N. Y.) Nov. 17, '26. (123:509.)

WOOLF, VIRGINIA.

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Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Feb. 20. (9.)

By H. E. Dounce. L. Rev. Feb. 5. (2.)

WRIGHT, CUTHBERT.

A. E. Coppard. N. Y. Sun. Feb. 5. (10.)

Paul Morand. N. Y. Sun. Apr. 30. (11.)

Leonard H. Nason. N. Y. Sun. May 7. (10.)

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YARMOLINSKY, AVRAHAM.

Fyodor Dostoevsky. N. Y. Times. Sept. 26, '26. (4.)

Count Lyof Tolstoy. Books. Jan. 9. (3.) May 15. (12.)

YOUNG, FRANCIS BRETT.

Luigi Pirandello. Books. Jan. 16. (1.)

Z

Zangwill, Israel.

By Herman Bernstein. J. T. Sept. 10, '26. (22.)

By Louis Golding. Men. J. Dec., '26. (12:561.)

By Joseph Leftwich. J. T. Sept. 3, '26. (7.)

By Louis Marshall. J. T. Oct. 1, '26. (1.)

By Samuel Schmalhausen. Mod. Q. Sept.-Dec., '26. (3:285.)

By Dorothy F. Zeligs. J. T. Sept. 10, '26. (32.) Nov. 5, '26.
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Anton Chekhov. N. Y. Sun. Jun. 4. (28.)

Ivan Turgenev. Book. (N. Y.) Jan. (64:630.)

ZELIGS, DOROTHY F.

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MAGAZINE AVERAGES

SEPTEMBER, 1926, TO JULY, 1927

The following table includes the averages of distinctive stories in twenty-four American periodicals published from September, 1926, to July, 1927, inclusive. One, two and three asterisks are employed to indicate relative distinction. "Three-asterisk stories" are considered worth reprinting in book form. The list excludes reprints.

PERIODICALS	No. OF STORIES PUB- LISHED	No. OF DISTINCTIVE STORIES PUBLISHED			PERCENTAGE OF DISTINCTIVE STORIES PUBLISHED		
		*	**	***	*	**	***
American Mercury.....	16	14	8	6	88	50	38
Atlantic Monthly.....	22	22	19	10	100	86	45
Catholic World.....	30	19	5	1	63	17	3
Century Magazine.....	36	31	23	15	86	64	42
Chicago Tribune (Syndicate Service).....	48	13	1	0	27	2	0
Collier's Weekly.....	203	46	17	9	23	8	5
Cosmopolitan.....	129	64	30	13	50	23	10
Country Gentleman.....	48	19	6	3	39	13	6
Delineator.....	43	10	3	2	23	7	5
Dial.....	13	13	13	12	100	100	92
Forum.....	10	9	7	4	90	70	40
Good Housekeeping.....	56	15	7	5	27	13	9
Harper's Bazar.....	34	16	8	6	47	24	18
Harper's Magazine.....	38	37	32	23	97	84	61
Ladies' Home Journal.....	69	18	2	0	26	3	0
McCall's Magazine.....	43	7	2	1	16	5	2
Midland.....	19	17	15	10	89	79	53
Pictorial Review.....	54	25	13	7	47	24	13
Red Book Magazine.....	96	25	7	2	26	7	2
Saturday Evening Post.....	378	123	31	19	33	8	5
Scribner's Magazine.....	53	38	25	18	72	47	34
Transition (April-July).....	21	18	13	7	86	62	33
Vanity Fair.....	22	20	15	8	91	68	36
Woman's Home Companion.	64	27	11	7	42	17	11

The following tables indicate the rank, during the period between September, 1926, and July, 1927, inclusive, by number and percentage of distinctive short stories published, of twenty-four periodicals coming within the scope of my examination which have published an average of 15 per cent or more of distinctive stories. The lists exclude reprints, but not translations.

BY PERCENTAGE

- | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---------------------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|------|
| 1. Atlantic Monthly | : | : | : | : | : | : | : | : | : | 100% |
| 2. Dial | : | : | : | : | : | : | : | : | : | 100% |

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3.	Harper's Magazine		97%
4.	Vanity Fair		91%
5.	Forum		90%
6.	Midland		89%
7.	American Mercury		88%
8.	Century		86%
9.	Transition (April-July)		86%
10.	Scribner's Magazine		72%
11.	Catholic World		63%
12.	Cosmopolitan		50%
13.	Pictorial Review		47%
14.	Harper's Bazar		47%
15.	Woman's Home Companion		42%
16.	Country Gentleman		39%
17.	Saturday Evening Post		33%
18.	Good Housekeeping		27%
19.	Chicago Tribune (Syndicate Service)		27%
20.	Ladies' Home Journal		26%
21.	Red Book Magazine		26%
22.	Collier's Weekly		23%
23.	Delineator		23%
24.	McCall's Magazine		16%

By NUMBER

1.	Saturday Evening Post		123
2.	Cosmopolitan		64
3.	Collier's Weekly		46
4.	Scribner's Magazine		38
5.	Harper's Magazine		37
6.	Century Magazine		31
7.	Woman's Home Companion		27
8.	Pictorial Review		25
9.	Red Book Magazine		25
10.	Atlantic Monthly		22
11.	Vanity Fair		20
12.	Catholic World		19
13.	Country Gentleman		19
14.	Transition (April-July)		18
15.	Ladies' Home Journal		18
16.	Midland		17
17.	Harper's Bazar		16
18.	Good Housekeeping		15
19.	American Mercury		14
20.	Dial		13
21.	Chicago Tribune (Syndicate Service)		13
22.	Delineator		10
23.	Forum		9
24.	McCall's Magazine		7

The following periodicals have published during the same period ten or more "two-asterisk stories." The list excludes reprints, but not translations. Periodicals represented in this list during 1915, 1916, etc.,

to 1926 inclusive, are represented by the prefixed letters, a, b, etc., to l, inclusive.

1.	abcdefghijkl	Harper's Magazine	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	32
2.	abcdef jkl	Saturday Evening Post	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	31
3.	ijkl	Cosmopolitan	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	30
4.	abcdef hijkl	Scribner's Magazine	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	25
5.	abcdefghijkl	Century Magazine	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	23
6.	cdef hijkl	Atlantic Monthly	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	19
7.	abcde jkl	Collier's Weekly	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	17
8.	l	Vanity Fair	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	15
9.	c f j l	Midland	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	15
10.	fghi kl	Dial	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	13
11.		Transition (April-July)	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	13
12.	bcdefghijkl	Pictorial Review	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	13
13.		Woman's Home Companion	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	11

The following periodicals have published during the same period five or more "three-asterisk stories." The list excludes reprints, but not translations. The same signs are used as prefixes as in the previous list.

1.	abcdefghijkl	Harper's Magazine	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	23
2.	abc ef jkl	Saturday Evening Post	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	19
3.	abcdef hijkl	Scribner's Magazine	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	18
4.	abcdefghijkl	Century Magazine	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	15
5.	ijkl	Cosmopolitan	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	13
6.	fghijkl	Dial	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	12
7.	cdef hijkl	Atlantic Monthly	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	10
8.	a ef j l	Midland	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	10
9.	ab d jkl	Collier's Weekly	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	9
10.	l	Vanity Fair	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	8
11.		Transition (April-July)	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	7
12.	bcdefghijkl	Pictorial Review	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	7
13.	l	Woman's Home Companion	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	7
14.	k	American Mercury	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	6
15.	e	Harper's Bazar	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	6
16.	c jk	Good Housekeeping	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	5

Ties in the above lists have been decided by taking relative rank in other lists into account.

INDEX OF SHORT STORIES PUBLISHED IN AMERICAN MAGAZINES

SEPTEMBER, 1926, TO JULY, 1927

All short stories published in the following magazines are indexed.

Ainslee's Magazine	Independent
All's Well	Ladies' Home Journal
American Magazine	Larus
American Mercury	Liberty
American Parade	Living Age
American-Scandinavian Review	McCall's Magazine
Atlantic Monthly	MacLean's Magazine
Bookman (New York)	Menorah Journal
Catholic World	Midland
Century	Munsey's Magazine
Chicago Tribune (Syndicate Service)	Nation (New York)
Collier's Weekly	New Masses
Commonweal	New Republic
Cosmopolitan	New York Herald Tribune
Country Gentleman	Opportunity
Delineator	Outlook (New York)
Designer	Pictorial Review
Dial	Prairie Schooner
Elks Magazine	Red Book Magazine
Europe	Saturday Evening Post
Famous Story Magazine	Scribner's Magazine
Fire	Southwest Review
Forum	Stratford Magazine
Golden Book	Sunset Magazine
Good Housekeeping	Transition
Haldeman-Julius Quarterly	Vanity Fair
Harper's Bazar	Woman's Home Companion
Harper's Magazine	World Tomorrow
Holland's Magazine	Yale Review

Short stories of distinction only, published in the following magazines during the same period, are indexed. The list includes five British periodicals in which American stories were published which did not appear elsewhere.

Adventure	B'rith Sholom News
Amazing Stories	Calendar
American Boy	Cedar Rapids Republican
American Hebrew	Columbia
Bermondsey Book	Detective Story Magazine
Blackwood's Magazine	Dubuque Telegraph-Herald

Echo
Everybody's Magazine
Forest and Stream
Frontier Stories
Gammadion
Husk
Jewish Tribune
London Mercury
McClure's Magazine
Modern Priscilla
Mystery Magazine
Overland Monthly
Pall Mall
Popular Magazine

Psychology
Rotarian
St. Nicholas
San Francisco Review
Scholastic
Sea Stories Magazine
Short Stories
Shrine
Success
Tanager
Woman's World
Young Israel
Young's Magazine

I have considered many other magazines without finding any stories of distinction. One, two, or three asterisks are prefixed to the titles of stories to indicate distinction. Three asterisks prefixed to a title indicate the fact that the story is listed in the "Roll of Honor." Cross references after an author's name refer to the last previous volume of this series in which his or her name appeared. (H) after the name of an author indicates that other stories by this author have been published in American periodicals between 1900 and 1914, and that these stories are listed in "The Standard Index of Short Stories" by Francis J. Hannigan. The figures in parentheses after the title of a story refer to the volume and page number of the magazine. In cases where successive numbers of a magazine are not paged consecutively, the page number only is given in this index.

I. AMERICAN AUTHORS

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 Casco Omits a Detail. Sun. Mar. (36.)
 End of the Rainbow. Sun. Apr. (24.)
 High Tide Come Quick. Sun. Jun. (9.)
- BRETHERTON, VIVIEN R. (*See 1926.*)
 Love Like a Light. L. H. J. Apr. (26.)
 Trinket. McCall. May. (8.)
- BRINIG, MYRON. (*See 1925.*)
 Custard's Last Fight. Mun. Jan. (89: 716.)
- BROADHURST, GEORGE H. (1866- .)
 Motive. S. E. P. Jul. 2. (12.)
- BRODHEAD, DOROTHY.
 Unguarded Moment. Mun. Apr. (90: 441.)
- BROMFIELD, CHARLES.
 Good Lawyer. Mun. Apr. (90: 535.)
- BROMFIELD, LOUIS. (*See 1926.*)
 **Scarlet Woman. McC. Jan. (15.)
- BROOKS, JONATHAN. (*See 1926.*)
 Unafraid. Col. Jun. 18. (10.)
- BROTHWELL, DELLA.
 *Night at Peralta. Pr. S. Apr. (1: 112.)
- BROWN, ALICE. (1857- .) (*See 1926.*) (H.)
 *House and the Man. L. H. J. Sept., '26. (20.)
- BROWN, BERNICE. (1890- .) (*See 1926.*)
 First Olive. L. H. J. Oct., '26. (10.)
 Mink Coat. L. H. J. Nov., '26. (12.)
 Pretty Pagan. Del. Jan. (11.)
 Selfish Woman. L. H. J. Sept., '26. (14.)
- BROWN, ROYAL. (*See 1926.*)
 And Three Is a Crowd. Cos. Oct., '26. (48.)
 Behind the Headlines. Cos. Dec., '26. (76.)
 Glimpses of the Sun. MacL. Jun. 15, '26. (8.)
 Love Laughs at Quarrels. Cos. Sept., '26. (100.)
 Marrying Money. Cos. Jul. (98.)
 Option on Love. Cos. May. (80.)
 Romance in a Washing Machine. Cos. Mar. (78.)
 Sixth Heat. Ly. Mar. 19. (9.)
 Thirty Days After Marriage. Ly. Oct. 9, '26. (7.)
 What Price Success? Cos. Nov., '26. (58.)
- BRUBAKER, HOWARD. (1892- .) (*See 1926.*) (H.)
 Lead-Pencil Profits. C. G. Apr. (24.)
 Midwinter Madness. C. G. Jan. (22.)
 Wagon and the Star. C. G. Oct., '26. (24.)
- BRUSH, KATHARINE.
 Other Pendleton. Pict. R. Oct., '26. (26.)
- BRYNER, EDNA CLARE. (*See 1926.*)
 ***Ballad of Hannah Silvis. Mid. Jan. (13: 12.)
- BRYSON, CHARLES LEE. (1868- .)
 Without Finger-Prints. Mun. Jun. (91: 159.)
- BRYSON, LYMAN LLOYD. (1888- .) (*See 1926.*)

- BRYSON, LYMAN LLOYD.** (Contd.)
 *Greatness of Little Mungye. Adv. May 1. (26.)
 *Silver Circle. Adv. Apr. 15. (2.)
 *Were-Tiger. Adv. Apr. 1. (42.)
- BUNNER, HENRY CUYLER.** (1855-1896.) (See 1926.) (H.)
 *Zadoc Pine Labour Union. (R.) Col. Jan. (5:5.)
- BURLINGAME, ROGER.** (1889-) (See 1926.)
 **Jacinth. Scr. Oct., '26. (80:394.)
- BURMAN, BEN LUCIEN.** (1896-)
 Fifth Cross. Elks. Mar. (20.)
 ***Minstrels of the Mist. Pict. R. Apr. (12.)
 Spy. Elks. Jul. (26.)
- BURNET, DANA.** (1888-) (See 1926.)
 Arbutus. L. H. J. Sept., '26. (22.)
 It Seems To Be Fate. Col. Jul. 30. (5.)
 Man Who Got Hungry. Ly. Jan. 15. (47.)
 Mirror. W. H. C. Dec., '26. (9.)
 No Mother to Guide Her. Ly. Sept. 25, '26. (49.)
 Orange Bird. Col. Dec. 25, '26. (17.)
 Pageant. S. E. P. May 28. (16.)
 Portrait of a Lady in Silver. S. E. P. May 7. (16.)
 Revolution of a Lady. Col. May 14. (5.)
 Sport Model. S. E. P. Dec. 4, '26. (20.)
 Sweet William. Col. Feb. 26. (5.)
- BURNS, MARION E.**
 Godsend for Dusty. Hol. Apr. (12.)
- BURSEY, JOSEPH A.**
 Mr. Drake Says No. Hol. Oct., '26. (18.)
- BURT, KATHERINE NEWLIN.** (1882-) (See 1926.)
 Fair Exchange. (R.) F. S. Oct., '26. (5:66.)
 Heartbreak Homestead. Ly. Apr. 23. (57.)
 Jealous Oberon. Chic. Trib. May 15.
- BURT, (MAXWELL) STRUTHERS.** (1882-) (See 1926.)
- ***C'est la Guerre. S. E. P. Feb. 5. (24.)
 ***Experiment. (R.) F. S. Feb. (6:182.)
 *Freedom. Chic. Trib. Nov. 28, '26.
 ***Glory of the Wild Green Earth. (R.) F. S. Sept., '26. (4:368.)
 **Grandpa. S. E. P. Apr. 23. (12.)
 Hanging Woman Ford. C. G. Jun. (9.)
 *Masquerade. Chic. Trib. Oct. 3, '26.
 Soda Bicarb. S. E. P. Jul. 2. (10.)
- BUTLER, ELLIS PARKER.** (1869-) (See 1926.) (H.)
 Bruce of the Bar-None. Sun. May. (9.)
 Cave Men. (R.) F. S. Jan. (6:122.)
 Eight-Ounce Rod. Hol. May. (12.)
 Flank Attack. Hol. Feb. (16.)
 *Happy Harry. Mun. Jun. (91:78.)
 Her Wayward Husband. Mun. Apr. (90:457.)
 I Beg Your Pardon. W. H. C. Jun. (16.)
 *Interlude. W. H. C. Jul. (23.)
 *Jibby Jones and the Float. Am. B. Jul. (21.)
 Mad Marix. Mun. Jul. (91:282.)
 Silver Bowl. Pict. R. Sept., '26. (9.)
 That Refrigerator Door. Am. Jul. (46.)
- "BYRNE, DONN." (BRYAN OSWALD DONN-BYRNE.) (1888-) (See 1926.) (H.)
 *And Did Those Feet. S. E. P. Nov. 27, '26. (8.)
 **Rivers of Damascus. McCall. Oct., '26. (10.)
- BYRNES, MARTHA E.** ("CATHERINE MYLES.")
 Bed Rock. Cath. W. Jul. (125:443.)
- C
- CABELL, JAMES BRANCH.** (1879-) (See 1926.) (H.)
 ***Between Worlds. A. Merc. Sept., '26. (9:1.)
- CABLE, GEORGE WASHINGTON.** (1844-1925.)
 ***Madame Delicieuse. (R.) F. S. Feb. (6:278.)

- CABLE, GEORGE WASHINGTON.
(*Contd.*)
***'Tite Poulette. (R.) Ev.
Nov., '26. (114.)
- CALDWELL, CY.
McGuire's. Mun. May. (90 :
689.)
- CALLAGHAN, MORLEY. (1903-)
(*See* 1926.)
***Last Spring They Came Over.
Transit. Jun. (19.)
- CALLOWAY, ARTEMUS S. (*See*
1925.)
Sanctuary. Hol. Jun. (18.)
- CAMERON, ANNE. (*See* 1925.)
Green Dice. S. E. P. Sept.
25, '26. (28.)
- CAMPBELL, EVELYN. (*See* 1925.)
Jazz Babies. Pict. R. Mar. (10.)
- CANFIELD, DOROTHY. (DOROTHEA
FRANCES CANFIELD FISHER.)
(1879-) (*See* 1926.) (H.)
*Basque Windfall. W. H. C.
Apr. (24.)
***Flint and Fire. (R.) F. S.
Jan. (6 : 76.)
*Here Was Magic. W. H. C.
Feb. (12.)
***Remembrance. C. G. Oct., '26.
(5.)
- CANNELL, KATHLEEN.
**Miss Bliggins. Transit. Jul.
(26.)
- CARLISLE, LOSADA.
Fowl Play at Schmidt's. C. G.
Feb. (28.)
- CARLYLE, ANTHONY.
*Cat's Kittens. Ev. Nov., '26.
(24.)
- CARMAN, DOROTHY WALWORTH.
**Every Thursday. Harp. M. Jan.
(154 : 246.)
- CARRINGTON, ELAINE STERNE. (1894-
.) (*See* 1926.)
Unbeliever. Pict. R. Apr.
(23.)
- CARROLL, DUDLEY. (1890-)
(*See* 1924.)
**Yellow Annie. Mid. Sept., '26.
(12 : 276.)
- CARROLL, RICHARD.
*Medals. Ly. Jun. 4. (27.)
- CARTER, ISABEL HOPESTILL. (*See*
1926.)
**Bobbie Shafto. Atl. Feb.
(139 : 224.)
**Sailor's Wife. Atl. Nov., '26.
(138 : 608.)
- CARVER, ADA JACK. (MRS. J. B.
SNELL.) (*See* 1926.)
**Old One. Harp. M. Oct., '26.
(153 : 545.)
- **Raspberry Dress. Cen. Dec.,
'26. (113 : 189.)
- ***Singing-Woman. Harp. M.
May. (154 : 689.)
- CARY, GID.
Mean Kisses. L. H. J. Mar.
(8.)
- CARY, LUCIAN. (1886-) (*See*
1926.)
Midsummer Night. Col. Apr.
9. (17.)
Perfect Smash. S. E. P. Jan.
29. (16.)
- CASON, CLARENCE E.
**Of My Uncle Henry. Mid.
Oct., '26. (12 : 288.)
- CATHER, WILLA SIBERT. (1875-
.) (*See* 1926.) (H.)
***Coming, Aphrodite! (R.) Gol.
Nov., '26. (4 : 591.)
***Paul's Case. (R.) Gol. May.
(5 : 681.)
- CAULFEILD, HESTER.
Men Will Be Men. G. H. Jun.
(80.)
- CHAMBERLAIN, GEORGE AGNEW.
(1879-) (*See* 1925.)
***Red, Red Tree. S. E. P. Nov.
13, '26. (28.)
- CHAMBERS, ROBERT W. (1865-
.) (*See* 1926.) (H.)
*Little Misery. (R.) Gol. Sept.,
'26. (4 : 293.)
One Man in a Million. (R.)
F. S. Dec., '26. (5 : 381.)
- CHAMBERS, WILLIAM C.
Footprint on the Wall. Ly.
Jul. 16. (45.)
Honor Between Vampires. Pict.
R. May. (10.)
- CHAPMAN, ELIZABETH COBB. (*See*
1926.)
**With Glory and Honor. Cen.
Jun. (114 : 215.)
- CHASE, M. E.
—And Now a Wife. Mun.
Dec., '26. (89 : 548.)
- CHICANOT, E. L.
Nobility of the Land. MacL.
Jun. 15, '26. (19.)
- CHILD, MAUDE PARKER. (*See* 1925.)
Diamonds in the Rough. S. E.
P. Dec. 4, '26. (26.)
- CHILD, RICHARD WASHBURN.
(1881-) (*See* 1926.)
(H.)
***Let's See It Through. Col. Apr.
23. (22.)
*No Hand of Man. (R.) F. S.
Nov., '26. (5 : 281.)
*Screen. (R.) Gol. Sept., '26.
(4 : 323.)

- CHILD, RICHARD WASHBURN.
(*Contd.*)
*When I'm Rich Enough. Col.
Apr. 2. (15.)
- CHUBB, THOMAS CALDECOT.
*Silver Trumpets. Scr. Jul.
(82:70.)
- CLAIRE, INA (1892-), and
MARKEY, GENE. (*See also*
MARKEY, GENE.)
Bright Alley. Harp. B. Feb.
(78.)
- CLARK, EMILY. (MRS. EDWIN
SWIFT BALCH.) (*See* 1926.)
*Jungle Dusk. A. Merc. Jun.
(11:208.)
- CLARK, FLORENCE.
Wayward Conceit. Mun. Feb.
(90:153.)
- CLARK, SYDNEY A. (*See* 1926.)
Our Nephew. Hol. Apr. (22.)
- CLARK, VALMA. (1894-) (*See*
1926.)
Candlelight Inn. Scr.. Nov.,
'26. (80:513.)
Oil Luck. Mun. May.
(90:730.)
**Tact of Monsieur Pithou. Scr.
May. (81:510.)
- CLARKE, FLORENCE STANDISH.
Scarlet and Steel. Cath. W.
Mar. (124:731.)
- CLARKE, JAMES MITCHELL.
**Punishment. Adv. Apr. 1. (37.)
- CLARKE, MABEL McELLIOTT.
Glamorous Woman. Ly. Jun.
11. (67.)
Hand of God. Ly. Nov. 13,
'26. (25.)
Jealous of the Dead. Ly. Nov.
27, '26. (49.)
Man Was Not Made to Live
Alone. Ly. Jul. 9. (51.)
Men Have Died and Worms
Have Eaten Them. Ly. Sept.
11, '26. (7.)
On the Front Page Again. Ly.
Jun. 4. (51.)
- CLAUSEN, CARL. (*See* 1926.)
Around the Horn. Chic. Trib.
Jun. 12.
Defaulters. Chic. Trib. Oct.
24, '26.
Shining Door. Red Bk. Jul.
(78.)
Visitors' Hours. Chic. Trib.
Mar. 27.
- CLEARING, ROBERT.
Mother Cuts Loose. W. H. C.
Mar. (36.)
- CLINE, LEONARD LANSON. (*See*
1926.)
- ***Mekku. Mid. Feb. (13:33.)
- COATES, GRACE STONE.
Bonnet Rouge. Mid. Mar.
(13:88.)
*Flyleaf in the Book of Dis-
illusion. Mid. Jun. (13:179.)
- COBB, IRVIN SHREWSBURY. (1876-
) (*See* 1926.) (*H.*)
*As Brands from the Burning.
Cos. Jul. (28.)
*Cleaned. Cos. Oct., '26. (52.)
*Cowboy and the Lady and Her
Pa. Cos. Sept., '26. (58.)
*Louder Than Words. Cos. Jun.
(48.)
*Man Who Learned to Play.
Cos. Nov., '26. (68.)
*This Man's World. Cos. May.
(34.)
- ***Walls of Carcassonne. Harp.
B. Jan. (57.)
- **Wooden Decoy. Cos. Dec.,
'26. (58.)
- COCHRAN, RUTH GILBERT.
Little Lena. Sun. May. (28.)
- COCKRELL, STEPHENA.
Hinge of Heaven. G. H. Jul.
(24.)
- COE, CHARLES FRANCIS.
Classified. Mun. Mar. (90:358.)
Four Square. Mun. Oct., '26.
(89:47.)
In This Corner. Mun. Dec.,
'26. (89:449.)
Killer's Mate. Mun. Apr.
(90:521.)
Yellow. Mun. Nov., '26.
(89:346.)
- COHAN, GEORGE MICHAEL. (1878-
)
*Ham from the West. Col. Jul.
9. (7.)
- COHEN, MANDEL E.
*Sunday School Board Meet.
Men. J. Jun. (13:310.)
- COHEN, OCTAVUS ROY. (1891-)
(*See* 1926.)
*Ashes. Col. Sept. 18, '26.
(13.)
*Awakening. Col. Jan. 15.
(30.)
Between Halves. S. E. P. Mar.
5. (24.)
Big Man. Col. Mar. 26. (17.)
Blah! Blah! Black Sheep. S.
E. P. Jul. 2. (22.)
*Constant Light. Col. Apr. 9.
(11.)
Crude Interest. S. E. P. Mar.
26. (24.)
*Day of Sorrow. Col. Jun. 4.
(9.)

COHEN, OCTAVUS ROY. (*Contd.*)

- Feud in Hell's Kitchen. Am. May. (20.)
 Ham and Exit. S. E. P. Dec. 18, '26. (18.)
 Horns Aplenty. S. E. P. Sept. 4, '26. (34.)
 Hustler. Col. Mar. 5. (20.)
 Insufficient Fun. S. E. P. Jun. 4. (28.)
 Jigsaw. Col. Apr. 16. (24.)
 Last Blow. Col. Oct. 2, '26. (22.)
 *Lost and Found. Col. Jan. 29. (17.)
 Low But Sure. S. E. P. Nov. 6, '26. (46.)
 Mate in America. S. E. P. Jan. 8. (24.)
 **No Passage. Col. Dec. 11, '26. (15.)
 Pair of Socks. Col. Mar. 12. (11.)
 Pearls of Price. Col. Dec. 4, '26. (17.)
 Pull by the Horns. S. E. P. May 7. (30.)
 **Rodeo. Col. Feb. 5. (17.)
 Roller Coaster. Col. Dec. 25, '26. (9.)
 Sell Shock. S. E. P. May 21. (24.)
 Stamped Out. Col. Oct. 9, '26. (15.)
 Stew's Company. S. E. P. Feb. 5. (22.)
 *Sunset. Col. Oct. 23, '26. (30.)
 Trés Sheik. S. E. P. Oct. 16, '26. (20.)
 Vaudeville. Col. Feb. 12. (24.)
 **Yesterday's To-morrow. Col. Sept. 11, '26. (15.)
 COHEN, MRS. OCTAVUS ROY. (*See* "LOPEZ, INEZ.")
 COLLINS, CHARLES. (*See* 1926.)
 Glorified Girl. Chic. Trib. May 29.
 COMFORT, WILL LEVINGTON. (1878-) (*See* 1926.) (*H.*)
 *Firebird. S. E. P. Sept. 18, '26. (24.)
 *Java. Sh. St. Mar. 10. (3.)
 *Pariah of the Moon. S. E. P. Sept. 25, '26. (48.)
 *Pelty. S. E. P. Mar. 5. (10.)
 *Quick and the Dead. Ly. Jul. 23. (9.)
 CONARD, REBECCA.
 *Asparagus and Lilies. Tan. May. (15.)

CONDON, FRANK. (*See* 1926.) (*H.*)

- Behold the Sheik. S. E. P. Feb. 12. (18.)
 By Remote Control. S. E. P. Sept. 11, '26. (42.)
 Casual Water. S. E. P. Sept. 25, '26. (18.)
 Children's Party. S. E. P. Nov. 20, '26. (34.)
 Galloping Tintypes. S. E. P. Jan. 8. (56.)
 Gentlemen of the Box Office. S. E. P. Apr. 9. (24.)
 Out, In, and On. S. E. P. Jun. 11. (20.)
 Picture Feet. Col. Jul. 16. (20.)
 Poacher and the Egg. Apr. 2. (10.)
 Squawker. S. E. P. Feb. 26. (8.)
 CONE, MARJORIE. (*See* 1926.)
 *Greenhorn. Com. Sept. 22, '26. (4:468.)
 CONNELL, RICHARD. (1893-) (*See* 1926.)
 Home Made Man. MacL. Jul. 1, '26. (8.)
 In Society. S. E. P. Mar. 5. (22.)
 Innocent Bystander. S. E. P. Feb. 12. (8.)
 Lady Killer. S. E. P. Nov. 27, '26. (18.)
 **Lover. Red Bk. Mar. (67.)
 Mystery Lover. Elks. Nov., '26. (9.)
 Quinces. S. E. P. Apr. 23. (18.)
 Room at the Top. Col. Feb. 19. (15.)
 Ruling Passion. S. E. P. Jul. 16. (16.)
 Second Best. S. E. P. Mar. 19. (14.)
 Tested. S. E. P. Jun. 25. (20.)
 Wherefore Art Thou Romeo? W. H. C. May. (32.)
 CONNOLLY, JAMES BRENDON. (1868-) (*See* 1926.) (*H.*)
 *Gree Gree Bush. (*R.*) Gol. Jul. (6:12.)
 *Westward and Home. Colum. Mar. (8.)
 CONRAD, HARRISON.
 Alkali Annie's Christmas. Cath. W. Dec., '26. (124:305.)
 COOKSLEY, S. BERT. (*See* 1926.)
 *Ant Called Peter. Par. Oct., '26. (88.)

- COONRADT, PAUL T.
 **Gingersnaps. Hol. Jul. (11.)
- COOPER, COURTNEY RYLEY. (1886-) (See 1926.) (H.)
 *Bill Green's Preceding Chin. Am. Mar. (28.)
 **Clean Money. Red Bk. Jun. (98.)
 *Freida Was a Lady. Ev. Oct., '26. (42.)
 *Her Boy. Shrine. Jan. (16.)
 *Lure. (R.) F. S. Dec., '26. (5:417.)
 *Numbskull. L. H. J. Oct., '26. (12.)
 *Pair of Skis. Red Bk. Jul. (92.)
 *Pensioned. Shrine. May. (28.)
- COOPER, MARY LISPENARD.
 *Green Shutters. Harp. M. Jul. (155:236.)
 **Moth-Mullein. Harp. M. Nov., '26. (153:724.)
- CORLEY, DONALD. (See 1926.)
 ***House of Lost Identity. Pict. R. Sept., '26. (14.)
- CORNWELL, JULIE K. (See 1926.)
 Between the Cup and the Lip. L. H. J. Jul. (14.)
 Relighted Lamp. W. H. C. Nov., '26. (23.)
- CORT, DAVID.
 *Lady Without a Purpose. V. F. Jan. (64.)
 **Letter. V. F. Apr. (80.)
 **Love Is Too Much. V. F. May. (70.)
- COUPER, GEORGE BROWN.
 Apple Sauce Annie. Sun. Oct., '26. (24.)
- COURTNEY, BASIL.
 Retake. Col. May 21. (17.)
- COX, HOLLAND.
 Merely a Matter of Diet. MacL. May 15. (11.)
- CRAM, MILDRED R. (1889-) (See 1926.)
 **From a Château Kitchen. Del. Jun. (12.)
 *Stranger Things. (R.) F. S. Oct., '26. (5:7.)
 *"T" Puzzle. Elks. Jun. (8.)
- CRANE, STEPHEN. (1870-1900.) (See 1926.) (H.)
 ***Blue Hotel. (R.) Gol. May. (5:593.)
 ***Bride Comes to Yellow Sky. (R.) Gol. Apr. (5:437.)
 ***Fight. (R.) Ev. Oct., '26. (104.)
- ***Upturned Face. (R.) Ain. Dec., '26. (153.)
- CRANSTON, AUGUSTA CLAUDIA. (See 1924.)
 *Antoinette. G. H. Sept., '26. (32.)
 Having Is Holding. G. H. Apr. (36.)
- CRAWFORD, NELSON ANTRIM. (1888-)
 ***Frock Coats. H. J. Jan. (39.)
- CREAGAN, LEO S. (See 1921.)
 "Supe" of Windy Ridge. MacL. May 1. (8.)
- CREW, HELEN COALE. (1866-) (See 1926.) (H.)
 *Fairy Flutes. St. Nich. Feb. (54:297.)
- CROSS, RUTH. (See 1925.)
 Mr. Tightwad Meets His Match. Pict. R. Jan. (10.)
- CROWELL, CHESTER T. (1888-) (See 1926.) (H.)
 *Trick. S. E. P. Apr. 2. (73.)
 ***Valhalla-Bound. S. E. P. Sept. 4, '26. (14.)
- CROY, HOMER. (1883-) (See 1926.)
 *Money Brains. Cen. Jan. (113:265.)
 Sin Fighter. Mun. Jun. (91:118.)
 *Wilkie's Unforgivable Sin. Pict. R. Apr. (10.)
- CROY, HOMER, and CUMBERLAND, MARTEN.
 Mr. Ponting's Trousers. Mun. Mar. (90:266.)
- CUMBERLAND, MARTEN. See CROY, HOMER, and CUMBERLAND, MARTEN.
- CUNNINGHAM, BILL.
 Knockout—A Double Event. Ly. Jul. 30. (44.)
- CURTIS, DAVID A.
 **Gamblers of the Mississippi. (R.) Gol. Nov., '26. (4:681.)
- CURTISS, PHILIP EVERETT. (1885-) (See 1926.) (H.)
 Smudge-Face the Pup. S. E. P. Jan. 8. (12.)
- CURWOOD, JAMES OLIVER. (1878-1927.) (See 1926.) (H.)
 Back to God's Country. (R.) F. S. Oct., '26. (5:91.)
 Crippled Lady of Peribonka. Cos. Jan. (18.)
- CUTTING, MARY STEWART, JR. (See 1926.)
 Worth-While Things. Hol. Mar. (29.)

- D
- DALE, VIRGINIA. (*See* 1926.)
 Came the Dawn. Red Bk. Jan. (59.)
 Dear Diary. Red Bk. Nov., '26. (74.) Dec., '26. (88.)
 "I Think I'll Get Married." Red Bk. Feb. (67.)
 I Was So Insulted. Red Bk. Apr. (80.)
 Kiss for Mimi. Red Bk. Jul. (96.)
 Woman Pays. Red Bk. Jun. (68.)
- DANA, FRANCIS. (1866-) (*See* 1925.) (*H.*)
 Who's Who In America. L. H. J. Dec., '26. (8.)
- DANIELS, ROGER.
 Bulldog. S. E. P. Nov. 13, '26. (8.)
- DANIELSON, MRS. JACQUES S. *See* HURST, FANNIE.
- DAVENPORT, WALTER. (1889-) (*See* 1926.)
 Conquest of Marguerite. Ly. Oct. 23, '26. (51.)
 ***Dr. Lysander. Col. Nov. 6, '26. (17.)
 ***Were I a Pirate. Col. Apr. 16. (17.)
- DAVIES, OMA ALMONA. (*See* 1926.)
 Dollar Fur Dollar. S. E. P. Jan. 15. (44.)
 Inferior Decorator. S. E. P. Nov. 13, '26. (26.)
 Petticoated Boar. S. E. P. Oct. 9, '26. (36.)
 Test of Intelligence. S. E. P. Mar. 26. (20.)
- DAVIS, AARON. (*See* 1925.)
 Demon Lover. Red Bk. Apr. (52.)
 Golden Calf. Ly. Dec. 25, '26. (48.)
- DAVIS, BEALE. (1886-)
 Piccadilly Door. Hol. Sept., '26. (14.)
- DAVIS, ELMER HOLMES. (1890-) (*See* 1926.)
 ***Bride of Quietness. Harp. M. Sept., '26. (153:490.)
 Heaven Will Protect the Working Girl. Col. Jun. 4. (16.)
 Right Woman. Ly. Oct. 30, '26. (23.)
 Ruinous Woman. Cen. May. (114:17.)
 Someone to Dance With. Col. Jun. 18. (5.)
 Vanity. Col. Nov. 20, '26. (14.)
- We Call It a Cottage. Col. May 21. (5.)
- DAVIS, GEORGE GARFIELD. (1906-)
 **Locked Out. Lar. Mar. (15.)
- DAVIS, LOUISE TAYLOR. (*See* 1926.)
 *My Father's Office. W. H. C. Apr. (27.)
- DAVIS, ROBERT.
 *Again in a Stable. Ain. Dec., '26. (145.)
- DAVIS, RUBIN.
 Goodlooker Goes Back. C. G. Nov., '26. (20.)
- DAVRON, MARY CLARE. (*See* 1920.)
 Icebergs. Red Bk. Feb. (70.)
- DELAND, MARGARET (TA) WADE (CAMPBELL). (1857-) (*See* 1925.) (*H.*)
 *Promises of Dorothea. (R.) Gol. Jan. (5:74.)
- DELANO, EDITH BARNARD. (*See* 1926.) (*See* "H" under BARNARD and DELANO.)
 Beautiful but Cold. Cos. Jul. (72.)
 **Enough Is Enough. S. E. P. Jul. 16. (22.)
 **Fit for a King. Col. Nov. 6, '26. (20.)
 ***Home from the Sea. G. H. Jun. (36.)
 Little Flute. G. H. Dec., '26. (52.)
 *Long Day. C. G. Sept., '26. (15.)
 *New Moon. C. G. Feb. (6.)
- DE LA ROCHE, MAZO. *See* ROCHE, MAZO DE LA.
- DE LEON, WALTER. (*See* 1926.)
 Enter—A Blind Drag. Elks. May. (23.)
- DELL, FLOYD. (1887-) (*See* 1925.) (*H.*)
 **Blanket. Col. Oct. 16, '26. (18.)
- DELMAR, VINA.
 It's a Tough Life. Ly. May 21. (42.)
 Panorama. Ly. Jul. 2. (7.)
- DETZER, KARL W. (*See* 1926.)
 *Fire Business. Sh. St. May 25. (87.)
 *Parson's Spine. Pop. Jun. 7. (118.)
 *Squatter's Rights. Pop. Apr. 7. (178.)
 **Superior Woman. Cen. Jan. (113:293.)
 *Wreck Job. Sh. St. Sept. 10, '26. (133.)

- DEUTSCH, HERMANN BACHER. (See 1926.)
Water Lou. Elks. Mar. (24.)
- DEXTER, BYRON.
*Harold Hires a Band. Scr. Sept., '26. (80:301.)
- DEXTER, HUGH VARNEY.
Windows. Mun. May. (90:696.)
- DIAZ, L. F.
Ma Bentley's Christmas Dinner. MacL. Dec. 15, '26. (11.)
- DICKENSON, MAY FREUD. (See 1925.)
*Toiler. Psy. Jun. (30.)
- DICKIE, FRANCIS. (See 1926.)
Donkey That Did. MacL. May 15. (14.)
Ruling Instinct. MacL. Jul. 15, '26. (3.)
- DICKSON, HARRIS. (1868-) (See 1926.) (H.)
Big-Toe Drop. C. G. Mar. (17.)
Donna Inez Is Indiscreet. Col. Jun. 11. (5.)
In the Bridal Chamber. S. E. P. Sept. 11, '26. (20.)
On the First Sand Bar. S. E. P. Jan. 15. (41.)
Plantation Nights. C. G. Oct., '26. (27.)
Sealed Wager. S. E. P. May 21. (18.)
Skinning the Pirate. S. E. P. Sept. 25, '26. (84.)
Streak of White. Elks. Jan. (7.)
Two of a Trade. S. E. P. Nov. 20, '26. (38.)
- DINGLE, AYLWARD E. (1874-) (See 1926.)
***Cyclops. Adv. Oct. 8, '26. (41.)
**Hellbuster Doova. Adv. Jan. 15. (83.)
**Homeward Bound. Adv. May 1. (4.)
**Hulk. MacL. Sept. 1, '26. (14.)
*Mother's Son. Cen. Feb. (113:399.)
*Ransom. Suc. Jan. (50.)
*Solace of the Sea. Fron. Apr. (54.)
*Straight Pine. Suc. Nov., '26. (49.)
**Tin Eye. Elks. Feb. (6.)
*Water. Ev. Jul. (111.)
- DIVINE, CHARLES. (1889-) (See 1926.)
Arms and the Man-Hater. Mun. Nov., '26. (89:300.)
High Hat. Hol. Nov., '26. (14.)
"Little Old Mr. Pirt." Am. Nov., '26. (20.)
Vomen Is Easily Veak-Minded. Par. Oct., '26. (155.)
- DOBIE, CHARLES CALDWELL. (1881-) (See 1926.)
***Labyrinth. Ev. Oct., '26. (24.)
***Slow Poison. Harp. M. Jul. (155:158.)
- DOUGHTIE, LA FAY GROOME.
Character Cloth. Hol. Mar. (18.)
- DOUGLAS, MARJORY STONEMAN. (See 1926.)
*Beautiful and Beloved. S. E. P. Apr. 2. (8.)
Chiffon Stockings. S. E. P. Sept. 18, '26. (20.)
Guinevere. S. E. P. Jan. 1. (12.)
*He Man. S. E. P. Jul. 30. (10.)
*Stepmother. S. E. P. Jun. 4. (6.)
*Third Woman. Chic. Trib. Jun. 5.
Too Much Class. S. E. P. Oct. 9, '26. (24.)
You Can Have Three Wishes. W. H. C. Jun. (12.)
- DOWNNEY, FAIRFAX.
Charley Twists the Compass. Mun. Jun. (91:125.)
Master Stroke. Hol. May. (18.)
- DOWNING, J. HYATT. (1887-) (See 1926.)
Distance to Casper. Scr. Feb. (81:161.)
- DRAGO, HARRY SINCLAIR. (See 1924.)
Borrowed Reputations. Mun. May. (90:577.)
Fighting Back. Mun. Jun. (91:54.)
Good Men and Bad. Mun. Dec., '26. (89:431.)
- DRAKE, SIDNEY.
*Goldenrod. Mid. Mar. (13:69.)
- DRAPER, EDYTHE SQUIER. (See 1925 under SQUIER.)
***As It Began to Dawn. Mid. Jul. (13:192.)
- DREISER, THEODORE. (1871-) (See 1926.) (H.)
***Doer of the Word. (R.) F. S. Sept., '26. (4:379.)

DREISER, THEODORE. (*Contd.*)

***Village Feudists. (R.) F. S. Dec., '26. (5:396.)

**Wages of Sin. Cos. Oct., '26. (42.)

DU BOIS, THEODORA. (1890-) (See 1926.)

Pirate in the Linen-Chest. Cen. Mar. (113:599.)

DUGANNE, PHYLLIS. (See 1926.)

False Pretenses. Ly. Feb. 5. (9.)

Irregular Debutante. Ly. Sept. 18, '26. (42.)

Peggy's Pirate. Col. Jul. 16. (14.)

Red-Headed. MacL. Dec. 1, '26. (9.)

Runaway. Ly. Jul. 16. (14.)

Three Days Are Enough. Ly. May 28. (10.)

DUNN, EDITH LETTS.

Statue Stuff. Sun. Apr. (16.)

DUNN, H. H.

*El Peladito. Adv. Mar. 15. (68.)

DUNN, JOSEPH ALLAN. (1872-) (See 1926.) (H.)

Under the Sun. Ly. Dec. 4, '26. (37.)

DURAND, MRS. A. C. See SAWYER, RUTH.

DURAND, RALPH.

*End of the Race. Pict. R. Sept., '26. (26.)

DURKIN, DOUGLAS. (See 1926.)

White Faith. Mun. Mar. (90:309.)

DURLING, E. V.

Mama's Boy. Col. Feb. 26. (24.)

DU SOE, BOB.

"Go Around to the Back Door!" Mun. Jul. (91:331.)

DWIGHT, HARRY GRISWOLD. (1875-) (See 1926.) (H.)

***In the Pasha's Garden. (R.) Gol. Dec., '26. (4:749.)

DWYER, JAMES FRANCIS. (1874-) (See 1926.) (H.)

*Drene of Virginia. Red Bk. Oct., '26. (36.)

**For New England, Home, and Glory. Red Bk. Mar. (78.)

Golden Pajamas. Red Bk. Jun. (88.)

Spider-Web Castle. W. H. C. Jan. (16.)

*Star of the Glacier. Red Bk. Apr. (56.)

DYER, WALTER ALDEN. (1878-) (See 1924.) (H.)

Come Home, Patricia. Cen.

Jul. (114:263.)

Last Hunt. Hol. Apr. (18.)

E

EASTHAM, K.

Monday Afternoon. N. Mass. Apr. (15.)

EASTMAN, REBECCA LANE HOOPER. (1877-) (See 1926.) (H.)

Forty. Pict. R. Feb. (14.)

EBENHACK, ARTHUR.

Cutie. Red Bk. Dec., '26. (70.)

EDENS, OLIVE. (See 1921.)

Heart and Hand. McCall. Jun. (12.)

EDGAR, DAY. (See 1926.)

Breaded Waters. S. E. P. Dec. 25, '26. (14.)

Last Patrician. S. E. P. May 14. (16.)

EDGREN, ROBERT.

Calker. S. E. P. Jul. 2. (16.)

EDHOLM, CHARLTON LAWRENCE. (1879-) (See 1924.) (H.)

*Fame of Usskar. Cen. Oct., '26. (112:658.)

*Great Man's Wife. Cen. Feb. (113:434.)

*Santa Claus. Hol. Dec., '26. (7.)

EDMONDS, WALTER D. (1903-) (See 1926.)

***Who Killed Rutherford? Scr. Mar. (81:393.)

EISENDRATH, BLANCHE GOODMAN. See GOODMAN, BLANCHE.

ELDRIDGE, PAUL. (See 1926.)

Paradise Regained. Strat. Feb. (17.)

ELLERBE, ALMA MARTIN ESTABROOK (1871-), and ELLERBE, PAUL LEE. (See 1926.) (H.)

***"Done Got Over." Col. Nov. 27, '26. (12.)

*Money. Elks. Nov., '26. (26.)

Part Time Polly. Red Bk. Jul. (73.)

ELLIOTT, STUART E.

Whom the Gods Love. L. H. J. Jun. (12.)

ELLIS, JOHN MIDDLETON.

*Little Liar. C. G. Dec., '26. (20.)

EMERICK, ROBERT.

*Irresistible. Adv. Mar. 1. (10.)

EMMETT, ELIZABETH. (See 1926.)

Owen Smith and Smithie. Hol. Jan. (18.)

EMMETT, ELIZABETH. (*Contd.*)
Way Out. Hol. Oct., '26.
(20.)

*Wayfarers. Hol. Jun. (11.)

EPPLEY, LOUISE ROSE.
Second Fiddle. Hol. Apr.
(14.)
White and Gold. Hol. Jul.
(18.)

ERSKINE, JOHN. (1879-)
Nausicaa Receives. Col. Jul.
16. (5.)

EVANS, HUBERT.
Barriers. MacL. Jul. 15, '26.
(13.)
Conflicting Purposes. MacL.
Aug. 15, '26. (13.)
Feast Time. MacL. Aug. 1,
'26. (7.)
Fighting Pioneer. MacL. Apr.
15. (16.)
Morsels of Chance. MacL.
Feb. 15. (10.)
Old Angler. MacL. Sept. 15,
'26. (7.)

EVANS, IDA MAY. (*See* 1926.) (*H.*)
Husband for Illya, the Blue-
Eyed. C. G. Oct., '26. (20.)
Mr. Bray Casts. Red Bk. Jul.
(87.)
Mrs. Galahad. Chic. Trib.
Nov. 7, '26.
Pavilion Queen. C. G. Jul.
(9.)

EVANS, WAINWRIGHT. (*See* 1923.)
Fleshpots. McCall. Feb. (14.)

EVARTS, HAL G. (1887-)
(*See* 1924.)
Blue Bear of Yakutat. S. E. P.
Apr. 30. (16.)
Disciple of Solomon. S. E. P.
May 28. (8.)
Kobi of the Sea. S. E. P.
Jun. 4. (20.)
Red Raccoon. S. E. P. May
14. (24.)

EWEN, DAVID. (*See* 1926.)
*His Full Name. J. T. Jul. 29.
(4.)

F

FAGIN, MARY.
*Voyage. Brith. Nov., '26.
(6.)

FAGIN, N. BRYLLION. (*See* 1926.)
**Exile. Strat. Sept., '26. (3.)
*Shall We Take in a Show?
Strat. Jun. (17.)

FAIRBANK, JANET AYER. (*See*
1926.)
Single Knock. L. H. J. Apr.
(20.)

Thin Red Line. W. H. C. Jan.
(10.)

FAR, SIN SIN.

*Mrs. Spring Fragrance. (*R.*)
Ain. Oct., '26. (149.)

FARRAR, JOHN CHIPMAN. (1896-
) (*See* 1925.)
Captain's Shower Bath. Col.
Feb. 19. (17.)

Miss Miranda's Romeo. Col.
Apr. 2. (28.)

*Primrose Pavilion. Col. Jan.
15. (28.)

FERBER, EDNA. (1887-) (*See*
1926.) (*H.*)

April 25th, As Usual. (*R.*)
F. S. Sept., '26. (4:295.)

*Blue Blood. Cos. Mar. (22.)
***Eternal Feminine. (*R.*) Gol.
Jun. (5:799.)

**Girl Who Went Right. (*R.*)
F. S. Nov., '26. (5:202.)

*Man Who Came Back. (*R.*)
F. S. Jan. (6:52.)

**Perfectly Independent. Cos.
Dec., '26. (26.)

*Sudden Sixties. (*R.*) F. S.
Dec., '26. (5:310.)

FERGUSON, BLANCHE SMITH.
Right from Paris. Col. Mar.
5. (15.)

FERGUSON, HARVEY. (1890-)
(*See* 1926.)
Gifted Lad. Scr. Jun.
(81:650.)

FERNALD, CHESTER BAILEY. (1869-
) (*See* 1926.) (*H.*)

***Cat and the Cherub. (*R.*) Gol.
Feb. (5:209.)

FINGER, CHARLES J. (1871-)
(*See* 1926.)

**Diarmid's Adventures. St. Nich.
Sept., '26. (53:1059.)

**Lemas the Lucky Lad. St.
Nich. May. (54:531.)

**Ob and the Oat Thief. St. Nich.
Jul. (54:691.)

**Strange Story of Diviji Moz.
St. Nich. Oct., '26. (53:
1138.)

*Tale with No Title. St. Nich.
Mar. (54:379.)

**Wizard's Paint-Stick. St. Nich.
Jan. (54:201.)

**Wonder Tree. A. W. Jan.
(19.)

FINLEY-THOMAS, ELISABETH.

***Mademoiselle. Cen. Apr.
(113:650.)

FISH, HORACE. (1885-) (*See*
1926.) (*H.*)

- FISH, HORACE. (*Contd.*)
 *Slave of Sacramento. (R.)
 Ain. Dec., '26. (129.)
- FISHER, DOROTHEA FRANCES CANFIELD. *See* CANFIELD, DOROTHY.
- FISHER, RUDOLPH. (1897-)
 (*See* 1925.)
 ***Promised Land. Atl. Jan. (139:37.)
- FISKE, TURBESE LUMMIS.
 Peep o' Day. L. H. J. Mar. (20.)
- FITZGERALD, FRANCIS SCOTT KEY. (1896-) (*See* 1926.)
 *Your Way and Mine. W. H. C. May. (7.)
- FITZGERALD, HELEN.
 ***Robber. Dial. Jan. (82:25.)
- FLEMING, BOYD. (*See* 1924.)
 *Snowshoe. Hol. Nov., '26. (7.)
- FLYNN, T. T.
 Apple Man. Mun. Sept., '26. (88:731.)
- FOLSOM, ELIZABETH IRONS. (1876-) (*See* 1926.)
 Day and Age. Mun. Jun. (91:168.)
 *Debit Side. Mun. Oct., '26. (89:33.)
 *From the Inside. Hol. Feb. (14.)
- FORD, SEWELL. (1868-) (*See* 1926.) (H.)
 *Rusty and the Lady Claire. S. E. P. Jun. 18. (12.)
 *Skeets Loses a Bet. S. E. P. Oct. 2, '26. (38.)
 *Tosh and the Unabashed. S. E. P. Sept. 25, '26. (8.)
 *Tosh Meets the Countess. S. E. P. Dec. 11, '26. (42.)
 *Woman Who Never Forgot. Cos. Dec., '26. (80.)
- FORRESTER, IZOLA. (*See* 1922.)
 *Green Pastures. L. H. J. May. (10.)
- FORSYTH, R. B.
 **Yellow Clay. MacL. Mar. 15. (3.)
- FORT, GARRETT. *See* SHORE, VIOLA BROTHERS, and FORT, GARRETT.
- FOSTER, MAXIMILIAN. (1872-) (*See* 1926.) (H.)
 DX. S. E. P. Jun. 4. (8.)
- FOWLER, RICHARD B.
 Practicality in Practice. Scr. Feb. (81:179.)
- FOX, JESSIE DOUGLAS.
 Jilt and Double Jilt. Ly. Sept. 4, '26. (75.)
- FOX, JOHN (WILLIAM), JR. (1863-1919.) (*See* 1926.) (H.)
 *Pardon of Becky Day. (R.)
 F. S. Dec., '26. (5:430.)
- FOX, MURRAY.
 **Seumas on Duoul. Sch. Apr. 30. (5.)
- FRANK, MARY.
 **In the Luxembourg Gardens. Cen. Sept., '26. (112:602.)
- FRANKEN, ROSE L. (*See* 1924.)
 Lady in the Back. Chic. Trib. Jul. 31.
- FRASER, JAMES GORDON.
 "He Ain't So Dumb!" Mun. May. (90:675.)
- FRASER, WILLIAM ALEXANDER. (1859-) (*See* 1926.) (H.)
 Conscience Money. MacL. Jan. 1. (12.)
 Shadow of the Jungle. MacL. Mar. 15. (15.)
- FRAZER, ELIZABETH. (*See* 1922.) (H.)
 Hope Fool. Ly. Mar. 26. (16.)
- FRAZER, JOHN WILLIAM.
 **Ladman's Corner. Rot. May. (14.)
- FREEDMAN, DAVID. (1898-) (*See* 1925.)
 *Divine. Pict. R. Oct., '26. (7.)
- FREEHOF, FANNY EVELYN.
 *Dowry. J. T. Feb. 11. (2.)
- FREEMAN, JOSEPH.
 Gentleman from Arkansas. N. Mass. Mar. (9.)
 Heinz. N. Mass. Jan. (24.)
- FREEMAN, MARY ELEANOR WILKINS. (1862-) (*See* 1926.) (H.)
 ***Revolt of "Mother." (R.) Gol. Jun. (5:757.)
- FRENEY, THOMAS P.
 Footnotes. MacL. Jan. 15. (12.)
- FULLERTON, HUGH STUART. (1873-) (*See* 1926.) (H.)
 Come On, Dolores! Mun. Nov., '26. (89:308.)
 Indian Paint. Mun. Jul. (91:352.)
- G
- GAER, YOSSEF. (*See* 1926.)
 *Bud's Wife. N. Mass. Oct., '26. (13.)
 **Jedidah. S. W. Apr. (12:216.)
 *On the Miracles and the Wonders. J. T. Nov. 26, '26. (8.)
 *Pot of Gold. J. T. Nov. 12, '26. (6.)

GAER, YOSSEF. (*Contd.*)

*Testimony of the Cat and the Dog. Y. I. Dec., '26. (5.)

*Uncle from Far Away. Y. I. Nov., '26. (5.)

*Under a Mighty Bridge. J. T. Apr. 15. (18.)

GAGIATI, MRS. GAETANO. *See* VAN VORST, MARIE.

GALE, ZONA. (1874-) (*See* 1926.) (*H.*)

***Annie Laurie. Cos. Mar. (60.)

**Another Lady Bountiful. Cos. Feb. (32.)

Baby Who Had No Place to Go. G. H. Jul. (58.)

*Blue Velvet. Pict. R. Jun. (7.)

Delphine. L. H. J. Apr. (5.)

*Heart of Youth. L. H. J. Oct., '26. (3.)

**Just a Homeless Man. Cos. Apr. (100.)

Madrona. G. H. Apr. (30.)

*Primitive. C. G. Mar. (12.)

*Tommy Taylor. Red Bk. Jun. (66.)

*Two Carpenters. W. Tom. Jul. (10:293.)

*Way of Escape. W. H. C. Oct., '26. (31.)

Whippoorwill. L. H. J. May. (8.)

*Winter's Tale. Cos. Jun. (86.)

GALLAGHER, MARIE. (*See* 1926.)

*Princess and Pedler. Com. Dec. 1, '26. (5:103.)

"GAP."

*Gesture. Lar. May. (5.)

GATCHELL, MRS. CHARLES. *See* KILBOURNE, FANNIE.

GATLIN, DANA. (*See* 1926.) (*H.*)

Maiden's Prayer. Hol. Dec., '26. (20.)

GAYLORD, HARRIET.

Bit on the Queer. Hol. Oct., '26. (11.)

GEDDES, VIRGIL. (*See* 1924.)

Meddler. Transit. Jul. (88.)

GELZER, JAY. (*See* 1926.)

Dancing Feet. G. H. Jun. (42.)

Dust of Broadway. G. H. Dec., '26. (38.)

Here They Come. G. H. Mar. (22.)

Keeper of the Hearth. G. H. Jan. (36.)

Man's Size. G. H. Feb. (16.)

Wedding Bells. G. H. Sept., '26. (26.)

GIBBON, H. MORGAN.

Archibald in Arcady. Hol. Feb. (18.)

GIDLOW, ELSA.

*Reality. S. F. R. May, '26. (2:1.)

GILBERT, HALPIN O'REILLY.

"White Flower." Par. Oct., '26. (119.)

GILKYSOON, PHOEBE HUNTER. (1892-) (*See* 1925.)

***Portrait. Harp. M. Jan. (154:181.)

GILSON, CHARLES.

**Three Thieves. Adv. Mar. 15. (2.)

GLASGOW, ELLEN ANDERSON GHOLSON. (1874-) (*See* 1926.)

***Dare's Gift. (R.) F. S. Nov., '26. (5:164.)

***Whispering Leaves. (R.) F. S. Jan. (6:5.)

GLASPELL, SUSAN KEATING. (1882-) (*See* 1926.) (*H.*)

***Rose in the Sand. P. M. May. (45.)

GLASS, MONTAGUE MARSDEN. (1877-) (*See* 1926.) (*H.*)

*Be Warned by Mr. Walpole. Cos. Oct., '26. (34.)

*Plump White Hand. Cos. Dec., '26. (40.)

GLEASON, ARTHUR. (1878-1926.) (*See* 1923.) (*H.*)

***Land of the Free. Nat. (N. Y.) Sept. 15, '26. (123:243.)

GLENN, ISA URQUHART. (MRS. S. J. BAYARD SCHINDEL.) (*See* 1926.)

**Paws of the Cat. Par. Oct., '26. (45.)

GODFREY, WINONA. (1877-) (*See* 1922.) (*H.*)

Plenty of Cats to Comb. L. H. J. Feb. (12.)

Spring Lock. Chic. Trib. Feb. 27.

GOLDMAN, RAYMOND LESLIE. (*See* 1925.)

Muggy's Talisman. Elks. Jun. (31.)

GOODMAN, BLANCHE. (MRS. EISENDRATH.)

*Nocturne. Book. (N. Y.) Feb. (64:680.)

GORDON, EUGENE. (1890-)

***Rootbound. Opp. Sept., '26. (4:279.)

GORDON, ROSAMOND.

Old-Marrieds and Newly-Weds. Mun. Jun. (91:65.)

- GRAEVE, OSCAR. (1885-) (See 1926.) (H.)
Decent Thing To Do. Col. Apr. 30. (20.)
Dinner Party. Col. Nov. 6, '26. (14.)
Just One Little Chance. Col. Jan. 1. (7.)
Lovely Ones. Col. May 28. (17.)
- GRAHAM, DOROTHY. (See 1925.)
*Tears of Heaven. Cath. W. Sept., '26. (123:739.)
- GRANT, ETHEL WATTS-MUMFORD. See MUMFORD, ETHEL WATTS.
- GRAY, MORRIS, JR. (See 1926.)
Man's Estate. Scr. Mar. (81:279.)
- GREEN, KARL. (See 1926.)
Fugitives from Alice. Ly. Sept. 11, '26. (17.)
- GREEN, PAUL. (See 1926.)
***Too Smart for God. S. W. Jul. (12:238.)
- GREENE, J. H. (See 1926.)
*In the Poor-Fish Navy. Pop. Feb. 20. (157.)
*Intelligence Test. Pop. Sept. 7, '26. (110.)
*Jazz Bearing. Pop. Feb. 7. (164.)
*Winning a Windjammer. Pop. May 7. (56.)
- GREENWALD, TUPPER. (1902-) (See 1926.)
**Alone. Am. H. Dec. 3, '26. (120:132.)
**God's Eye. J. T. Oct. 22, '26. (2.)
*Mandolin Monk. Am. H. Oct. 1, '26. (119:659.)
*Portrait of a Panzer. Am. H. Nov. 12, '26. (120:21.)
*Running Moon. J. T. Feb. 4. (2.)
***Watcher. J. T. Mar. 25. (2.)
***When the Fruit-Tree Blossoms. Men. J. Dec., '26. (12:602.)
- GREGG, FRANCES. (See 1925.)
***Immigrant. Ber. Mar.-May. (27.)
- GUERNON, CHARLES. (See 1925.)
Infatuation. Pict. R. Jan. (12.)
- H
- HAARDT, SARA. (1898-) (See 1926.)
Old Maid. H. J. Jul. (155.)
*Rush-Hour. S. F. R. Feb.-Mar., '26. (1:243.)
**Slade Jernigan's Woman. S. W. Jan. (12:83.)
- HAGEDORN, HERMANN. (1882-) (See 1924.)
*Home. Elks. Jan. (26.)
- HALE, AGNES BURKE. (See 1926.)
Fred and Circuses. S. E. P. Jan. 15. (37.)
Little Mrs. Muffet. S. E. P. May 14. (12.)
Married Men. Col. Apr. 23. (5.)
- HALEY, JAMES BERNARD.
Dictionary Romance. Cath. W. Jan. (124:442.)
- HALL, DICK WICK. (See 1926.)
Calamity Cat. Red Bk. Sept., '26. (98.)
Gallivanting Jennie Veeve. S. E. P. Oct. 9, '26. (68.)
"HALL, HOLWORTHY." (HAROLD, EVERETT PORTER.) (1887-) (See 1926.) (H.)
And There Was a Whale. Cos. Oct., '26. (68.)
- HALL, IVAN.
**"Every Advantage in the World." Pr. S. Jan. (1:53.)
- HALL, JAMES NORMAN. (See 1925.)
***Occupation: Journalist. Harp. M. Nov., '26. (153:670.)
- HALL, WILBUR J. (See 1926.)
You Never Can Tell. W. H. C. Sept., '26. (10.)
- HALLET, RICHARD MATTHEWS. (1887-) (See 1926.) (H.)
Husband in the Daek. S. E. P. Sept. 4, '26. (20.)
*Pick-a-Lock; Iron Bars. S. E. P. Oct. 9, '26. (16.)
*Theed Harlow's Cadenza. S. E. P. Apr. 2. (42.)
- HALPER, ALBERT.
*Good Mother. J. T. Dec. 31, '26. (2.)
- HAMBY, WILLIAM HENRY. (1875-) (See 1923.) (H.)
Listening Clothes. Chic. Trib. Jul. 24.
- HANLON, BROOKE. (See 1926.)
Cup Bearers. W. H. C. Mar. (14.)
Gallery of Men. Mun. Jan. (89:671.)
Girlish Dreams, Incorporated. Mun. May. (90:630.)
- HARDY, ARTHUR SHERBURNE. (1847-) (See 1926.) (H.)
***Real Birthday of Dorante. (R.) Gol. Dec., '26. (4:779.)
- HARDY, W. G.
Swamp Bridge. MacL. Feb. 1. (14.)

- HARE, AMORY. (MRS. HUTCHINSON.) (1885-) (See 1926.)
 *Burnt Field. Harp. B. Mar. (55.) Apr. (120.)
 *By the Length of a Candle. Harp. B. Jun. (98.)
 ***Three Lumps of Sugar. Cos. May. (56.)
- HARLAND, HENRY. (1861-1905.)
 ***Castles Near Spain. (R.) Gol. Dec., '26. (4:725.)
- HARRIS, CHARLES K.
 Bum. Mun. Jan. (89:749.)
- HARRIS, CHARLES K., and SHERRY, EDNA.
 Crimson Girl. Mun. Mar. (90:287.)
- HARRIS, FRANK. (1856-) (See 1926.) (H.)
 ***Daughter of Eve. (R.) Ain. Sept., '26. (1.)
 ***English Saint. (R.) Ain. Dec., '26. (1.)
 ***Fit of Madness. (R.) Ain. Oct., '26. (51.)
 ***Great Game. (R.) Ain. Nov., '26. (1.)
- HARRIS, FRANK MANN. (See 1926.)
 Willie Painter Stays on the Levvel. S. E. P. Oct. 23, '26. (37.)
- HARRIS, KENNETT. (See 1926.) (H.)
 Force of Example. S. E. P. Mar. 19. (46.)
 Getting the Habit. S. E. P. Feb. 12. (10.)
 Hindsight. S. E. P. Mar. 26. (14.)
 Man, Poor Man! S. E. P. Oct. 16, '26. (26.)
 Other People's Travels. S. E. P. May 7. (24.)
 Something Just as Good. S. E. P. Jan. 8. (22.)
 Texas Twins. S. E. P. Jun. 11. (8.)
 True as the Stars Above. S. E. P. Jul. 30. (16.)
- HARRIS, ROBERT J. (1887-) (See 1924.)
 ***Careless Flame. W. H. C. Jan. (29.)
- HARTE, FRANCIS BRET. (1839-1902.) (See 1926.) (H.)
 ***Luck of Roaring Camp. (R.) Gol. Jun. (5:791.)
- HARTLEY, ROLAND ENGLISH. (1889-) (See 1924.)
 ***Destiny. Mid. Jun. (13:161.)
- HARTMAN, LEE FOSTER. (1879-) (See 1926.) (H.)
 ***Reek of Limes. Pict. R. Apr. (19.)
- HARTWICK, HARRY. (1907-)
 ***Light. Mid. Apr. (13:104.)
- HAWTHORNE, CHRISTOPHER.
 All Arms in the Poor Box. Ly. Nov. 6, '26. (21.)
- HAY, MARJORIE.
 Lazy Daisy. MacL. Nov. 1, '26. (9.)
- HECHT, BEN. (1896-) (See 1926.)
 *Lifer. Red Bk. Feb. (95.)
 Little Blue Man. Red Bk. Mar. (95.)
 "Phony." Red Bk. Apr. (95.)
 *Zalzalsa. Red Bk. May. (97.)
- HEDGCOCK, GERALDINE. (See 1924.)
 *Persian Shawl. Pict. R. Feb. (16.)
- HEJESON, LORRAINE.
 **Afternoon Tea. Sch. Apr. 30. (3.)
- HELLMAN, SAM. (See 1926.)
 Be Yourself, Boy. S. E. P. Jan. 1. (10.)
 Big Pep Man. S. E. P. Jul. 23. (22.)
 Boobs and Saddles. S. E. P. Jun. 25. (39.)
 Cards, if Any. S. E. P. Feb. 19. (16.)
 Love Lot. S. E. P. Apr. 30. (20.)
 Now Ask Me One. S. E. P. May 21. (16.)
 Old Man Par. Elks. May. (32.)
 Over the Ropes. S. E. P. Apr. 2. (24.)
 Plastic Kid. S. E. P. Jun. 4. (26.)
 Rerouting Rufe. S. E. P. Apr. 23. (24.)
 Yes, Sir; He's My Maybe. S. E. P. Nov. 6, '26. (30.)
- HEMINGWAY, ERNEST. (See 1926.)
 ***Canary for One. Scr. Apr. (81:358.)
 ***Fifty Grand. Atl. Jul. (140:1.)
 ***In Another Country. Scr. Apr. (81:355.)
 ***Killers. Scr. Mar. (81:227.)
- HENNIGAN, MARY E. L. (See 1926.)
 *Song. Rot. Jun. (16.)
- HENOCH, LOUIS M.
 Pretenders. Red Bk. Jun. (76.)
- "HENRY, O." (WILLIAM SYDNEY PORTER.) (1867-1910.) (See 1926.) (H.)

"HENRY, O." (Contd.)

- ***Last Leaf. (R.) Gol. Nov., '26. (4: 588.)
- ***Lost Blend. (R.) F. S. Oct., '26. (5: 63.)
- ***Municipal Report. (R.) Gol. Apr. (5: 443.)
- ***Rus in Urbe. (R.) Gol. Jul. (6: 107.)
- **Snow Man. (R.) F. S. Feb. (6: 263.)
- ***Strictly Business. (R.) Ain. Oct., '26. (54.)
- ***Thimble, Thimble. (R.) Ain. Sept., '26. (60.)
- HERGESHEIMER, JOSEPH. (1880-.) (See 1926.) (H.)
- **Albany. S. E. P. May 7. (6.) And Now the Story. S. E. P. Apr. 16. (16.)
- *Arts of Hoax. S. E. P. Nov. 13, '26. (20.)
- ***Charleston. S. E. P. Jul. 9. (10.)
- *Collector's Blues. S. E. P. Oct. 2, '26. (14.)
- **Cygnat Packet. S. E. P. Sept. 4, '26. (24.)
- ***1888. S. E. P. Dec. 25, '26. (6.)
- Extra Consideration. S. E. P. Mar. 19. (16.)
- *Fiddle-Backs. S. E. P. Oct. 30, '26. (18.)
- Forty-seven Pretty Girls. S. E. P. Jan. 22. (8.)
- *Further Study of Plants. S. E. P. Oct. 16, '26. (6.)
- *Gentleman's and Cabinetmaker's Director. S. E. P. Sept. 18, '26. (26.)
- **Lexington. S. E. P. Jun. 18. (10.)
- ***Natchez. S. E. P. May 21. (10.)
- ***New Orleans. S. E. P. Jul. 23. (14.)
- *1918. S. E. P. Jan. 1. (18.)
- Parent to a Star. S. E. P. Feb. 26. (12.)
- *Primitive Motive. S. E. P. Nov. 27, '26. (20.)
- *Reality from Replicas. S. E. P. Dec. 11, '26. (20.)
- *School for Acting. S. E. P. Feb. 19. (8.)
- Supercherub. S. E. P. Apr. 2. (12.)
- ***Triall by Armes. Scr. Mar. (81: 242.)
- ***Washington. S. E. P. Jun. 4. (16.)

HERVEY, HARRY. (1900-.) (See 1924.)

- **Lover of Madame Guillotine. McC. Jan. (49.)
- HESS, LEONARD L. (See 1926.)
- **God Plays Music. Psy. Sept., '26. (15.)
- **Pink. A. Merc. Jul. (11: 341.)
- HEYWARD, DuBOSE. (1885-.) (See 1925.)
- ***Half Pint Flask. Book. (N. Y.) May. (65: 261.)
- HICKMAN, W. ALBERT. (See 1926.) (H.)
- *Fish. (R.) Gol. Jul. (6: 23.)
- **Overproof. (R.) Gol. Oct., '26. (4: 459.)
- HOFFMAN, RICHARD S. Pigeon-Blood Pendant. Hol. Feb. (11.)
- HOGUE, ELLEN, and BECHDOLT, JACK. No Other Mammas. Mun. Jul. (91: 314.)
- HOLCROFT, M. H. Crimson Pearl. Sun. May. (16.)
- HOLDING, ELISABETH SANXAY. (1889-.) (See 1926.)
- Chris Had Gone. L. H. J. Nov., '26. (8.)
- Grateful Lunella. Am. May. (29.)
- Home Fires. Mun. Dec., '26. (89: 415.)
- Human Nature Unmasked. Mun. Oct., '26. (89: 55.)
- *Old Ways. Mun. Jul. (91: 72.)
- Pale Pink Crime. W. H. C. Sept., '26. (12.)
- Totally Broken Reed. W. H. C. Mar. (32.)
- HOLT, FRANKLIN. (1891-.) (See 1926.)
- **Smiling to the End. Cen. May. (114: 87.)
- HOLWAY, RUTH. Freed 'Em and Weep. MacL. Aug. 1, '26. (19.)
- HOPE, EDWARD. (See 1926.)
- Sweet Grapes. Pict. R. Jul. (20.)
- HOPKINS, TOM J. Short and the Long of It. Hol. Dec., '26. (26.)
- HOPPER, JAMES MARIE. (1876-.) (See 1926.) (H.)
- *Derringer. Ly. May 7. (23.)
- Missing Stroke. Ly. Jun. 25. (53.)
- *Stilts and a Complex. Red Bk. Nov., '26. (57.)

- HOPPER, JAMES MARIE. (*Contd.*)
 **Too Old. Com. Apr. 27.
 (5:685.)
 ***When It Happens. Harp. M.
 May. (154:712.)
 HOUSTON, MARGARET BELLE. (MRS.
 M. L. KAUFFMAN.) (*See* 1926.)
 (H.)
 Slippers. Hol. May. (14.)
 HOVEY, PAUL.
 Jennison Takes Dictation. L.
 H. J. Apr. (10.)
 HOVEY, PRISCILLA. (*See* 1926.)
 "Miss Bennett's Baby." Am.
 Feb. (38.)
 HOWARD, ERIC. (1895-)
 One in Five Thousand. Mun.
 Dec., '26. (89:520.)
 HOWARD, JOHN.
 One Seat, Fifteen Bucks. MacL.
 Jan. 1. (8.)
 HOYT, VANCE. (*See* 1923.)
 Silver Boy. Mun. Sept., '26.
 (88:684.)
 Swoop of Doom. Mun. Jan.
 (89:734.)
 Way of the Wild. Mun. Jun.
 (91:149.)
 HUGHES, ELIZABETH BURGESS. (*See*
 1924.) (H.)
 Cinderella in Autumn. Mun.
 Sept., '26. (88:677.)
 HUGHES, JAMES PERLEY.
 Glass Stalker. Mun. May.
 (90:651.)
 Ocean View Preferred. Mun.
 Mar. (90:334.)
 HUGHES, LLEWELLYN. (*See* 1926.)
 *And Then There Were Six.
 MacL. Dec. 15, '26. (16.)
 *Man Who Would Be Great.
 MacL. Apr. 1. (12.)
 ***Mr. Nobody. Cen. Jan.
 (113:361.)
 Mouse. MacL. Jul. 1, '26.
 (17.)
 Return to Golden Lane. MacL.
 May 1. (12.)
 *Seven Sisters. For. Feb.
 (77:200.)
 *Spy. Col. Apr. 2. (5.)
 HUGHES, RUPERT. (1872-)
 (*See* 1926.) (H.)
 Altitude. Col. Jan. 22. (14.)
 Big Boob. Ly. May 14. (16.)
 **Granny. Cos. Mar. (40.)
 In Soft Focus. Col. Sept. 25,
 '26. (13.)
 *"Mamma." (R.) F. S. Jan.
 (6:22.)
 **Old Folks at Home. (R.) F.
 S. Nov., '26. (5:151.)
 River Pageant. Cos. Jul.
 (60.)
 They Were Americans, Too.
 McCall. Feb. (9.)
 What a Girl! Cos. Jun. (44.)
 Why Girls Leave Home. Cos.
 Apr. (50.)
 HULL, ALEXANDER. (1887-)
 (*See* 1925.)
 Tree. Sun. Feb. (20.)
 Wooing Christina. Sun. Sept.,
 '26. (9.)
 HUME, CYRIL. (*See* 1926.)
 *Fantasy in the First Person.
 Harp. M. Sept., '26. (153:417.)
 HUMMEL, GEORGE F. (1882-)
 (*See* 1926.)
 *Victory to the Strong. (R.) F.
 S. Jan. (6:60.)
 HURST, FANNIE. (MRS. JACQUES S.
 DANIELSON.) (1889-)
 (*See* 1926.) (H.)
 **Even as You and I. (R.) F.
 S. Feb. (6:237.)
 ***Get Ready the Wreaths. (R.)
 F. S. Dec., '26. (5:360.)
 *Golden Fleece. (R.) F. S.
 Nov., '26. (5:231.)
 **Petal on the Current. (R.)
 F. S. Jan. (6:36.)
 ***Seven Candles. (R.) F. S.
 Oct., '26. (5:34.)
 **Song of Life. Cos. Sept., '26.
 (36.)
 **White Goods. (R.) F. S.
 Sept., '26. (4:321.)
 HURSTON, ZORA NEALE. (1900-
) (*See* 1926.)
 ***Sweat. Fire. No. 1. (40.)
 HUSSEY, L. M. (*See* 1926.)
 *Resolute Lady. A. Merc. Feb.
 (10:193.)
 *Unshadowed Door. Mun. May.
 (90:658.)
 HUSTON, MCCREADY. (1891-)
 (*See* 1926.)
 **Clean Collar. Pict. R. Apr.
 (16.)
 Daughters. Scr. Jun. (81:
 601.)
 **Lamp. Scr. Dec., '26. (80:
 671.)
 *Unexpected Welcome. Pict. R.
 Jun. (15.)
 HUTCHINSON, AMORY HARE. *See*
 HARE, AMORY.
 HUTCHINSON, HUBBARD.
 Pearls Before Swine. Mun.
 Nov., '26. (89:339.)
 HUTTY, LEIGH. (*See* 1926.)
 Husband Hunter. Chic. Trib.,
 Sept. 19, '26.

I

- IRISH, ANN. *See* SMITH, HARRY
BACHE, and IRISH, ANN.
IRWIN, WALLACE. (1875-)
(*See* 1926.) (H.)
American Beauty. S. E. P.
Jan. 8. (16.)
Heel Taps. S. E. P. Mar. 26.
(16.)
Thanks for the Buggy Ride. S.
E. P. Jan. 15. (8.)
Week from Wednesday. Red.
Bk. Apr. (35.)
IRWIN, WILL (IAM HENRY). (1873-
.) (*See* 1926.) (H.)
Through a Loophole in the Law.
Ly. Feb. 12. (9.)

J

- JACKSON, MARGARET W. (*See* 1926.)
*Birds of a Feather. McCall.
Oct., '26. (23.)
JACKSON, WILLIAM.
Fare Sex. Mun. Apr.
(90:538.)
JACOBS, MARGUERITE.
Singing Eagles. McCall. Sept.,
'26. (8.)
JAFFE, MARGARET DAVIS.
*Shut In. Cath. W. Oct., '26.
(124:75.)
JAMES, STANLEY B.
*Love-Hunger. Cath. W. May.
(125:190.)
JAMES, WILL (IAM) RODERICK.
(1892-) (*See* 1926.)
*Last Catch at Sand Wash.
Sun. Sept., '26. (20.)
Monty of the "Y" Bench. Red.
Bk. May. (92.)
When in Rome. Red Bk. Jan.
(83.)
*Wild Horse. S. E. P. Sept. 4,
'26. (12.)
Young Cowboy. Scr. Jan.
(81:31.)
JAVITZ, ALEXANDER. (1897-)
(*See* 1926.)
***Where the Sea is Strange. Mid.
Jul. (13:185.)
JAY, MAE FOSTER. (*See* 1925.)
Marriage Is Like That. L. H. J.
Jan. (6.)
JERARD, ELISE JEAN. (1902-)
(*See* 1926.)
**Showdown. Col. Nov. 13, '26.
(14.)
***Treat. Col. May 14. (11.)
JOHN, WILLIAM M. (1888-)
***Through Hell. Cen. Sept., '26.
(112:577.)
JOHNSON, NUNNALLY. (*See* 1926.)

- Lady of Broadway. S. E. P.
Jul. 9. (20.)
Portrait of the Writer. S. E. P.
Oct. 16, '26. (16.)
Straight from New York. S.
E. P. Oct. 30, '26. (14.)
JOHNSON, OWEN MCMAHON. (1878-
.) (*See* 1926.) (H.)
Beauty's Sister. (R.) Gol.
Oct., '26. (4:547.)
JOHNSTON, CALVIN. (*See* 1926.)
(H.)
*Hundred-Per-Cent Christmas
Stocking. Pop. Dec. 20, '26.
(119.)
*Orders of Youth. Suc. Sept.,
'26. (15.)
*Veteran's Last Campaign. (R.)
Ain. Nov., '26. (104.)
JOHNSTON, ISABEL.
Lavender-Flowered Crime. Mc-
Call. Oct., '26. (16.)
JOHNSTON, WILLIAM. (1871-)
(*See* 1918.) (H.)
Curious Conduct of Old Man
Cragg. Cos. May. (76.)
JONES, CARTER BROOKE. (1893-
.) (*See* 1923.)
*Reunion. A. Merc. Jan.
(10:113.)
JONES, IDWAL.
China Boy. A. Merc. Jan.
(10:17.)
JONES, STANLEY. (*See* 1926.)
Down to Business. Mun. Jul.
(91:295.)
Little House in Chiswick. Scr.
Apr. (81:376.)
Sidewalk. Mun. Sept., '26.
(88:722.)
Spartan Mother. Am. Oct.,
'26. (50.)
*Troubadour—of the Three-a-
Day. Suc. Mar. (10.)
JONES, VARA MACBETH. (*See*
1923.)
*Danny Goes Druid. Cath. W.
Mar. (124:768.)
*Pandora. Cath. W. Sept., '26.
(123:797.)
JORDAN, ELIZABETH GARVER. (1867-
.) (*See* 1926.) (H.)
John Henry's Inferiority Com-
plex. Chic. Trib. Jul. 10.
Little Red-Haired Girl. Chic.
Trib. Sept. 31, '26.
- K
KAHLER, HUGH MACNAIR. (1883-
.) (*See* 1926.)
Connoisseur. S. E. P. Dec.
11, '26. (18.)

KAHLER, HUGH MACNAIR. (*Contd.*)
 Cousin Benjamin. S. E. P. Feb. 19. (65.)
 Dispossessed. S. E. P. May 21. (26.)
 Horse-and-Buggy Hand. S. E. P. Feb. 12. (16.)
 Old Man Planting Pines. C. G. Jun. (6.)
 Puppet. S. E. P. Oct. 16, '26. (22.)
 Ready Money. S. E. P. Sept. 11, '26. (26.)
 Salvage. S. E. P. Nov. 6, '26. (26.)
 Short Cut. S. E. P. May 7. (32.)
 Sidehill. S. E. P. Apr. 23. (30.)
 Ten Points. S. E. P. Apr. 2. (28.)
 KANE, FRANCES, and BEAHAN, CHARLES.
 Jawbone of an Ass. Mun. Jun. (91:132.)
 KAUFFMAN, MRS. M. L. *See* HOUSTON, MARGARET BELLE.
 KAY, DOROTHY.
 Lady Who Laughed. Mun. Nov., '26. (89:255.)
 KAYE, LOUIS.
 Marksman. MacL. May 1. (3.)
 KEARNEY, THOMAS A.
 *Little Jim. Cath. W. May. (125:222.)
 KELLAND, CLARENCE BUDINGTON. (1881-) (*See* 1926.) (H.)
 Alias Scarface. Pict. R. Jul. (22.)
 All for the Best. S. E. P. Jun. 11. (26.)
 Galley Proof. S. E. P. May 28. (22.)
 Gods of Chance. Del. Jan. (6.)
 Identical Bag. S. E. P. Sept. 11, '26. (30.)
 Last Laugh. S. E. P. Nov. 20, '26. (26.)
 Like to the Lark. S. E. P. Jan. 29. (20.)
 Permanent Improvement. S. E. P. May 14. (10.)
 Premeditated. S. E. P. Dec. 4, '26. (16.)
 Reduced to an Absurdity. S. E. P. Oct. 23, '26. (18.)
 Scattergood Branches Out. Am. Dec., '26. (28.)
 Scattergood Cashes In on His

Reputation. Am. Nov., '26. (38.)
 Scattergood Deals in Matrimony. Am. Feb. (20.)
 Scattergood Sets a Speed Trap. Am. May. (52.)
 Silent Dynamite. S. E. P. Sept. 25, '26. (24.)
 Tit for Tat. S. E. P. Jun. 25. (24.)
 Vendue. C. G. Sept., '26. (26.)
 Vox Populi. S. E. P. Jul. 23. (20.)
 KELLY, ELEANOR MERCEIN. *See* MERCEIN, ELEANOR.
 KELLY, ETHEL.
 Home, James! McCall. Mar. (5.)
 KELLY, MYRA. (1876-1910.) (*See* 1926.)
 **Land of Heart's Desire. (R.)
 Col. May. (5:613.)
 KENNEDY, JOHN BRIGHT. (1895-)
 Big Parade Passed. Col. Nov. 13, '26. (7.)
 *Bridal Letter. Col. Nov. 6, '26. (28.)
 Cap. Col. Dec. 18, '26. (13.)
 *Feud. Col. May 28. (14.)
 *Fortune. Col. Feb. 26. (12.)
 *Prize Watch. Col. May 7. (17.)
 ***Riders to the Moon. Col. Feb. 5. (20.)
 **Shark. Col. Jun. 25. (24.)
 KENYON, BERNICE LESBIA. (1897-) (*See* 1926.)
 *Man's Work. Scr. Oct., '26. (80:420.)
 KERR, SOPHIE. (1880-) (*See* 1926.) (*See* "H" under UNDERWOOD.)
 Bad Little Egg. Ly. Nov. 6, '26. (7.)
 Beloved Wife. Col. Mar. 26. (26.)
 Dear Delight. W. H. C. Dec., '26. (20.)
 *French Touch. Cen. Dec., '26. (113:154.)
 His Mother Loved Him. Del. Mar. (8.)
 Hush-Me-Dearest. Ly. Feb. 19. (47.)
 *Instrument. Col. Sept. 4, '26. (18.)
 Just Like Pie. W. H. C. May. (16.)
 Knife and Fork. S. E. P. Sept. 4, '26. (16.)

KERR, SOPHIE. (*Contd.*)

- Lot of Money. C. G. Sept., '26. (22.)
 Mimi-Mary. Col. Nov. 13, '26. (8.)
 ***Mrs. Mather. Cen. Jun. (114:140.)
 Mister Youth. Del. Jul. (20.)
 Now, I Ask You. Ly. Oct. 2, '26. (9.)
 Pig's Ears. S. E. P. Feb. 5. (12.)
 Sloane Temper. Am. Mar. (11.)
 That Was That. Red Bk. Sept., '26. (96.)
 They Told Her Everything. Del. May. (12.)
 Tulip Tree. C. G. Jan. (18.)
 Two Women. Del. Jan. (8.)

KERRY, WILLIAM E.

Cheats. Mun. Feb. (90:158.)

KEYTING, MARGARET LEE.

*Rainy Days. Cath. W. Apr. (125:74.)

KILBOURNE, FANNIE. ("MARY ALEXANDER.") (MRS. CHARLES GATCHELL.) (*See* 1926.)

- All of Us Mothers. Am. Sept., '26. (30.)
 Betty Use Your Bean. McCall. Apr. (12.)
 Brass Tacks. S. E. P. May 14. (22.)
 Camilla Enters Eden. W. H. C. Feb. (7.)
 Chivalry is not Dead. S. E. P. Feb. 19. (14.)
 Cinderella's Selfish Sister. Del. Oct., '26. (14.)
 Concerning Husbands. Am. Apr. (41.)
 Dot and Will Find Out What It Means To Be Rich. Am. Jan. (28.)
 Dot and Will Take a Vacation. Am. Jul. (21.)
 If We Have Each Other. S. E. P. Dec. 11, '26. (12.)
 Joke on Joe. Am. Oct., '26. (31.)
 Louise Takes Things Into Her Own Hands. Am. Jun. (57.)
 Marvel Takes No Chances. W. H. C. Jul. (7.)
 Red Hair. McCall. Jan. (15.)
 With a Modern Leading Lady. S. E. P. Jul. 9. (18.)
- KILMAN, JULIAN. (1878-) (*See* 1926.)
 *Joe Passafume. Echo. Oct., '26. (14.)

*Mothers in Europe. Echo. Jan. (13.)

KING, WILLIAM BENJAMIN BASIL. (1850-) (*See* 1925.) (*H.*)

*Supreme Goal. McCall. Apr. (14.)

KIRK, RALPH G. (1881-) (*See* 1926.)

- Old Man of the Mills. S. E. P. Sept. 18, '26. (10.)
 Poem Lovely as a Blast Furnace. S. E. P. Jan. 8. (18.)
 Preference. S. E. P. Mar. 5. (12.)
 Siege Perilous. S. E. P. Jan. 22. (10.)
 Stars of Steel. Col. Apr. 16. (5.)
 Too Much Electric. S. E. P. Jul. 9. (6.)
 Transfer. S. E. P. Oct. 9, '26. (14.)

KIRKHAM, STANTON DAVIS. (1868-)

Matrimonial Adventure. (*R.*) Strat. Apr. (24.)

KLINE, BURTON. (1877-) (*See* 1924.)

**Prisoner. Shrine. Jul.

KNAPP, MARTIN H. (*See* 1924.)

Quick Action. L. H. J. Sept., '26. (30.)

KNIFFIN, HARRY ANABLE. (1876-) (*See* 1924.)

*Aftermath. Cath. W. Jul. (125:475.)

KNISTER, RAYMOND. (1899-) (*See* 1926.)

*Practical Wife. MacL. May 1. (16.)

KNOX, ESTHER MELBOURNE.

Stardust and Sawdust. Hol. May. (20.)

KORSMEYER, M. S. B. (*See* 1926.)

Outside Windows. Mun. Jan. (89:708.)

KREBS, ROLAND. (*See* 1925.)

Daddy's Nondetachable Cuffs. S. E. P. Oct. 16, '26. (45.)

High Missteppers. S. E. P. Mar. 26. (43.)

Westbound Freight Before. Hol. Jun. (14.)

KUHRING, LUDWIG PAUL. ("L. PAUL.") (1890-)

**Heat. Adv. Mar. 1. (2.)

***Texts. Adv. Nov. 23, '26. (80.)

Titherwaites. MacL. Apr. 1. (16.)

*Ulysses. Adv. Oct. 23, '26. (54.)

KUMMER, FREDERIC ARNOLD. (1873-
.) (See 1926.) (H.)
*Little Corporal's Dream. G. H.
Sept., '26. (70.)
*Love at Armageddon. G. H.
Oct., '26. (40.)
Ship. Col. Dec. 4, '26. (22.)
Why Men Go Wrong. Col.
Nov. 6, '26. (11.)
KYNE, PETER BERNARD. (1880-
.) (See 1926.) (H.)
Devil Drives. Col. Dec. 18,
'26. (21.)
Devil-Dog's Pup. G. H. Nov.,
'26. (14.)
For His Money. Cos. Jun.
(74.)
Go-Getter. (R.) Gol. Feb.
(5: 149.)
Gold-Headed Cane. Col. Jan.
8. (17.)
Lion and the Lamb. Cos. May.
(58.)
Little Knowledge. Col. Jan. 1.
(14.)
Oh, Promise Me! Col. Sept.
4, '26. (5.)
Pals in Paradise. Cos. Mar.
(36.)
Round the World. Cos. Feb.
(38.)
Strange Adventures of Mike,
"the Vagabone." (R.) Gol.
May. (5: 642.)
Tidy Toreador. Cos. Apr.
(58.)

L

LA BEAUME, E. I.
Soft as Velvet. Mun. May.
(90: 703.)
LA FARGE, OLIVER, 2ND. (1901-
.)
***North Is Black. Dial. Jan.
(82: 8.)
LAMATER, ELEANOR DE.
Outer Darkness. Par. Oct.,
'26. (142.)
LAMBERT, REITA.
Interpreter for Monsieur. Mun.
Sept., '26. (88: 706.)
Pepper. Mun. Nov., '26.
(89: 239.)
Some Weeds Look Like Flowers.
Mun. Dec., '26. (89: 459.)
These Violent Delights. Mun.
May. (90: 739.)
Youth on the Prow. Mun.
Oct., '26. (89: 121.)
L'AMI, C. E.
Professor McHugh Resigns.
MacL. Feb. 1. (6.)

LA MOTTE, ELLEN NEWBOLD. (1873-
.) (See 1923.)
**Desert Owl. Atl. Jan.
(139: 81.)
LANE, ROSE WILDER. (1877-)
(See 1926.)
***Thanksgiving. C. G. Nov.,
'26. (6.)
**Walnut Tree. C. G. Sept., '26.
(5.)
***Yarbwoman. Harp. M. Jul.
(155: 210.)
LANGAN, THOMAS.
*Home. Ev. Dec., '26. (163.)
LARDNER, RING W. (1885-)
(See 1926.) (H.)
**Hurry Kane. Cos. May. (52.)
***I Can't Breathe. Cos. Sept.,
'26. (40.)
*Jade Necklace. Cos. Nov., '26.
(28.)
Spinning Wheel. Cos. Jul.
(106.)
**Sun Cured. Cos. Jan. (32.)
**Then and Now. Cos. Jun.
(66.)
LATIMER, MARGERY. (1899-)
(See 1926.)
***Grotesque. Transit. Jun.
(51.)
LAURISTON, VICTOR. (See 1925.)
People Must Eat. MacL. Mar.
1. (8.)
LAWRENCE, RAYMOND EMERY.
*Bonds of the Air. Elks. May.
(10.)
LAZARUS, SIDNEY F. (See 1926.)
Angel's Money Has Wings. S.
E. P. Apr. 2. (56.)
It Was a Great Idea. S. E. P.
Oct. 9, '26. (42.)
LEA, FANNIE HEASLIP. (MRS. H. P.
AGEE.) (1884-) (See
1926.) (H.)
As Ever. S. E. P. Apr. 9.
(12.)
Brute. G. H. Oct., '26. (22.)
Caprice Itself. McCall. Jun.
(6.)
Home-Town Girl. G. H. May.
(58.)
How They Met Themselves. G.
H. Dec., '26. (20.)
On the Air. G. H. Apr. (24.)
Purple Patches. S. E. P. Nov.
20, '26. (10.)
Simple Confession. S. E. P.
Sept. 18, '26. (3.)
That's Life. G. H. Feb. (28.)
LEACH, PAUL R. (See 1924.)
Miscellany. Ly. Nov. 13, '26.
(47.)

- LEINSTER, MURRAY. (See 1926.)
Big Cheese. Hol. Jul. (20.)
- LE SUEUR, MERIDEL. (1900-)
***Persephone. Dial. May.
(82: 371.)
- LEVACK, ANITA GABRIELLE.
Protective Coloring. MacL.
Oct. 15, '26. (16.)
- LEWIS, ALFRED HENRY. ("DAN
QUINN.") (1842-1914.) (See
1926.) (H.)
*Cherokee Hall Plays Poker.
(R.) Gol. Feb. (5: 237.)
- LEWIS, MILDRED ALEXANDER. See
"ALEXANDER, SANDRA."
- LEWIS, OSCAR. (1893-) (See
1924.)
***Truant. Scr. May. (81: 479.)
- LHEVINNE, ISADORE J. (1896-
) (See 1926.)
*Cabala. J. T. Mar. 4. (4.)
**Migratory Bird. J. T. May 27.
(16.)
*Regards from America. Am. H.
Sept. 10, '26. (119: 508.)
*Slap. Am. H. Feb. 18.
(120: 507.)
**Stronger than Death. J. T.
Apr. 8. (2.)
- LIEBERMAN, ELIAS. (1883-)
(See 1926.) (H.)
*Meditation for Esau. Am. H.
Sept. 10, '26. (119: 506.)
- LINCOLN, FREEMAN.
Luck-in-the-Sugar-Bowl. Hol.
Feb. (23.)
- LINCOLN, JOSEPH CROSBY. (1870-
) (See 1926.) (H.)
*Honest Man's Business. S. E.
P. Jul. 23. (10.)
*Luck Piece. L. H. J. Dec., '26.
(3.)
*Vigarine and the Missing
Papers. S. E. P. Sept. 18, '26.
(8.)
- LINN, CARL.
*Gentleman of Spain. Pr. S.
Jan. (1: 48.)
- LIPSKY, LOUIS. (1876-)
*Zaddik and the Rabbi. (R.) J.
T. May 27. (26.)
- LOYD, BEATRIX DEMAREST. (See
1926.)
Alimentation's Artful Aid. S.
E. P. Jun. 11. (10.)
*Villa Beata. S. E. P. Apr. 30.
(14.)
- LOYD, C. F.
*Ghosts. MacL. Jan. 15. (19.)
- LOCKWOOD, SCAMMON. (See 1924.)
Sport of Kings. Mun. Dec.,
'26. (89: 467.)
- LONDON, JACK. (1876-1916.) (See
1926.) (H.)
***God of His Fathers. (R.) Gol.
Jan. (5: 54.)
**Story of Jess Uck. (R.) F. S.
Sept., '26. (4: 420.)
***Sun-Dog Trail. (R.) Gol.
Oct., '26. (4: 538.)
***To Build a Fire. (R.) F. S.
Nov., '26. (5: 253.)
**Trust. (R.) F. S. Jan.
(6: 106.)
- LOOMS, GEORGE. (1886-) (See
1926.)
*Mr. Rose-Apprentice. Echo.
Dec., '26. (20.)
- LOOS, LAVERNE.
**Convict. Pr. S. Apr. (1: 151.)
"LOPEZ, INEZ." (MRS. OCTAVUS
ROY COHEN.) (See 1918.)
Wild Grass. Hol. Oct., '26.
(29.)
- LORIMER, BURFORD.
Unfairway. Col. Dec. 25, '26.
(23.)
- LORIMER, GRAEME.
Buried Treasure. C. G. Mar.
(22.)
- LOVELACE, DELOS W. (See 1926.)
*Gimme Gal. Suc. Jul. (34.)
*Kitchen View. C. G. May.
(18.)
*Toe of the Stocking. C. G.
Dec., '26. (9.)
- LOWRY, HELEN BULLITT.
Outside. Harp. B. Jan. (100.)
- LUGRIN, N. DE BERTRAND. (See
1926.)
Klootch Girl. MacL. Jan. 1.
(18.)
- LUHRS, MARIE.
Dante Statue. N. Mass. Jun.
(16.)
- LUTHER, MARK LEE. (1872-)
(See 1925.) (H.)
Embargo. W. H. C. Feb.
(25.)
Florida Water. W. H. C. Jan.
(26.)
Homeward Bound. W. H. C.
May. (27.)
Sky High. W. H. C. Mar.
(29.)
Southern Exposure. W. H. C.
Nov., '26. (7.)
Strained Relations. Ly. Oct.
9, '26. (57.)
Watch Us Grow. W. H. C.
Apr. (15.)
- LYMAN, OLIN. (See 1926.)
Taming of the Sioux. Hol.
Nov., '26. (8.)

LYNN, MARGARET. (See 1919.)
(H.)
**Jurildeen. Atl. Dec., '26.
(138: 807.)
LYON, GEORGE H.
Perfect Scorecard. Elks. Feb.
(20.)

M

MABIE, LOUISE KENNEDY. (See 1926.) (H.)
Cave Person. L. H. J. Mar.
(24.)
Highest Woman in the Castle.
L. H. J. Apr. (18.)
MACALARNEY, ROBERT EMMET.
(1873-) (See 1925.) (H.)
Why the Flying Fish Flew.
Red Bk. Jan. (72.)
McBLAIR, ROBERT. (See 1926.)
Bride's Biscuits. Mun. Nov.,
'26. (89: 323.)
*One Christmas Morning. Elks.
Dec., '26. (10.)
**Twisted Gun Gap. Elks. Mar.
(17.)
McCALLUM, MELLA RUSSELL. (See 1924.)
Hoboken, of All Places! Mun.
Jun. (91: 41.)
I Just Couldn't Stand It. Mun.
Sept., '26. (88: 693.)
McCARTER, MARGARET HILL. (See 1925.)
Guardian of the Jack Oaks.
McCall. Dec., '26. (12.)
MACCLURE, VICTOR.
So Norah Stepped In. W. H.
C. Oct., '26. (27.)
McCoy, HORACE.
Brass Buttons. Hol. Mar.
(22.)
Man Who Wanted to Win.
Hol. Jul. (29.)
McCulloch, FRED H. (See 1926.)
Code of Boys and Dogs. Mc-
Call. Nov., '26. (18.)
McCUTCHEON, GEORGE BARR. (1866-
) (See 1924.) (H.)
Charlie, Susannah and Mr.
Priestly. C. G. Sept., '26.
(18.)
McGEEHAN, W. O. (1879-)
(See 1925.)
Strictly on the Level. Ly. Dec.
18, '26. (54.)
MACGRATH, HAROLD. (1871-)
(See 1926.) (H.)
Fiddle String. Red Bk. Jan.
(27.)
Scherzo. Red Bk. Sept., '26.
(65.)

McGUINNESS, JAMES KEVIN. (See 1926.)
Mrs. Gaylord's Handicap. Mun.
Apr. (90: 484.)
McGUIRK, CHARLES J. (See 1920.)
*Old Soldier. Scr. Jul. (82: 14.)
*Street of Children. Chic. Trib.
Jun. 26.
MACHARG, WILLIAM. See BALMER,
EDWIN, and MACHARG, WILLIAM.
McKAY, CLAUDE. (See 1922.)
*High Ball. Opp. May. (5: 141.)
Jun. (5: 169.)
McKISHNIE, ARCHIE P. (See 1926.)
Silence Is Golden. MacL.
Sept. 1, '26. (12.)
Stage Struck. MacL. Jan. 15.
(16.)
Woman's Sphere. MacL. Nov.
15, '26. (16.)
McLEAN, MARGHERITE FISHER. (See 1926.)
Lonesome Christmas Tree. Scr.
Dec., '26. (80: 646.)
McLEAN, RICA.
Girls Were Anathema. MacL.
Aug. 15, '26. (15.)
McMORROW, THOMAS. (1886-)
(See 1926.)
Bought for a Turn. S. E. P.
Sept. 18, '26. (16.)
Hinkle Against Fayne. S. E. P.
Oct. 30, '26. (12.)
Lighthouse on Long Acre
Square. S. E. P. Dec. 4, '26.
(10.)
Mopes. S. E. P. May 14.
(30.)
Parkside Mansions, on West
Eighty-First Street. S. E. P.
Feb. 26. (16.)
People against Cortenay. S. E.
P. Jul. 9. (14.)
People against Van Teel. S. E.
P. Apr. 30. (22.)
People versus Denline. S. E. P.
Apr. 9. (32.)
They also Serve. S. E. P.
Sept. 11, '26. (24.)
Thursdays Off. S. E. P. Jun.
18. (22.)
Watch House. Col. Feb. 19.
(10.)
McNARY, HERBERT L. (See 1926.)
Irish of It. Elks. Apr. (10.)
MACNICHOL, KENNETH. (1887-
) (See 1926.)
***Brother Death. Black. Mar.
(221: 398.)
***Moon-Charms. Black. Oct., '26.
(220: 518.)

- McNUTT, WILLIAM SLAVENS. (See 1926.) (H.)
Late. Mun. Oct., '26.
(89: 85.)
- MACUMBER, MARIE.
***Vine. Pr. S. Jan. (1:1.)
- MAGRUDER, MARY LANIER. (See 1926.)
*Fog. Hol. Jul. (14.)
- MAHONEY, JAMES. (1893-)
(See 1926.)
***Affair of Monsieur and Madame.
Cen. Dec., '26. (113: 208.)
- MALOYNE, MICHAEL.
*Morale. For. Apr. (77: 502.)
- MANGUM, ROY.
Mr. Courtlandt Proposes. Col.
Jan. 8. (13.)
- MARBAKER, N. D.
***Bishop Comes. Scr. Nov., '26.
(80: 488.)
***Conversion. Scr. Oct., '26.
(80: 389.)
***Disillusion. Scr. Oct., '26.
(80: 381.)
***Fear. Scr. Oct., '26. (80: 386.)
***Filial Piety. Scr. Oct., '26.
(80: 384.)
***Gossip. Scr. Oct., '26.
(80: 385.)
***Patent Medicine. Scr. Nov.,
'26. (80: 491.)
***Strong Red Hands. Scr. Nov.,
'26. (80: 494.)
- MARKEY, GENE. (See 1926.) (See
also CLAIRE, INA, and MARKEY,
GENE.)
Gentleman Jockey. Harp. B.
Jul. (78.)
Handsome Hooper. Chic. Trib.
Sept. 5, '26.
Plumber's Pudding. Harp. B.
Nov., '26. (77.)
Querido. Chic. Trib. May 1.
- MARKE, PERCY. (1891-) (See
1925.)
*Powdered Wings. Scr. Sept.,
'26. (80: 259.)
- MARMUR, JACLAND.
**Copra. Adv. Jan. 1. (2.)
- MARQUAND, JOHN PHILLIPS. (1893-
) (See 1926.)
Artistic Touch. S. E. P. Feb.
19. (10.)
Cinderella Motif. S. E. P.
Mar. 5. (5.)
***Good Morning, Major. S. E. P.
Dec. 11, '26. (6.)
*Lord Chesterfield. S. E. P.
Jun. 18. (6.)
*Once and Always. S. E. P.
Apr. 9. (10.)
- Unknown Hero. S. E. P. Jul.
30. (8.)
- MARQUIS, DON. (1878-) (See
1925.) (H.)
*Fighting Parson. Cos. Dec.,
'26. (34.)
*High Pitch. Col. May 28.
(7.)
Leopards. Cos. Jun. (94.)
*Revolt of the Oyster. (R.)
Gol. Feb. (5: 173.)
Rivercliff Golf Killing. Ly.
Jul. 2. (65.)
*Second Husband. Cos. Jan.
(54.)
**When the Turtles Sing. Scr.
Feb. (81: 113.)
- MARSDEN, GRIFFIS. (See 1922.)
Least Comfortable Corner. Sun.
Mar. (18.)
- MARSH, GEORGE T. (1876-)
(See 1926.) (H.)
*Judgment of Achille Breault. C.
G. Oct., '26. (16.)
Unto the Least of These. C. G.
Dec., '26. (15.)
- MARTIN, HELEN REIMENSNYDER.
(1868-) (See 1924.)
(H.)
*Wooring of Weesie. L. H. J.
Jan. (5.)
- MARZONI, PETTERSEN.
Big-Hearted Jim. Ly. Nov.,
'26. (24.)
- MASON, ARTHUR. (1876-)
(See 1926.)
Communitistic Frankfurters. Red
Bk. Feb. (92.)
Hollow God. Red Bk. Dec.,
'26. (52.)
Logger. Red Bk. Nov., '26.
(53.)
**Out of the Bog. Red Bk. Apr.
(83.)
- MASON, MRS. ELMER BROWN. See
STANLEY, MAY.
- MASON, GRACE SARTWELL. (1877-
) (See 1926.) (H.)
Ker-Choo! S. E. P. Sept. 25,
'26. (16.)
*Sweet Tooth. W. H. C. May.
(29.)
***Way to Heaven. Harp. M.
Dec., '26. (154: 30.)
- MATHEUS, JOHN F. (1887-)
(See 1926.)
***Clay. Opp. Oct., '26.
(4: 311.)
- MATTESON, HERMAN HOWARD.
(1876-) (See 1920.)
Ivory Totem. Mun. Sept., '26.
(88: 716.)

MATTESON, HERMAN HOWARD.
(*Contd.*)
Proud Man in Tarpaulins. Mun.
Apr. (90:501.)

MAY, MARGERY LAND. (*See* 1924.)
"—Or Give Me Beth." Hol.
Mar. (44.)

MEANS, ELDRED KURTZ. (1878-
.) (*See* 1926.) (*H.*)
At the End of the Rope. Mun.
Jan. (89:645.)
*Big Four Failure. Mun. Nov.,
'26. (89:249.)
*By Aid of the Donkey. Mun.
Apr. (90:434.)
*Domestic Relations. Mun. May.
(90:608.)
*Farewell Tour. Mun. Dec.,
'26. (89:424.)
*Hot Cat Cook. Mun. Jul.
(91:264.)
*Misery Medicine. Mun. Mar.
(90:241.)
*Ninth Time. Mun. Jun.
(91:34.)
*Number Five. Mun. Feb.
(90:52.)
*Smoke without Fire. Mun.
Oct., '26. (89:38.)
*Trifling Opening. Mun. Sept.,
'26. (88:655.)

MERCEIN, ELEANOR. (MRS. KELLY.)
(1880-.) (*See* 1926 and
"*H*" under KELLY.)
*Bella Gina. Harp. M. Sept.,
'26. (153:443.)
*Charivari. S. E. P. Feb. 12.
(5.)
Emiliana. S. E. P. Oct. 2, '26.
(8.)
*Fête-Dieu. S. E. P. Dec. 18,
'26. (5.)
*Interlude. S. E. P. Jun. 25.
(8.)
*Monkey-Motions. Pict. R. Oct.,
'26. (12.)
Queen Mab's Come-Back. Pict.
R. Jun. (13.)
*Señoritas. S. E. P. Mar. 26.
(8.)
*Sky Pastures. S. E. P. Apr.
23. (8.)

MERIWETHER, SUSAN. (*See* 1926.)
Week-Ends Are Work-Ends. L.
H. J. Apr. (22.)

MERRILL, KENNETH GRIGGS.
*Cross. Scr. Dec., '26. (80:
594.)

MERWIN, SAMUEL. (1874-.)
(*See* 1926.) (*H.*)
Adventure of Anabel. Col. Oct.
9, '26. (5.)

Cat Jumps Quick. McCall. Jul.
(18.)
Fog. Col. Jul. 23. (23.)
Godown Clerk. Col. Nov. 6,
'26. (22.)
Hero Stuff. Col. Oct. 16, '26.
(8.)
Hundred and Eighty West. Col.
Oct. 23, '26. (18.)
Malabar Pearl. Col. Nov. 27,
'26. (17.)
Million Dollar Buckwheats.
McCall. Oct., '26. (20.)
Old Blood. Col. Jan. 22. (17.)
Sagging South. Col. Nov. 20,
'26. (9.)
Silver-Green Frock. Col. Dec.
18, '26. (11.)
Under the Lacquer. Col. Oct.
30, '26. (24.)
Venus in a Niche. Col. Dec.
11, '26. (25.)
While Peking Slept. Col. Nov.
13, '26. (18.)
You Have to Do Something.
Col. Dec. 4, '26. (13.)

MIDDLETON, J. E.
Strategy and Tactics. MacL.
Apr. 1. (21.)

MIELL, FRANK.
Return Match. MacL. Mar. 1.
(17.)

MILL, ROBERT R.
*Rewrite. Red Bk. Jun. (102.)

MILLER, DOROTHY.
Captain Antique. Hol. May.
(7.)
Fringe of the Spanish Shawl.
Ly. Jan. 22. (35.)
Little Queen's Little Baby. L.
H. J. Nov., '26. (20.)
Radiant Recluse. L. H. J. Jul.
(20.)
Singing Women. G. H. Sept.,
'26. (38.)

MILLER, ELIZABETH YORK.
Haunt of Blue River. Chic.
Trib. Dec. 5, '26.

MILLER, HELEN TOPPING. (1884-
.) (*See* 1926.)
Bird Flies Over. G. H. Oct.,
'26. (52.)
Giants Go Down. Hol. Jan.
(7.)
Good Old Gang. McCall. Jul.
(12.)
Hell-Bent Lady. Ly. Jul. 30.
(9.)
Holiroy. McCall. Sept., '26.
(10.)
Iodine Year. Ly. Feb. 19.
(23.)

- MILLER, HELEN TOPPING. (*Contd.*)
One-Way Road. Hol. Sept., '26. (12.)
*Tarantula. Hol. Mar. (7.)
To-morrow Night: East Lynne. Hol. Jun. (22.)
- MILLER, HUGH.
Nobody's Woman. Mun. May. (90:621.)
- MILLER, O.
Lost and Won. Mun. Nov., '26. (89:315.)
- MISH, CHARLOTTE ROBERTA. (*See* 1926.)
**Woman Like That. Young. Apr. (215.)
- MITCHELL, JOHN.
**Portraits of Innocence. Transit. Jun. (12.)
- MITCHELL, RUTH COMFORT. (MRS. SANBORN YOUNG.) (*See* 1926.) (H.)
Dangerous but Passable. W. H. C. Nov., '26. (12.)
Dog Poisoner. L. H. J. Sept., '26. (10.)
Of the Fittest. Red Bk. Oct., '26. (74.)
Reasonably Good Looks Shop. Del. Jul. (6.)
- MONTAGUE, MARGARET PRESCOTT. (1878-) (*See* 1926.) (H.)
***Golden Moment. Atl. Oct., '26. (138:494.)
***Last Tenth. Harp. M. Nov., '26. (153:696.)
- MONTROSS, LOIS SEYSTER. (*See* 1926.)
**Golden Legend. L. H. J. Apr. (16.)
*Iron Dogs. L. H. J. Nov., '26. (14.)
*Time's Fool. Pict. R. Mar. (26.)
*Wiser Than David. G. H. Apr. (42.)
- MONTROSS, LYNN. (1895-) (*See* 1926.)
Good Bad Horse. L. H. J. Jul. (18.)
Sir Betsy. L. H. J. May. (20.)
- MOON, LORNA. (*See* 1926.)
*Funeral of Jimmy MacBride. Cen. Sept., '26. (112:526.)
- MOORE, DAVID WILLIAM. (*See* 1924.)
Luther's Holiday. Hol. Oct., '26. (16.)
- MOORE, EFFIE L.
Golden Woman. Hol. Sept., '26. (18.)
- MORAN, HELEN BRENNAN. (1893-)
***"It Is Not a Small Thing . . ." L. Merc. Feb. (15:362.)
"MORESBY, LOUIS." *See* "BARRINGTON, E."
- MORGAN, MARGARET CASE.
*Square-Cut Emerald. V. F. Dec., '26. (78.)
- MORLEY, CHRISTOPHER DARLINGTON. (1890-) (*See* 1926.)
*Gloria and the Garden of Sweden. (R.) F. S. Feb. (6:149.)
- MORRIS, ARTHUR.
Mr. Deputy Leads. MacL. Aug. 1, '26. (14.)
- MORRIS, GOUVERNEUR. (1876-) (*See* 1926.) (H.)
Bird in the Bush. Cos. Apr. (63.)
*Blood Will Tell. Cos. Dec., '26. (44.)
**Gossip! Cos. Mar. (68.)
***Lady of Temper. Cos. May. (62.)
Paradise Lost. Cos. Jul. (88.)
Roses from Wild Oats. Cos. Jan. (66.)
*Walls of San Quentin. Cos. Sept., '26. (94.)
- MORRIS, HILDA. (*See* 1925.)
Cinderella Dog. Hol. Jun. (26.)
Youngest Daughter. Hol. Oct., '26. (14.)
- MORTON, LEIGH. (*See* 1926.)
Poor Man's Cottage. McCall. May. (21.)
- MOSHER, FRANK.
*Elk Tooth Hunter. Forest. Apr. (212.)
- MOTT, MARTHA.
Adjustment. Scr. Apr. (81:424.)
- MOWERY, WILLIAM BYRON.
Pirates of the Muskeg. Mun. Jun. (91:1.)
Wisdom of Corporal Solomon. Mun. Jul. (91:306.)
- MUIR, NORMA PHILLIPS. (*See* 1926.)
As They Say in Paris . . . ! MacL. Dec. 15, '26. (18.)
Bounding Through Belgium. MacL. Nov. 1, '26. (20.)
Ronalds Beat the Dutch. MacL. Oct. 1, '26. (10.)
- MULLEN, KATE. (*See* 1926.)
*Boomer on the Skidroad. A. Merc. Apr. (10:410.)

- MULLEN, KATE. (*Contd.*)
 **Bootlegging Woman. For. Oct., '26. (76:577.)
 MUMFORD, ETHEL WATTS. (ETHEL WATTS-MUMFORD GRANT.) (1878-) (*See* 1926.) (*H.*)
 Ghosts of China Gardens. Pict. R. Nov., '26. (14.)
 Scales of Justice. Mun. Jul. (91:288.)
 MUSKRAT, RUTH MARGARET.
 **Jealous Gods. Strat. Jan. (21.)
 MYERS, WALTER L. (1886-) (*See* 1922.)
 ***Foolsfaces. Mid. Nov., '26. (12:307.)
 MYGATT, GERALD. (*See* 1926.) (*H.*)
 Test of a Gentlewoman. Chic. Trib. Jan. 30.
 "MYLES, CATHERINE." *See* BYRNES, MARTHA E.

N

- NASON, LEONARD H. (*See* 1926.)
 *Crap Shooters. S. E. P. Mar. 5. (18.)
 *Defenders of the Bridge. S. E. P. Oct. 23, '26. (20.)
 *Friend of His Youth. Adv. Apr. 1. (4.)
 *General's Aide. S. E. P. Nov. 6, '26. (12.)
 *Goldbricker. Adv. Dec. 23, '26. (80.)
 *Man That Obeyed. S. E. P. Dec. 25, '26. (8.)
 Marine and Margaret. S. E. P. Mar. 26. (10.)
 Sailor, Beware! S. E. P. May 28. (14.)
 *Water Cart. S. E. P. Sept. 25, '26. (12.)
 NEIDIG, WILLIAM JONATHAN. (1870-) (*See* 1926.) (*H.*)
 Borikoff Sapphire. S. E. P. Apr. 23. (22.)
 Dagga Smokers. S. E. P. Dec. 11, '26. (10.)
 Rubies of Mogok. S. E. P. Oct. 9, '26. (20.)
 Stop Thief! S. E. P. Jul. 30. (14.)
 Weight of Evidence. S. E. P. Mar. 12. (16.)
 NELSON, GAYLORD.
 Moonshine. Cen. Oct., '26. (112:737.)
 NEWITT, HENRY R.
 Sanctuary. L. H. J. Jun. (8.)

- NEWMAN, OLIVER PECK. (1877-) (*See* 1925.)
 Most Irregular. Mun. Feb. (90:60.)
 NOEL, ANNIE WEBSTER. (*See* 1926.) (*H.*)
 **Daughter. Book. (N. Y.) Sept., '26. (64:13.)
 NORCROSS, RENE.
 **Grouch Smith. MacL. Apr. 1. (3.)
 NORDHOFF, CHARLES B. (1887-) (*See* 1926.)
 **Maki's Perfect Day. Harp. M. Mar. (154:421.)
 NORRIS, CHARLES GILMAN. (1881-) (*See* 1926.)
 Mr. Briggs Was Right. Col. Oct. 30, '26. (21.)
 NORRIS, (BENJAMIN) FRANK(LIN). (1870-1902.) (*See* 1925.) (*H.*)
 ***Passing of Cock-Eye Blacklock. (R.) Gol. Nov., '26. (4:617.)
 NORRIS, JOHN.
 Poor Bud. Hol. May. (64.)
 NORRIS, KATHLEEN. (1880-) (*See* 1926.) (*H.*)
 *Diplomacy Begins at Home. Cos. Jan. (44.)
 *Dreams Do Come True. Cos. Mar. (72.)
 Hot! Cos. Oct., '26. (78.)
 *Irish Songbird. Cos. Dec., '26. (66.)
 *One of the Five Million. Cos. Nov., '26. (62.)
 Ring. Harp. B. Oct., '26. (106.)
 Shortest Way Home. Cos. Jun. (54.)
 *Way to Men's Hearts. Cos. Feb. (74.)
 NUHN, FERNER.
 *Old Ladies' Man. A. Merc. May. (11:56.)

O

- O'BRIEN, FITZ-JAMES. (1828-1862.) (*See* 1925.)
 ***Diamond Lens. (R.) Am. St. Dec., '26. (1:834.)
 O'BRIEN, FREDERICK. (1869-) (*See* 1920.)
 Bamboo Raft. Chic. Trib. Nov. 14, '26.
 O'BRIEN, HOWARD VINCENT. (1888-) (*See* 1926.)
 All for Hypatia. Col. Sept. 11, '26. (18.)
 Ten Minutes to Settle a Bet. Col. Jul. 16. (26.)

- O'BRIEN, SEUMAS. (1880-)
(See 1926.)
***Woman of His Heart. W. W. Feb. (9.)
- O'DONNELL, JACK.
Killer. Ly. Jan. 1. (37.)
- O'HARA, FRANK HURBURT. (1888-)
(See 1925.)
First Raters. Chic. Trib. Oct. 17, '26.
- O'NEIL, GEORGE. (1898-)
(See 1926.)
***Immortal Laughter. Harp. B. Oct., '26. (118.)
- OPPENHEIM, JAMES. (1882-)
(See 1926.) (H.)
Adam and Eve Knew Better. Ly. Dec. 11, '26. (45.)
He Learned About Women. Col. Oct. 30, '26. (5.)
- O'REILLY, EDWARD SINNOTT. (1880-)
(See 1925.)
"Babblers." Pict. R. Nov., '26. (16.)
In Our Midst. Pict. R. Oct., '26. (16.)
Voice of the People. Pict. R. Mar. (16.)
- OSBORNE, WILLIAM HAMILTON. (1873-) (See 1924.) (H.)
Rum Proposal. Red Bk. Oct., '26. (94.)
- OSKISON, JOHN MILTON. (1874-)
(See 1925.) (H.)
Desert Marigolds. Chic. Trib. Mar. 20.
- OSTERN, FLORENCE. (See 1926.)
Pat, Be Patient. Hol. Dec., '26. (11.)
- O'TOOLE, EDWARD J. (See 1920.)
**Spring. Cath. W. May. (125: 164.)
- P
- PACKARD, FRANK LUCIUS. (1877-)
(See 1925.) (H.)
Shanghai Jim. Cos. Oct., '26. (90.)
MacL. Sept. 15, '26. (3.)
- PAGE, FLORENCE S.
**Thorn. Mid. Nov., '26. (12: 321.)
- PAHLOW, GERTRUDE CURTIS BROWN. (1881-) (See 1923.)
Marquise's Miniature. Mun. Apr. (90: 493.)
Winged Victor. Mun. Jun. (91: 86.)
- PANGBORN, GEORGIA WOOD. (1872-)
(See 1926.) (H.)
*North Wind. Chic. Trib. Dec. 19, '26.
- PARADISE, VIOLA L. (See 1926.)
Crush. Col. Jan. 1. (11.)
Probably Homicide. Col. Dec. 18, '26. (30.)
Somebody Else. Col. Jan. 29. (11.)
- PARKER, AUSTIN. (See 1926.)
Accidental Kiss. Ly. Jan. 1. (7.)
Jan. 8. (39.)
Ann 'n' Andy. S. E. P. Nov. 6, '26. (6.)
Drama! Drama! Drama! Ly. Apr. 23. (37.)
Map of the World. S. E. P. Apr. 30. (6.)
Trees Aren't Safe for Birdies. S. E. P. Jun. 4. (14.)
You Gotta Be Hard. Col. Jan. 22. (5.)
- PARKER, DOROTHY ROTHSCHILD. (1893-) (See 1926.)
Lucky Little Curtis. Pict. R. Feb. (26.)
*Sexes. N. Rep. Jul. 13. (51: 203.)
- PARKER, MAUDE.
Atmosphere. S. E. P. Mar. 26. (28.)
Exploration. S. E. P. Jun. 11. (22.)
Raise or Quit. S. E. P. Mar. 5. (16.)
- PARMENTER, CHRISTINE WHITING. (1877-) (See 1926.)
David's Star of Bethlehem. Am. Jan. (21.)
Dishabille. Hol. Nov., '26. (20.)
Married To-morrow. Del. Sept., '26. (10.)
Miracle. Cath. W. Feb. (124: 653.)
Ramona Clears the Air. Am. Dec., '26. (48.)
- PATTERSON, NORMA. (1891-)
(See 1926.)
Ships that Pass. G. H. Jan. (78.)
- PATTULLO, GEORGE. (1879-)
(See 1926.) (H.)
Corazon. (R.) Gol. Feb. (5: 164.)
Eels. S. E. P. Mar. 12. (28.)
Good Fellows. S. E. P. Jul. 16. (10.)
Honest John. S. E. P. May 14. (18.)
Hussy Luck. S. E. P. Jun. 25. (14.)
Love Will Find a Way. S. E. P. Feb. 12. (12.)

- PATTULLO, GEORGE. (*Contd.*)
Molly. (R.) Gol. Nov., '26.
(4: 581.)
Shark Bait. S. E. P. Jan. 1.
(16.)
Shiela. (R.) Gol. Jun.
(5: 821.)
- PAUL, ELLIOT HAROLD. (1891-)
(*See* 1923.)
Open Shop. Transit. Jul.
(74.)
- "PAUL, L." *See* KUHRING, LUDWIG
PAUL.
- PAUL, NINA HOWARD.
Purple Boundary. Sun. Sept.,
'26. (24.)
Somethin' for Somebody. Hol.
Feb. (8.)
- PAYNE, WILL. (1855-) (*See*
1926.) (H.)
Jewelry. Col. Mar. 12. (5.)
- PEATTIE, DONALD and LOUISE RED-
FIELD.
*Legend of Kogal and Azin.
L. H. J. May. (23.)
- PELLEY, WILLIAM DUDLEY. (1885-
) (*See* 1926.)
Martin's Tree. Am. Apr.
(21.)
Prodigal Angel. Ly. Jun. 18.
(51.)
*This Tough Old World. Mun.
Sept., '26. (88: 622.)
- PENTLARGE, GEORGIANA. ("ELIZA-
BETH ASHE.") (*See* 1917 under
ASHE.)
- ***John Duffy. Atl. Mar.
(139: 324.)
- PEPPER, GEORGE.
Like Father—Like Daughter.
Col. Mar. 5. (13.)
- PERELLA, ANTHONY PAUL.
Phantom Jack. S. E. P. Mar.
12. (32.)
- PERRY, LAWRENCE. (1875-)
(*See* 1926.) (H.)
Barbed Wire. Col. Oct. 16,
'26. (11.)
Easy Money. Col. Sept. 11,
'26. (5.)
- PETERSON, THEODORE.
**Herder. Tan. Jul. (22.)
- PHILLIPS, DOROTHY SANBURN. (*See*
1926.)
Her Husband's Work. G. H.
May. (46.)
- PHILLIPS, HENRY WALLACE. (1869-
) (*See* 1926.) (H.)
Blood-Sweating Behemoth. Ly.
Jul. 2. (49.)
Lobster-Pot Man. Ly. Jul. 16.
(79.)
- *Susie, Sans Souci. (R.) Gol.
Jul. (6: 5.)
- PHILLIPS, MICHAEL JAMES. (*See*
1922.)
*Back to Apple Harbor. Red Bk.
Oct., '26. (97.)
If They Laugh. Red Bk. Nov.,
'26. (95.)
- PHILLIPS, TERESA HYDE. (*See*
1923.)
Ladies Need Daughters. S. E.
P. Oct. 16, '26. (8.)
- PHIPPS, HELEN.
*Sun Man and Moon Woman.
S. W. Jul. (12: 271.)
- PICKTHALL, MARJORIE LOWRY
CHRISTIE. (?-1922.) (*See*
1926.) (H.)
- *Cheap. (R.) Gol. May.
(5: 634.)
- PIERCE, FRANK RICHARDSON. (*See*
1926.)
*Beneath the Big Tree Waiting.
W. W. May. (7.)
Live Decoys. Sun. Nov., '26.
(18.)
- POE, EDGAR ALLAN. (1809-1849.)
(*See* 1926.) (H.)
- *Balloon Hoax. (R.) Am. St.
Apr. (2: 58.)
- POLK, WILLIAM.
Don't Worry, Lilly. Col. Dec.
25, '26. (13.)
- POLLARD, FRIEDA DIETZ.
You Never Know When—. Hol.
Jan. (14.)
- POOLE, ERNEST. (1880-) (*See*
1926.) (H.)
- ***Evil Eye. Cos. Feb. (54.)
*Girl Who Gave Him Wings.
Cos. Jun. (90.)
*Listening to Wall Street. Cos.
Jul. (86.)
- **Terror of the Road. Red Bk.
Feb. (80.)
- POPE, LOUISE BOWDOIN. (*See*
1926.)
Miss Lucy Changes Her Mind.
Hol. Nov., '26. (11.)
*Raisin' Chilluns. Hol. Jun.
(13.)
Scalp er de Paleface. Hol.
Jan. (29.)
- POPOWSKA, LEOKADYA.
**Living Sand. Harp. M. Jun.
(155: 98.)
- PORTER, HAROLD EVERETT. *See*
"HALL, HOLWORTHY."
- PORTER, WILLIAM SYDNEY. *See*
"HENRY, O."
- PORTOR, LAURA SPENCER. (MRS.
POPE.) (*See* 1925.) (H.)

PORTOR, LAURA SPENCER. (*Contd.*)

*Little Long-Ago. W. H. C. Apr. (22.)

**One Night. W. H. C. May. (9.)

POST, MELVILLE DAVISSON. (1871-) (*See* 1926.) (*H.*)

**Adopted Daughter. (*R.*) F. S. Oct., '26. (5:138.)

*Adventure of St. Valentine's Night. (*R.*) Gol. Mar. (5:374.)

***Devil's Track. C. G. Jul. (3.)

*Forgotten Witness. Am. Sept., '26. (20.)

*Heir at Law. Am. Feb. (12.)

**Invisible Client. Am. Dec., '26. (20.)

*Leading Case. Am. Jun. (20.)

*Stolen Treasure. L. H. J. Jun. (28.)

***Straw Man. (*R.*) F. S. Sept., '26. (4:350.)

*Survivor. Am. Oct., '26. (10.)

***Twilight Adventure. (*R.*) F. S. Nov., '26. (5:245.)

POTTLE, MRS. EMORY. *See* TOMPKINS, JULIET WILBOR.

POWELL, HARFORD W. H., JR. (1887-) (*See* 1925.)

*Finest Lie in the World. Col. Mar. 19. (11.)

PRATT, LUCY. (1874-) (*See* 1926.) (*H.*)

**Miss Stoner's House. Pict. R. Feb. (12.)

PRIDE, JANE. (*See* 1925.)

Man in the House. G. H. Nov., '26. (32.)

Pick-Up. Del. May. (15.)

PULVER, MARY BRECHT. (1883-) (*See* 1926.) (*H.*)

Green Fruit. S. E. P. Feb. 26. (40.)

Secret Phoenix of Syria. S. E. P. Sept. 25, '26. (22.)

They Knew What They Wanted. S. E. P. Dec. 4, '26. (28.)

PUTNAM, NINA WILCOX. (1888-) (*See* 1926.) (*H.*)

Ankle Along! S. E. P. Jan. 8. (43.)

Grandflapper. S. E. P. Oct. 23, '26. (12.)

Q

QUEEN, HELEN DUNCAN. (*See* 1926.) (*H.*)

Carnation Leis. Sun. Jan. (9.)

R

RADBOURNE, ETHEL M. (*See* 1924.)

Unlettered Twins. MacL. Oct. 1, '26. (5.)

RAINE, NORMAN REILLY. (*See* 1926.)

Sing-Song Girl. MacL. Dec. 15, '26. (9.)

Trimmer of the Ispahan. MacL. Jul. 15. (8.) Chic. Trib. Jul. 17.

Wind-Ship Man. MacL. Oct. 1, '26. (3.)

RAMOS, ELEANOR. (*See* 1926.)

***Red Waltz. Par. Oct., '26. (18.)

RAYMOND, ALLEN. (*See* 1926.)

Distant Scene. Chic. Trib. Oct. 10, '26.

RAYMOND, CLIFFORD SAMUEL. (1875-) (*See* 1925.) (*H.*)

1927—a Synthesis of Young Love. Ly. May 28. (42.)

RAYMOND, ROBERT L.

Legal Fiction. Scr. Jun. (81:632.)

RAYNER, MARTA. (*See* 1926.)

Strange Pastures. Sun. Jul. (9.)

Them as Can Afford It! Sun. Mar. (9.)

READ, OPIE. ("ARKANSAS TRAVELER.") (1852-) (*See* 1926.) (*H.*)

**Brass Clasp. Cos. May. (82.)

REDPATH, BEATRICE. (*See* 1926.)

A-Hunting She Must Go. MacL. Sept. 1, '26. (10.)

Appearances Are Everything. MacL. Mar. 15. (12.)

I'll Name a Dog. MacL. Jul. 1, '26. (12.)

Oh, Miss Cupidity! MacL. Nov. 15, '26. (8.)

Security. MacL. Jul. 15, '26. (17.)

REDPATH, WILLIAM.

Pipe of Peace. MacL. Dec. 15, '26. (12.)

REESE, LOWELL OTUS. (1866-) (*See* 1926.) (*H.*)

Fool Ridge. S. E. P. Nov. 6, '26. (38.)

Man or a Mouse. S. E. P. Jan. 29. (43.)

REYHER, FERDINAND M. (1891-) (*See* 1926.) (*H.*)

Willing Wilma. Ly. Jun. 11. (24.)

REYNOLDS, VIRGINIA B.

*Aisle of Dreams. McCall. Jun. (10.)

- RHODES, EUGENE MANLOVE. (1869-) (See 1919.) (H.)
Bad Man and the Darling of the Gods. Cos. Jul. (66.)
- RHONE, CAROLYN HOSMER. (See 1926.)
When the Ice Went Out. Sun. Apr. (9.)
- RICHARDS, RAYMOND.
Double Crisis. Mun. Oct., '26. (89:147.)
- RICHARDSON, CHALMER O.
Saint Elaine and the Lions. Pr. S. Apr. (1:140.)
- RICHARDSON, NORVAL. (1877-) (See 1926.) (H.)
Other One. Pict. R. Jun. (24.)
- RIDEOUT, HENRY MILNER. (1877-) (See 1926.) (H.)
*Man-Woman Free. S. E. P. Mar. 19. (20.)
- RINEHART, MARY ROBERTS. (1876-) (See 1926.) (H.)
Miracle. (R.) Gol. Oct., '26. (4:475.)
- RITCHIE, ROBERT WELLES. (See 1926.)
Raphoe Bob. C. G. Jan. (15.)
- ROBERTS, CHARLES GEORGE DOUGLAS. (1860-) (See 1926.) (H.)
*Lone Clearing. MacL. Jul. 15. (17.)
*Stooping Men. Red Bk. Sept., '26. (47.)
- ROBERTS, LILLIAN MAYFIELD.
*Zinnias. Scr. Feb. (81:193.)
- ROBERTS, THEODORE GOODRIDGE.
Bridge. MacL. Nov. 1, '26. (16.)
Close Season. Mun. May. (90:681.)
Crater. MacL. Feb. 1. (10.)
Fortune's Favorite. Mun. Mar. (90:349.)
- ROBERTSON, STEWART.
*Sanctuary. Adv. May 1. (18.)
- ROBIN, MAX. (See 1926.)
*Dveri—the Untidy Dveri. J. T. Dec. 3, '26. (2.)
*Grandfather's Tale. Y. I. Mar. (3.)
*Nisili. Men. J. Jul. (13:317.)
- ROBINSON, GERTRUDE. (See 1926.) (H.)
**Men of the Ragged Oaks. Hol. Mar. (11.)
*Simple Sums. W. W. Jul. (10.)
- ROCHE, ARTHUR SOMERS. (1883-) (See 1926.) (H.)
Learn About Women from Me. Cos. Mar. (44.)
Love Lesson. Cos. Dec., '26. (62.)
Love Was Different Then. Cos. Feb. (50.)
Rich but Honest. Cos. Nov., '26. (78.)
Romantic Though Married. Cos. Apr. (54.)
Trees and Family Trees. Harp. B. Feb. (55.)
Very Wise Fool. Cos. Jan. (40.)
Wise Wife. Cos. May. (28.)
Jun. (98.)
- ROCHE, MAZO DE LA. (See 1926.)
(See "H" under DE LA ROCHE.)
*Pamela. Suc. Apr. (22.)
- ROE, VINGIE E. (MRS. LAWTON.) (1879-) (See 1926.) (H.)
Ancient Truth. McCall. May. (17.)
Lamps of the Spirit. McCall. Mar. (21.)
Smoke in the Gulch. McCall. Jan. (15.)
- ROSE, WILL.
Splurgin'. Scr. Jan. (81:16.)
Tarnished. Scr. May. (81:521.)
- ROSS, MARY LOWREY. (See 1926.)
Dreams. L. H. J. Oct., '26. (20.)
Real Mrs. Alward. S. E. P. Nov. 20, '26. (16.)
Three Husbands in Paris. S. E. P. May 21. (8.)
- ROUSE, WILLIAM MERRIAM. (See 1926.) (H.)
Above the Law. MacL. Jan. 15. (11.)
Across the River. Mun. Sept., '26. (88:700.)
Another Man's Poison. Mun. Mar. (90:327.)
End of Battle. Mun. Feb. (90:146.)
Foot of Snow. Mun. Oct., '26. (89:138.)
Good Knight. Mun. Nov., '26. (89:332.)
Mighty Waters. Mun. Jan. (89:690.)
Smoky. MacL. Feb. 15. (14.)
Stick of Candy. MacL. Jan. 1. (4.)
Terrible Courtship. Ly. Apr. 30. (47.)
- ROWAN, RICHARD WILMER.
Triple Assist. Mun. Sept., '26. (88:643.)

- RUCHTER, M. J. F.
 *Soldiers Come Home. J. T. Dec. 24, '26. (2.)
 RUSSELL, ALICE DYAR. (See 1926.)
 *Her House in Order. Des. Sept., '26. (10.)
 RUSSELL, JOHN. (1885-) (See 1926.)
 *Bright Reversion. Col. May 14. (15.)
 *McKeon's Graft. (R.) Gol. Mar. (5:350.)
 *One Drop of Moonshine. (R.) Gol. Dec., '26. (4:743.)
 *Price of the Head. (R.) Gol. Sept., '26. (4:313.)
 *Yellow Finger. Col. Apr. 16. (15.)
 RUTLEDGE, JOSEPH LISTER. (See 1926.)
 Achievement. MacL. Jun. 15, '26. (3.)
 His Losing Streak. MacL. Jul. 15, '26. (11.)
 In His Own Interest. MacL. Feb. 15. (3.)
 Inheritance. MacL. Oct. 15, '26. (5.)
 I've Come to Stay. MacL. Sept. 15, '26. (11.)
 Meanest of His Creatures. Hol. Mar. (14.) MacL. May 15. (8.)
 "RUTLEDGE, MARYSE." (1884-) (See 1925 and "H" under GOETSCHUIS, MARIE LOUISE.)
 *Skyscrapers. S. E. P. Apr. 16. (22.)
 RYAN, DON.
 Strong Hands. N. Mass. Feb. (11.)
 RYAN, STELLA. (See 1926.)
 **Battle. Pict. R. Oct., '26. (14.)
 RYERSON, FLORENCE. (See 1925.)
 Leave 'Im Lay. Hol. Sept., '26. (20.)
 That Fifty-Dollar Hat. Mun. Jan. (89:652.)
 Willie the Worm. Am. Sept., '26. (52.)
- S
- SABSAY, NAHUM.
 **It Happened at Daybreak. Atl. Apr. (139:524.)
 St. JOHNS, ADELA ROGERS. (See 1926.)
 After Midnight. Cos. Apr. (74.)
 Amazing Choice. G. H. Mar. (34.)
 Victory. Ly. Oct. 23, '26. (7.)
 SANBORN, RUTH BURR. (See 1926.)
 Great Dog Pan. W. H. C. Jul. (12.)
 Jerry Gums the Game. S. E. P. Apr. 9. (42.)
 SANFORD, WINIFRED. (See 1926.)
 **Black Child. A. Merc. Jan. (10:49.)
 SANGSTER, MARGARET ELIZABETH. (1894-) (See 1926.)
 Fear. G. H. Feb. (64.)
 Freedom. G. H. Oct., '26. (80.)
 Mountains. G. H. May. (86.)
 Return. G. H. Nov., '26. (68.)
 Youngest Thief. G. H. Dec., '26. (26.)
 SANTEE, ROSS. (See 1922.)
 Goat. Red Bk. Jul. (98.)
 Sleepy Black. Red Bk. Jun. (80.)
 SANTINI, VERA.
 *Bondage. Cen. Sept., '26. (112:553.)
 SASS, HERBERT RAVENEL. (See 1926.) (H.)
 *Elk of the Overhills. Col. Mar. 5. (10.)
 Eyes. Am. Jul. (38.)
 SATUREN, EVE.
 **Ring. Am. H. Mar. 4. (120:562.)
 SAUNDERS, LOUISE. (See 1924.)
 Formula. Harp. M. Oct., '26. (153:573.)
 **Other Joys. Scr. Feb. (81:135.)
 SAVELL, MORTON.
 *Shadow in the Hedge. Hol. Jul. (7.)
 SAWYER, RUTH. (Mrs. A. C. DURAND.) (1880-) (See 1924.) (H.)
 *Four Dreams of Gram Perkins. A. Merc. Oct., '26. (9:207.)
 SAXBY, CHARLES. (See 1926.) (H.)
 Little Mercy of Men. Col. Feb. 19. (20.)
 SAXON, LYLE. (1891-) (See 1926.)
 ***Voodoo. N. Rep. Mar. 23. (50:135.)
 SCHINDEL, MRS. S. J. BAYARD. See GLENN, ISA URQUHART.
 SCHLESINGER, HELEN.
 *Fine Clay. S. F. R. Sept.-Oct., '26. (2:67.)
 SCOTT, LEROY. (1875-) (See 1926.) (H.)

- SCOTT, LEROY. (*Contd.*)
Ardmore Elopement. Red Bk.
Oct., '26. (57.)
Broadway Romance. McCall.
Sept., '26. (18.)
Double Handcuffs. Red Bk.
Feb. (51.)
Mystery of Mary Regan. Mc-
Call. Nov., '26. (20.)
Mystery of Mollie Corbin. Red
Bk. Dec., '26. (59.)
Sealed Lips. Red Bk. Apr.
(41.)
- SCOVILLE, SAMUEL, JR. (1872-)
(*See* 1926.) (*H.*)
Cave of the Falcon. Red Bk.
Mar. (88.)
Children of the Wild. Red Bk.
Jun. (72.)
*Duel in the Veldt. Colum.
Sept., '26. (8.)
Mouse and the Lion. Col. Oct.
30, '26. (22.)
Timarti. Red Bk. Nov., '26.
(86.)
- SEARS, ZELDA. (1873-)
Out of the Fourth Dimension.
Mun. Oct., '26. (89:78.)
- SEIFERT, SHIRLEY L. (*See* 1926.)
At the Foot of the Steps. Am.
Dec., '26. (38.)
Dumb Bunnies. Col. Nov. 27,
'26. (9.)
Loving of James McBride.
Del. Sept., '26. (7.)
Man on the Place. Del. Jan.
(42.)
Poor Denny McConnell. Col.
Jul. 23. (17.)
- SEXTON, JOHN S. (1897-)
***Pawnshop. Cath. W. Dec., '26.
(124:357.)
- SHAFFER, DON CAMERON. (*See* 1924.)
Hunter's Moon. Mun. May.
(90:640.)
Moon Magic. Mun. Jan.
(89:726.)
Ol' Ring Neck. Am. Nov., '26.
(29.)
- SHANNON, MARY. (*See* 1925.)
Apple Blossoms. MacL. Jul.
15. (12.)
- SHAY, FRANK. (1888-)
***Little Dombey. Scr. Jan.
(81:60.)
- SHEAN, VINCENT.
**Classic Masque. Atl. Apr.
(139:474.)
- SHELBY, GERTRUDE SINGLETON
MATHEWS. (1881-)
***Déporté. Book. (N. Y.) Jul.
(65:511.)
- SHENTON, EDWARD. (*See* 1926.)
**All the Boats to Build. Scr.
Nov., '26. (80:545.)
*Come You Home a Hero. Adv.
Feb. 1. (61.)
- SHER, BENJAMIN RICHARD.
*Fair Exchange. Am. H. Dec.
24, '26. (120:259.)
- SHERRY, EDNA. *See* HARRIS,
CHARLES K., and SHERRY,
EDNA.
- SHIFFRIN, A. B. (1902-)
(*See* 1926.)
**Hard Luck. Am. H. Oct. 1,
'26. (119:658.)
***Just Around the Corner. Am.
H. Sept. 3, '26. (119:453.)
***Morrison's Revenge. Am. H.
Feb. 4. (120:437.)
***Ten Dollars. Am. H. Apr. 15.
(120:826.)
- SHIPP, MARGARET BUSBEE. (1871-
.) (*See* 1924.) (*H.*)
Christmas Gifts. Mun. Jan.
(89:743.)
- SHOLL, ANNA McCLURE. (*See*
1926.) (*H.*)
*Pater-familias. Cath. W. Sept.,
'26. (123:771.)
- SHORE, VIOLA BROTHERS. (*See*
1926.)
Handy Manuel. S. E. P. Oct.
2, '26. (18.)
Harry-Carrie. Ly. Feb. 12.
(81.)
Sandy Hooked. Ly. Oct. 30,
'26. (66.)
Sylvia Treads among the Goulds.
Ly. Dec. 4, '26. (13.)
Two Birds in a Gilded Cage.
Mun. Sept., '26. (88:633.)
- SHORE, VIOLA BROTHERS, and FORT,
GARRETT.
Prince of Headwaiters. Ly.
Apr. 9. (41.)
- SHUTE, HENRY AUGUSTUS. (1856-
.) (*See* 1926.) (*H.*)
*Beany's Father Entertains a
Monkey. S. E. P. Dec. 4, '26.
(43.)
*Cornerstone, the Elephant, the
Cornet Band, and the Celebra-
tion. S. E. P. Apr. 2. (64.)
*Mesmerism's Effect, and Cure.
S. E. P. Sept. 18, '26. (49.)
*Old John Whealrite, Old Enny-
waytogetalick, and Old Wm.
Robinson. S. E. P. Feb. 5.
(37.)
*Plupy, with Rare Judgment,
Spoils a Horse Trade. S. E.
P. Sept. 11, '26. (61.)

SHUTE, HENRY AUGUSTUS. (*Contd.*)

*Pluppy's Father Supplies a Few Tales of His Boyhood. S. E. P. Oct. 16, '26. (42.)

*Preparation for the Triple Celebration. S. E. P. Mar. 12. (43.)

*Quality of Justice Handed Out by the Blind Goddess on the Town Hall in Exeter, New Hampshire. S. E. P. Nov. 6, '26. (50.)

SIGMUND, JAY G. (*See* 1926.)

*Antiques. C. R. R. Dec. 17, '26.

*Butterfat. C. R. R. Feb. 14.

*Conscience. Dub. T. Dec. 6, '26.

*Countermand. C. R. R. Dec. 21, '26.

*Cracked. Husk. Jan. (9.)

*Frozen Assets. Dub. T. Mar. 29.

*Grudge. Tan. Mar. (19.)

*Nest Egg. Tan. May. (9.)

*Pegasus in the Mart. Gam. Fall Number. (15.)

*Registered. C. R. R. Nov. 24, '26.

**Subpœna. Mid. May. (13:130.)

SIMKO, MICHAEL V.

On the Wall. Cath. W. Jun. (125:337.)

SINGER, MARY. (*See* 1922.)

Half-Portion Jonesy. Am. Oct., '26. (42.)

If You Know Where You're Going. G. H. Jul. (86.)

SINGMASTER, ELSIE. (MRS. LEWARS.) (1879-) (*See* 1926.) (H.)

***Aged One Hundred and Twenty. S. E. P. Mar. 12. (22.)

*Biography of Mrs. Claxton. L. H. J. Jun. (14.)

*Christmas Guest. Pict. R. Dec. '26. (18.)

**Cricket. L. H. J. Sept., '26. (16.)

*Dear Demented Days. Col. Sept. 25, '26. (5.)

***Fiery Cross. Atl. Oct., '26. (138:468.)

Legacy. Del. May. (38.)

*Little Boy Burglar. Del. Feb. (35.)

Miss Glynn. Col. Oct. 9, '26. (22.)

***Pomp an' Glory. S. E. P. Oct. 9, '26. (50.)

**Sandoe's Pocket. W. H. C. Oct., '26. (33.)

*There Was Joan of Arc. L. H. J. Mar. (16.)

*Walnut Tree. Col. Jan. 1. (22.)

SKERRY, FREDERICK.

Perfect Gift. Col. Jul. 30. (11.)

*Touched in Passing. Col. Feb. 12. (10.)

SKINNER, CORNELIA OTIS. (1901-)

*Southern Girl in the Sistine Chapel. Harp. B. Feb. (77.)

SMALL, SIDNEY HERSCHEL. (1893-)

*Sunset. Adv. Feb. 1. (25.)

SMITH, GARRET. (*See* 1923.)

He Needed the Money. Mun. Dec., '26. (89:533.)

Sitting Pretty for Life. Ly. Feb. 5. (53.)

"You Can't Beat It!" Mun. Oct., '26. (89:93.)

SMITH, HARRY BACHE (1860-)

(*See* 1925), and IRISH, ANN. Not Yet, But Soon! Mun. Jul. (91:357.)

SMITH, WALLACE. (*See* 1926.)

Elephant Remembers. Cos. Nov., '26. (102.)

Grouch Bag. Cos. Dec., '26. (98.)

Hill of Two Names. Am. Jun. (38.)

Tickle, Tune or Tap. Cos. Oct., '26. (98.)

Words and Music. Cos. Sept., '26. (108.)

SNEDDON, ROBERT W. (1880-)

(*See* 1925.) (H.)

**Goody Bishop's Revenge. Pict. R. May. (23.)

SNELL, MRS. J. B. *See* CARVER, ADA JACK.

SOLANO, SOLITA. (*See* 1921.)

First Chapter. Par. Oct., '26. (107.)

SPADONI, ADRIANA. (*See* 1926.) (H.)

Anniversary. Red Bk. Jan. (87.)

*Ebb Tide. Sun. Dec., '26. (18.)

*For Art's Sake. Sun. Sept., '26. (16.)

*Holy Gull. Cen. Dec., '26. (113:237.)

*Matter of Subtraction. Sun. Oct., '26. (18.)

Queen of the Carnival. Sun. Nov., '26. (24.)

- SPEARE, DOROTHY. (*See* 1924.)
Sweet but Dumb. Pict. R. Apr. (7.)
- SPEARS, MARY BORDEN. *See* BORDEN, MARY.
- SPEWACK, SAMUEL. (1899-) (*See* 1926.)
*Exiles of the Sky. Red Bk. Dec., '26. (78.)
Hands Across the Sea. Red Bk. Apr. (77.)
Madame Luck. S. E. P. Jan. 15. (16.)
*Nikita. Col. Jun. 18. (22.)
- SPRINGER, FLETA CAMPBELL. (1886-) (*See* 1926.) (*H.*)
*Married Alive. Harp. B. Jun. (104.)
*Perfect Thing. W. H. C. Mar. (12.)
***Severson. Harp. M. Jun. (155:73.)
- SPRINGER, THOMAS GRANT. (1873-) (*See* 1924.) (*H.*)
Thirteen Guns. Pict. R. Nov., '26. (30.)
- SPRINGS, ELLIOTT WHITE.
And the Prisoner Was Convicted. Ly. May 28. (23.)
Belated Evidence. Ly. Dec. 18, '26. (43.)
Caveat Emptor. Ly. Jan. 15. (23.)
Damon to Pythias to Morpheus. Ly. Jul. 23. (51.)
Faint Heart—Fair Lady. Ly. Dec. 4, '26. (7.)
Iliad 1918. Ly. Jan. 29. (47.)
Odyssey 1918. Ly. Jan. 1. (16.)
Renegades. Ly. Feb. 12. (37.)
Reunion. Ly. Mar. 12. (35.)
Ringing of the Welkin. Ly. May 14. (36.)
Sore Subjects. Ly. Feb. 26. (49.)
Te-He. Ly. Mar. 26. (44.)
- SQUIER, EMMA-LINDSAY. (1893-) (*See* 1926.)
Angry God and the People of Corn. G. H. Mar. (16.)
Bells of Culiacán. G. H. May. (34.)
Dead Men's Shoes. Red Bk. Sept., '26. (101.)
Ghost Moose of Lily Pad Carry. C. G. Jan. (9.)
Gipsy Road. Del. May. (10.)
Lost Little Song of Chang Hao. L. H. J. Oct., '26. (16.)
- Room of the Golden Lovers. Col. Mar. 19. (24.)
Shameless Pearl. L. H. J. Mar. (10.)
Story of Pájara Cú. G. H. Jul. (30.)
To Her Majesty. Col. Jul. 30. (24.)
- STANLEY, MAY. (MRS. ELMER BROWN MASON.) (*See* 1926.)
**Captain Goudy's Grandson. Pict. R. May. (12.)
***Fishing Weather. Pict. R. Sept., '26. (12.)
**Luck of the Sea. Des. Sept., '26. (6.)
*Partition. Col. Apr. 30. (15.)
Those Slim Blondes. Mun. Apr. (90:464.)
Young Lochinvar. Mun. Dec., '26. (89:485.)
- STEELE, WILBUR DANIEL. (1886-) (*See* 1926.) (*H.*)
***Autumn Bloom. Pict. R. Nov., '26. (12.)
***Down on Their Knees. (R.) F. S. Sept., '26. (4:309.)
***Drink of Water. Harp. M. Jan. (154:158.)
***For Where Is Your Fortune Now? (R.) F. S. Nov., '26. (5:192.)
***Sailor! Sailor! Pict. R. Jul. (10.)
***White Man. (R.) F. S. Jan. (6:85.)
***Yellow Cat. (R.) F. S. Feb. (6:253.)
- STERLING, GEORGE. (1869-1926.)
Lovely Lady. Mun. Feb. (90:90.)
- STEVENS, ADA BORDEN.
*Little More Chloroform. Strat. Oct., '26. (23.)
- STEVENS, JAMES.
*Stuck in the Mud. C. G. Nov., '26. (24.)
- "STEVENS, MARGARET DEAN." *See* ALDRICH, BESS STREETER.
- STIFLER, JAMES MADISON. (1875-)
My Dear Dr. Franklin. W. H. C. Jul. (16.)
- STILES, PAULINE. (*See* 1926.)
Gifts for the Magi. McCall. Dec., '26. (14.)
- STOKES, HORACE WINSTON.
Hamza Formula. Mun. Oct., '26. (89:113.)
- STONE, ELINORE COWAN. (*See* 1926.)

STONE, ELINORE COWAN. (*Contd.*)
 *Ain't She the Beautiful? W. H. C. Jun. (30.)
 *Be My Valentine. W. H. C. Feb. (27.)
 *Fabric of Royalty. G. H. Sept., '26. (82.)
 Hour Before Dinner. Col. Dec. 18, '26. (8.)
 "STORM, ETHEL." (*See* 1922.)
 *Not for Sale! Pict. R. Jul. (19.)
 STORM, MARIAN. (*See* 1925.)
 **Discovery. For. Nov., '26. (76:728.)
 STRADLEIGH, ISABEL ROGERS.
 Tony Has His Own Business. Sun. Dec., '26. (9.)
 STRAHAN, KAY CLEAVER. (1888-) (*See* 1926.) (H.)
 Eve Marries for Money. Del. Dec., '26. (32.)
 STREET, JULIAN LEONARD. (1879-) (*See* 1926.) (H.)
 ***Hands. (R.) F. S. Oct., '26. (5:115.)
 STRIBLING, THOMAS SIGISMUND. (1881-) (*See* 1926.)
 Bride. W. H. C. Dec., '26. (14.)
 It Don't Mean Nothin' to Men. Pict. R. Oct., '26. (24.)
 *Mating of Pompalone. (R.) Gol. Jun. (5:725.)
 STRINGER, ARTHUR JOHN ARBUTHNOT. (1874-) (*See* 1926.) (H.)
 Came the Viking. S. E. P. Feb. 5. (14.)
 Dew of Suspicion. S. E. P. Apr. 9. (16.)
 Gun Play. (R.) Gol. Jul. (6:85.)
 Weaker Sex. S. E. P. Dec. 18, '26. (10.)
 STUART, RUTH MCENERY. (1856-1917.) (*See* 1915.)
 **"Petty Larceny." (R.) Gol. Mar. (5:293.)
 STURM, JUSTIN.
 Eclipse of the Son. Col. Jul. 9. (10.)
 Plot Shop. Col. Mar. 19. (17.)
 SUCKOW, RUTH. (1892-) (*See* 1926.)
 ***Eminence. A. Merc. Mar. (10:273.)
 ***Man of the Family. A. Merc. Dec., '26. (9:412.)
 SUTTON, BERTHA M. RADFORD. (*See* 1923.)

*Marie-Thérèse. Cath. W. Feb. (124:596.)
 SWAIN, JOHN D. (*See* 1925.) (H.)
 Accusing Voices. Mun. Mar. (90:257.)
 Girl with the Cauliflower Ear. Mun. May. (90:717.)
 Unknown Quantity. Hol. May. (11.)
 SWEATMAN, CONSTANCE T.
 Radio Hound's Bride. MacL. Oct. 15, '26. (14.)
 SYNON, MARY. (1881-) (*See* 1926.) (H.)
 *Amy Brooks. G. H. Mar. (82.)
 *Cock Crows Thrice. L. H. J. Feb. (6.)
 Deuces Wild. Chic. Trib. Feb. 6.
 *Evangelist. G. H. Oct., '26. (34.)
 Frontiers New. G. H. Sept., '26. (90.)
 *Girl Called Stella. Pict. R. Nov., '26. (25.)
 *Shadowed. (R.) Gol. Apr. (5:463.)
 Vamp Till Ready. Red Bk. Mar. (41.)
 You Meet Such Nice People. G. H. Jul. (36.)

T

TAGGARD, GENEVIEVE. (*See* 1926.)
 *Shirt. Book. (N. Y.) Nov., '26. (64:276.)
 TARKINGTON, NEWTON BOOTH. (1869-) (*See* 1926.) (H.)
 *Beasley's Christmas Party. (R.) F. S. Dec., '26. (5:293.)
 *Constance and Constancy. L. H. J. Jun. (3.)
 *Fair Unfair. Chic. Trib. Sept. 12, '26.
 *Hell. S. E. P. Jul. 16. (6.)
 **Little Gentleman. (R.) Ev. Oct., '26. (110.)
 ***Mr. White. S. E. P. Mar. 12. (3.)
 ***Monsieur Beaucaire. (R.) Gol. Sept., '26. (4:360.)
 TARLETON, FISWOODE. (*See* 1926.)
 *Deliverance. Adv. Dec. 23, '26. (116.)
 ***Eloquence. Adv. Oct. 8, '26. (48.)
 *Loads. Adv. Jun. 15. (2.)
 **Miracles. Adv. Mar. 1. (18.)
 TAYLOR, ELLEN DU POIS. (*See* 1925.)

- TAYLOR, ELLEN DU POIS. (*Contd.*)
 ***Nostalgia. Harp. M. Feb. (154:317.)
 **Shades of George Sand! Harp. M. Mar. (154:462.)
- TAYLOR, KATHARINE HAVILAND. (*See* 1926.)
 Butterfly. Hol. Apr. (7.)
 Home Again. Mun. Feb. (90:84.)
 Ship That Almost Passed. Hol. Dec., '26. (14.)
- TAYLOR, MARY IMLAY. (1878-) (*See* 1922.) (*H.*)
 Scarlet Poppies. Mun. Nov., '26. (89:193.)
 Tree of Hate. Mun. Dec., '26. (89:440.)
- TERHUNE, ALBERT PAYSON. (1872-) (*See* 1926.) (*H.*)
 Battle of the Gods. Col. Dec. 4, '26. (5.)
 Biscuit. Del. Apr. (6.)
 Donal. Del. Jun. (36.)
 Early Birds. Col. Oct. 16, '26. (5.)
 Forest Lovers. Del. Feb. (8.)
 Gray Dawn, Director. L. H. J. Jul. (22.)
 Hero Coward. C. G. Jul. (14.)
 Human Interest Stuff. Col. Jun. 11. (20.)
 Little Waterfront. Col. Jan. 29. (24.)
 "Old Fool." C. G. May. (22.)
 Pals in Danger. Del. Oct., '26. (12.)
 True Romance. Del. Nov., '26. (10.)
- TERRILL, LUCY STONE. (*See* 1926.) (*H.*)
 Sidewalks? Yes. S. E. P. Oct. 1, '26. (10.)
- THOMAS, ELISABETH FINLEY-. *See* FINLEY-THOMAS, ELISABETH.
- THOMAS, ELISABETH WILKINS.
 Deer. W. H. C. Jun. (24.)
- THOMAS, JOHN.
 Take That, Hélène. Harp. B. Apr. (110.)
- THOMASON, JOHN W., JR. (*See* 1926.)
 *Drama of a Poor Dub. Cos. Nov., '26. (56.)
 Jungle War. Cos. May. (40.)
 *Luck. Cos. Sept., '26. (74.)
 *One Razor - Strop - Sixty-five Cents. Scr. Jan. (81:3.)
 *Simple Soul. Cos. Jan. (58.)
 Tell It to the Marines. Cos. Jul. (50.)
- THOMPSON, FLORA McDONALD.
 Perfect Gentleman. Cath. W. Jan. (124:473.)
- THOMPSON, MARY WOLFE. (1886-) (*See* 1925.)
 ***Zinnias. Mid. Sept., '26. (12:257.)
- THOMPSON, RAYMOND.
 Feud of Otter Tail Creek. Elks. Mar. (32.)
- THURMAN, WALLACE.
 *Cordelia the Crude. Fire. No. 1. (5.)
- TILDEN, FREEMAN. (1883-) (*See* 1926.) (*H.*)
 Every Room with Bath. L. H. J. Dec., '26. (14.)
- ***Thick Fog. Harp. B. Apr. (107.)
 Two-Browning Man. L. H. J. May. (6.)
 With a Slight Accent. L. H. J. Feb. (14.)
- TISDALE, FREDERICK.
 Down to Babylon. Pict. R. Dec., '26. (26.)
- TITUS, HAROLD. (1888-) (*See* 1926.) (*H.*)
 Backfire. Elks. Oct., '26. (24.)
 Islanders. C. G. Feb. (24.)
 Soil and the Sea. C. G. Apr. (9.)
- TOMPKINS, JULIET WILBOR. (MRS. EMORY POTTLE.) (1871-) (*See* 1926.) (*H.*)
 Tug of War. S. E. P. Jun. 4. (22.)
- TOOHEY, JOHN PETER. (1880-) (*See* 1926.)
 Gypsy Trail. Elks. Sept., '26. (12.)
 Trouper. Col. Apr. 23. (17.)
- TORGERSON, EDWIN DIAL. (*See* 1926.)
 Skin-Deep. Pict. R. Jun. (19.)
 When the Bough Breaks. Scr. Dec., '26. (80:634.)
- TORREY, GRACE. (*See* 1925.) (*H.*)
 Bartley, B. A. S. E. P. - Oct. 30, '26. (8.)
 One Medium-sized Dog. W. H. C. Oct., '26. (7.)
 Van Der Danck Mansion. Chic. Trib. Sept. 26, '26.
- TORREY, VOLTA.
 Sketch of a Dauber. Pr. S. Jan. (1:64.)
- TRACY, VERA MARIE.
 One Day. Cath. W. Jun. (125:301.)

TRAIN, ARTHUR CHENEY. (1875-
.) (See 1926.) (H.)

Man Who Fell Over Back-
wards. S. E. P. Sept. 25, '26.
(40.)

Meanest Man. S. E. P. Jun.
4. (10.)

Vikings' Daughter. S. E. P.
Feb. 5. (3.)

TRITES, WILLIAM BUDD. (1872-
.) (See 1921.) (H.)

***Gipsy. Harp. B. May. (105.)
Jun. (108.)

TUCHMAN, JOSEPH. (1898- .)
*Knife. Men. J. Apr.

(13: 153.)

TULY, JIM. (1891- .) (See
1926.)

*"With Folded Hands Forever."
V. F. May. (50.)

TUPPER, TRISTRAM. (See 1923.)

Three Episodes in the Life of
Timothy Osborn. S. E. P.
Apr. 9. (5.)

TURNBULL, AGNES SLIGH. (See
1926.)

Flood-Gates. McCall. Nov.,
'26. (9.)

Holly at the Door. McCall.
Dec., '26. (19.)

When Queens Ride By. Am.
Sept., '26. (40.)

TURNBULL, ARCHIBALD DOUGLAS.
(See 1925.)

Blue Eyes in Trouble. Ly.
May 14. (58.)

U

UPDEGRAFF, ROBERT R. (See 1924.)

Devil Who Cared. Col. Jul. 9.
(15.)

UPSON, WILLIAM HAZLETT. (See
1926.)

Gratitude. Elks. Jul. (12.)

Hard Luck in the Army. S. E. P.
Jan. 29. (8.)

I'm a Natural-Born Salesman.
S. E. P. Apr. 16. (10.)

John Rollison's Gas Mask. S.
E. P. Sept. 4, '26. (11.)

Letter Home. Col. Jul. 30.
(19.)

Old War Horse. S. E. P. Nov.
20, '26. (8.)

Piano Movers. S. E. P. Oct.
2, '26. (12.)

Red-Headed Woman. S. E. P.
Mar. 19. (10.)

Tin Limousine. S. E. P. Jun.
25. (10.)

Too Old to Matter. W. H. C.
Apr. (17.)

V

VALENSI, MARION POSCHMAN. (See
1926.)

Girl Who Set Out to Marry
Money. Am. Nov., '26.

(48.)

Roseleaves and Moonlight. Mc-
Call. Mar. (12.)

Wall. Chic. Trib. Apr. 3.

VANCE, LOUIS JOSEPH. (1879- .)
(See 1926.) (H.)

Base Metal. Col. Oct. 30, '26.
(11.)

VAN DE WATER, FREDERIC FRANK-
LYN. (1890- .) (See
1926.)

Alaric the Goth. L. H. J.
Nov., '26. (24.)

Angels and Yellowjackets. L.
H. J. Oct., '26. (26.)

Assyrian Came Down. C. G.
Jan. (12.)

Eros and Antelope Edward. L.
H. J. Feb. (24.)

Goofy. C. G. Feb. (20.)

He Sendeth His Rain. C. G.
Apr. (20.)

Knight and Lady Fair. L. H. J.
Sept., '26. (12.)

Micropterus Sonata. Scr. Apr.
(81: 406.)

VAN DE WATER, VIRGINIA (BELLE)
TERHUNE. (1865- .) (See
1922.) (H.)

How It Worked. Mun. Oct.,
'26. (89: 108.)

VAN DYKE, HENRY. (1852- .)
(See 1926.) (H.)

*King's Jewel. (R.) F. S.
Jan. (6: 94.)

***Other Wise Man. (R.) Del.
Dec., '26. (7.)

*Sweet Influence of the Pleiades.
Scr. Sept., '26. (80: 270.)

VAN HOUTEN, T.
**"Machan." Atl. Dec., '26.

(138: 789.)

VAN VORST, MARIE. (MRS. GAETANO
GAGIATI.) (1867- .) (See
1925.) (H.)

Tooth-Paste. Harp. B. Nov.,
'26. (61.)

VAUGHAN, MALCOLM.
*Exit Mammy. Scr. Oct., '26.

(80: 405.)

VIGUS, MARY SPAIN.
Girl at Henderson's. Elks.

Jun. (28.)

VORSE, MARY (MARVIN) HEATON.
(See 1926.) (H.)

***De Vilmarte's Luck. (R.) F.
S. Jan. (6: 96.)

VORSE, MARY (MARVIN) HEATON.
(*Contd.*)

***Treasure. (R.) F. S. Nov., '26. (5:219.)

***Twilight of the Gods. (R.) F. S. Oct., '26. (5:132.)

*Youth's a Crime. W. H. C. Feb. (9.)

W

WAGNER, ROBERT (LEICESTER). (1872-) (*See* 1921.)

Quickie. S. E. P. Nov. 20, '26. (5.)

WALDRON, WEBB. (1882-) (*See* 1921.)

**Jim Comes Home. W. H. C. Mar. (19.)

WALLACE, LEE.

Heritage of the Heathen. Opp. Mar. (5:71.) Apr. (5:104.)

WALSH, RICHARD JOHN. (1886-) (*See* 1926.)

All Square. Red Bk. Sept., '26. (72.)

When the Earth Trembled. W. H. C. Oct., '26. (15.) Nov., '26. (27.)

WARD, LOUIS L.

**Master and Servant. Mid. Jan. (13:1.)

WARREN, LELLA.

Kiss in the Dark. Cos. Apr. (78.)

Wrong Twin. Cos. Feb. (78.)

WARREN, MAUDE (LAVINIA) RADFORD. (1875-) (*See* 1922.) (*H.*)

Getting Married. Red Bk. Dec., '26. (54.)

Little Sister of the Bridge. Red Bk. Jan. (43.)

Technique of the Sirens. Red Bk. May. (59.)

WATKINS, MAURINE.

***Alimony. Cos. Jul. (40.)

WATKINS, RICHARD HOWELLS.

Alias Bosco Bulge. Mun. Apr. (90:473.)

Blue Envelope. Mun. Sept., '26. (88:662.)

Dark Dodgers. Mun. Mar. (90:319.)

Falls Friends. Mun. Nov., '26. (89:262.)

Good Fixer. Mun. Feb. (90:95.)

Hail to the Beff! Mun. Oct., '26. (89:63.)

Judgment in Granite. Mun. Dec., '26. (89:510.)

WATTS, CLAUDE SAMUEL. (1877-) (*See* 1926.) (*H.*)

Screen Idyl. Mun. Mar. (90:279.)

WAY, ISABELLE.

*Sachet. Echo. Jul. (9.)

WEAVER, JOHN VAN ALSTYNE. (1893-) (*See* 1926.)

*Moonlight All the Way. Red Bk. May. (68.)

WEEKS, RAYMOND. (1863-) (*See* 1925.)

***Hound-Tuner of Callaway. Mid. Dec., '26. (12:330.)

**Mollie Shamary. S. W. Oct., '26. (12:40.)

**Trees of Sans-Souci. S. W. Jan. (12:150.)

WEER, WILLIAM.

She Loops to Conquer. Ly. Jan. 8. (25.)

WEIMAN, RITA. (1889-) (*See* 1926.)

Dinner Is Served. Red Bk. Dec., '26. (31.)

Inconsequential Woman. Ly. Dec. 11, '26. (23.)

Loose-End Husband. Col. Jun. 25. (5.)

Slow Torture. Ly. Apr. 16. (12.)

Written In the Stars. Ly. Nov. 20, '26. (7.)

WEISHAAR, MARGARET.

*Word of a Whiticker. Tan. Jan. (12.)

WELCH, FLORENCE DORSEY. (*See* 1926.)

Steep Trails. L. H. J. Nov., '26. (18.)

WELLES, HARRIET OGDEN DEEN. (*See* 1925.)

**Stranger Woman. Scr. Dec., '26. (80:602.)

WEST, ANN. (*See* 1926.)

Cobwebs. Hol. Jan. (20.)

Oil and Water. Hol. Jul. (16.)

Poor Little Gooseberry. L. H. J. Jun. (22.)

WESTON, GEORGE T. (1880-) (*See* 1926.) (*H.*)

Fair and Furnished. W. H. C. Mar. (7.)

Girl in the Lobby. L. H. J. Jul. (8.)

Inquiring Reporter. Red Bk. Jan. (38.)

Man in the Road. Col. Jan. 8. (5.)

Red Arrow. Col. Feb. 19. (5.) Feb. 26. (13.)

- WHITE, ARED. (*See* 1926.)
 *At All Cost. S. E. P. May 21. (14.)
 Lilies of the Battlefield. Mun. Dec., '26. (89:564.)
- WHITE, E. L. (*See* 1926.)
 Island. Chic. Trib. May 8.
 Locked. Chic. Trib. Jan. 16.
- WHITE, NELIA GARDNER. (*See* 1926.)
 Mistress of the Bees. Am. Mar. (20.)
 "Treasures!" Am. Jan. (44.)
- WHITE, OWEN P.
 Major. Red Bk. Apr. (66.)
 Simpleton. Col. Nov. 27, '26. (15.)
- WHITE, STEWART EDWARD. (1873-) (*See* 1926.) (H.)
 *Buried Treasure. (R.) Gol. Oct., '26. (4:492.)
 "Free, Wide, and Handsome." Am. May. (44.)
 *Milky Way. (R.) Gol. Apr. (5:474.)
- WHITFIELD, RAOUL FAUCONNIER.
 Ace of Hearts. Sun. Nov., '26. (9.)
 Loop 'Em and Lose 'Em. Sun. Jun. (24.)
- WHITMAN, STEPHEN FRENCH. (1880-) (*See* 1926.) (H.)
 ***Invasion of Monte Vanco. (R.) Gol. May. (5:581.)
- WHITNEY, PARKHURST. (1886-) (*See* 1926.)
 Man Who Wasn't Jealous. Col. Jul. 30. (27.)
 Silent Partner. Col. Jul. 9. (20.)
 ***Something Noble. A. Merc. Dec., '26. (9:490.)
 *Tom Kanty. Col. May 14. (17.)
- WHITTEMORE, C. W. (*See* 1922.)
 **Musclebound. Transit. May. (19.)
- WIDDEMER, MARGARET. (*See* 1923.) (H.)
 Love-Gate. Pict. R. Sept., '26. (19.)
 Surge. Des. Oct., '26. (8.)
- WIGGINS, ETTIE BURKE.
 *Any School Morning. Hol. May. (83.)
- WILEY, HUGH. (1894-) (*See* 1926.)
 Bonanza. Red Bk. Mar. (92.)
 Hothouse. S. E. P. Apr. 2. (20.)
 Lather. S. E. P. May 7. (50.)
 *Patriot. Red Bk. Jun. (43.)
- *Power of the Press. S. E. P. Oct. 9, '26. (65.)
- WILKINS, MARY E. *See* FREEMAN, MARY E. WILKINS.
- WILLIAMS, BEN AMES. (1889-) (*See* 1926.)
 *Altitude. S. E. P. Jan. 15. (10.)
 *Aside After Lucre. S. E. P. Dec. 4, '26. (14.)
 *Bad End. S. E. P. Nov. 27, '26. (14.)
 Case in Point. S. E. P. Jul. 30. (20.)
 *Cigaret. (R.) Ev. Sept., '26. (124.)
 *Coconuts. S. E. P. Oct. 9, '26. (10.)
 *Dark Sayings of Old. Del. Feb. (6.) Mar. (42.)
 *Eftest Way. S. E. P. Nov. 6, '26. (24.)
 *Innocent Delusions. S. E. P. May 14. (6.)
 **Lip of Truth. S. E. P. Feb. 19. (20.)
 **Lying Vision. S. E. P. Nov. 13, '26. (10.)
 *More Precious than Rubies. S. E. P. Jan. 29. (10.)
 *Needful Fitness. Chic. Trib. Jan. 23.
 *Old Loving-Kindness. S. E. P. Apr. 2. (18.)
 *Opportunity. S. E. P. Jan. 8. (28.)
 Prodigal's Brother. S. E. P. Jun. 18. (18.)
 **Protect-Your-Men. S. E. P. Mar. 12. (23.)
 Red Hair. Col. Jul. 2. (13.)
 *Settled Provision. S. E. P. Apr. 9. (14.)
 **Skins. S. E. P. Oct. 23, '26. (22.)
 *State Kid. S. E. P. Dec. 18, '26. (12.)
 *Tangled Web. S. E. P. Apr. 30. (10.)
 *Tup. Red Bk. Mar. (35.)
 Upon the Children. Col. Jun. 11. (17.)
 *Victory. Col. Apr. 30. (17.)
 *Wayward Mouth. S. E. P. Sept. 25, '26. (5.)
 Wrathful Rebukes. Col. Jun. 25. (12.)
- WILLIAMS, CARL EASTON.
 Rapier and the Sledge. Elks. Jan. (23.)
- WILLIAMS, HENRY MEADE. (1899-) (*See* 1924.)

- WILLIAMS, HENRY MEADE. (*Contd.*)
 *Interlude. Scr. Mar. (81:295.)
 *Prelude to Supper. Scr. Sept., '26. (80:311.)
- WILLIAMS, JESSE LYNCH. (1871-) (*See* 1926.) (*H.*)
 *Man's Castle. Red Bk. Feb. (35.)
- WILLIAMS, WAYLAND WELLS. (1888-)
 Two Luncheons. Elks. Oct., '26. (30.)
- WILLIAMS, WYTHE. (1881-) (*See* 1926.)
 Destiny. S. E. P. Nov. 20, '26. (18.)
 *En Garde. S. E. P. Oct. 30, '26. (5.)
- WILLS, SHELDON. (*See* 1926.)
 *Christening. Cath. W. Oct., '26. (124:19.)
 **Clippings. Cath. W. Apr. (125:10.)
- WILLSON, DIXIE. (*See* 1926.)
 Help Yourself to Hay. Cos. May. (90.)
 Quality. Del. Sept., '26. (5.)
- WILSON, JOHN FLEMING. (1887-) (*See* 1926.) (*H.*)
 **Quest of the Tropic Bird. (R.) Gol. Jun. (5:742.)
 *Tad Sheldon, Second Class Scout. (R.) Gol. Nov., '26. (4:667.)
- WILSON, MARY BADGER. (*See* 1926.)
 Account Overdrawn. Pict. R. Mar. (14.)
 Dust Behind the Sofa. S. E. P. Dec. 4, '26. (48.)
 Perfect Lady. Pict. R. May. (8.)
- WIMBERLY, LOWRY C.
 **Dispossessed. Pr. S. Apr. (1:95.)
- WINSLOW, HORATIO. (*See* 1926.) (*H.*)
 Ambition and the Ladies. S. E. P. Feb. 5. (8.)
 My Own True Love Story. S. E. P. Apr. 23. (16.)
 Perfection—Limited. S. E. P. Jul. 2. (18.)
 Royal Blood, or Loved and Lost. S. E. P. Nov. 27, '26. (12.)
 Sealed Secrets. S. E. P. Dec. 4, '26. (22.)
 Sweetest Story Ever Told. S. E. P. Sept. 18, '26. (14.)
 Taking Off the Mask. S. E. P. Dec. 25, '26. (10.)
- Tick-Tock, Tick-Tock. S. E. P. Jun. 11. (14.)
- WINSLOW, THYRA SAMTER. (*See* 1926.)
 *All the Way Up. Red Bk. Oct., '26. (63.)
 *If I Were Single Again. W. H. C. Sept., '26. (7.)
 Just Real Good Friends. Red Bk. Sept., '26. (84.)
- WINSMORE, ROBERT S. (*See* 1926.)
 Grigsby Formula. S. E. P. Nov. 6, '26. (14.)
 Ladies in the Rough. S. E. P. Nov. 20, '26. (22.)
 Pool in Parvin. S. E. P. Sept. 4, '26. (10.)
- WISTER, OWEN. (1860-) (*See* 1926.) (*H.*)
 ***Lone Fountain. Cos. Apr. (40.)
 ***Padre Ignacio. (R.) Gol. Dec., '26. (4:825.)
 ***Right Honorable the Strawberries. Cos. Nov., '26. (34.)
 ***Sharon's Choice. (R.) Gol. Mar. (5:304.)
- WITWER, HARRY CHARLES. (1890-) (*See* 1926.)
 Boys Will Be Girls. Cos. Feb. (66.)
 Don Quixote. Col. Nov. 27, '26. (5.)
 Gil Blas. Col. Jan. 8. (15.)
 Hélène of Troy, New York. Cos. Mar. (54.)
 Ivanhoe. Col. Apr. 30. (10.)
 Misérables. Col. Dec. 25, '26. (5.)
 Oliver Twist. Col. Oct. 23, '26. (15.)
 Peter's Pan. Cos. Nov., '26. (90.)
 That Hunchback from Notre Dame. Col. Sept. 18, '26. (11.)
 Three Musketeers. Col. Nov. 13, '26. (5.)
 Yes Man's Land. Cos. Jan. (76.)
- WOLFF, WILLIAM ALMON. (1885-) (*See* 1926.) (*H.*)
 Black Christmas. Col. Dec. 11, '26. (16.)
 Girl Who Didn't Know What She Wanted. Am. Mar. (52.)
 Kiss in Time. Col. Apr. 23. (15.)
 Lady of Leisure. Ly. Jun. 18. (15.)
 Manhattan Night. Chic. Trib. Nov. 21, '26.

- WOLFF, WILLIAM ALMON. (*Contd.*)
 Myself, When Young. Chic. Trib. Apr. 10.
 Wedding Guests. Col. Oct. 9, '26. (11.)
- WOOD, CLEMENT. (1888-)
 (*See 1925.*)
 Family. Pict. R. Dec., '26. (15.)
- WOODBIDGE, WILLIAM W.
 *Of Such Is the Kingdom. S. F. R. Feb.-Mar., '26. (1:250.)
- WOODWORTH, D. H. and R. T.
 Laughter of the Sea. MacL. Nov. 15, '26. (12.)
- WORTS, GEORGE FRANK. (1892-) (*See 1926.*)
 Butter Money. Col. Jul. 23. (9.)
 Double Doubloons. Mun. Dec., '26. (89:385.)
 Doughnuts. Col. Oct. 2, '26. (7.)
 Fugitive from Justine. Mun. Mar. (90:247.)
 Hard-boiled Egoist. Mun. Feb. (90:73.)
 His One Best Betty. Mun. Jan. (89:660.)
 Love Game. Mun. Nov., '26. (89:225.)
 Nimble Snail. Mun. Oct., '26. (89:22.)
 Prince and the Piker. Mun. Apr. (90:385.)
- Style. S. E. P. Jul. 23. (16.)
 Woman's Work Is Never Done. Col. Mar. 19. (19.)
- WRIGHT, JACK.
 *Fleurette. Over. May. (85:139.)
- WRIGHT, WILLIAM HENRY.
 White Ducks. Hol. May. (22.)
- WRYNN, ANTHONY. (1898-)
 (*See 1925 under BRITISH AUTHORS.*)
 ***Where the River Ends. Dial. Sept., '26. (81:205.)
- WYLIE, ELINOR. (MRS. WILLIAM ROSE BENET.) (*See 1926.*)
 **Life Story of Lydia Greensmith. N. Rep. Nov. 24, '26. (49:17.)
- WYNN, ALICE GORTON. (*See 1926.*)
 *For Sidonie. Cath. W. Nov., '26. (124:188.)
- Y
- YEZIERSKA, ANZIA. (1886-)
 (*See 1924.*)
 Wild Winter Love. Cen. Feb. (113:485.)
- YOUNG, ALDEN SCOTT.
 Man Without a Soul. Hol. Nov., '26. (18.)
 Tony by You. Hol. Apr. (11.)
- YOUNG, MRS. SANBORN. *See MITCHELL, RUTH COMFORT.*

II. BRITISH AND IRISH AUTHORS

- A
- ALLISON, JAMES MURRAY.
 ***Hero Worship. (R.) Liv. A. Nov. 1, '26. (331:259.)
- "ARLEN, MICHAEL." (DIKRAN KUYUMJIAN.) (*See 1926.*)
 ***Eyes of the Blind. Red Bk. Sept., '26. (54.)
- ARMSTRONG, MARTIN DONISTHORPE. (1882-) (*See 1926.*)
 ***On Patrol. Cen. Jun. (114:172.)
 ***Sea View. Yale. Jan. (16:338.)
- ATKEY, BERTRAM. (1880-)
 (*See 1926.*)
 Crusade of Mr. H. Busher. Elks. Dec., '26. (16.)
 George H. Jay and the Bourke Oil Bean. S. E. P. Mar. 12. (14.)
 George H. Jay and the Lady Littlemynce. S. E. P. Jul. 23. (44.)
 George H. Jay and the Leech. S. E. P. Oct. 2, '26. (46.)
 Hardaway-Lucas Case. Elks. Sept., '26. (30.)
- AUMONIER, STACY. (1887-)
 (*See 1926.*)
 ***Friends. (R.) F. S. Feb. (6:199.)
 ***George. (R.) Liv. A. Sept. 4, '26. (330:529.)
 ***Miss Bracegirdle Does Her Duty. (R.) F. S. Jan. (6:113.)
 ***Octave of Jealousy. (R.) F. S. Oct., '26. (5:79.)
 ***Old Iron. (R.) Ain. Sept., '26. (42.)
 ***Spoil Sport. For. Sept., '26. (76:408.)

- AUSTIN, FREDERICK BRITTEN.
(1885-) (See 1926.) (H.)
*And Muhammed Is His Prophet! S. E. P. May 7. (18.)
*Covered Wagon, B.C. 2000. S. E. P. Oct. 9, '26. (8.)
*Delenda est Carthago! S. E. P. Mar. 19. (22.)
*Legion Passes. S. E. P. Apr. 9. (22.)
*Man with the Gun. S. E. P. Jul. 16. (18.)
*On the First Crusade. S. E. P. Jun. 18. (24.)
*Rome Begins. S. E. P. Nov. 6, '26. (18.)
*Saga of the Vikings. S. E. P. Dec. 11, '26. (16.)
*War Comes to the World. S. E. P. Jan. 1. (8.)
*With Alexander. S. E. P. Feb. 26. (18.)
*Writ in Cuneiform. S. E. P. Feb. 5. (18.)

B

- BATTEN, HARRY MORTIMER. (1888-)
Storm Freed. MacL. Dec. 1, '26. (14.)
BENNETT, ENOCH ARNOLD. (1867-) (See 1926.) (H.)
***Mimi. (R.) F. S. Oct., '26. (5:106.)
**Murder of the Mandarin. (R.) F. S. Dec., '26. (5:375.)
***Place in Venice. S. E. P. Jan. 8. (8.)
*Very Romantic Affair. Chic. Trib. Feb. 13.
BENNETT, ROLF. (See 1926.)
*Double Sixes. Mun. Dec., '26. (89:559.)
BLACK, DOROTHY. (See 1926.)
Acting Up to Emerson. L. H. J. Oct., '26. (14.)
Captains and the Kings Depart. S. E. P. Apr. 9. (18.)
Festival of Lanterns. L. H. J. Jan. (16.)
Girl with Painted Lips. L. H. J. Mar. (22.)
Her Little Sister. L. H. J. Nov., '26. (10.)
Is It Worth While? L. H. J. Sept., '26. (6.)
Pajama Prelude. L. H. J. May. (12.)
Portrait of a Gentleman. Des. Oct., '26. (12.)
BOTTOME, PHYLLIS. (MRS. FORBES DENNIS.) (See 1926.) (H.)

- ***Second Time. Harp. B. Apr. (116.)
BOWEN, ELIZABETH. (See 1926.)
***Evil That Men Do. (R.) Ain. Dec., '26. (124.)
"BOWEN, MARJORIE." (GABRIEL MARGARET VERE CAMPBELL COSTANZO LONG.) (See 1926.) (H.)
*Pond. Mys. May. (11:199.)
*Proposal. W. H. C. Jun. (9.)
BROWNE, KENNETH ROBERT GORDON. (1895-)
Man for Rosemary. Del. Mar. (32.)
BURKE, THOMAS. (1887-) (See 1926.)
***Adventurer. Red Bk. May. (80.)
***Beryl, the Croucher, and the Rest of England. (R.) Ain. Dec., '26. (45.)
***Chink and the Child. (R.) Ain. Oct., '26. (43.)
***Cue. (R.) Ain. Nov., '26. (69.)
***Hôtel Côte d'Azur. V. F. Jan. (56.)

C

- CASSERLY, GORDON.
*Knight of the Wild. Mun. Feb. (90:166.)
*Law of the Jungle. Mun. Apr. (90:514.)
*Lords of the Palace. Mun. Mar. (90:342.)
*Mockers. Mun. Jul. (91:324.)
*Rajah's Hunter. Mun. May. (90:732.)
CHESTERTON, GILBERT KEITH. (1874-) (See 1926.) (H.)
***Dagger with Wings. (R.) Gol. Feb. (5:183.)
***Red Moon of Meru. Harp. M. Mar. (154:435.)
***Vanishing of Vaudrey. Harp. M. Jan. (154:228.)
COCKBURN, CLAUDE.
**In the Piazza. Dial. Nov., '26. (81:385.)
COLUM, MARY MAGUIRE. (See 1926.)
***Portrait of a Philosopher. N. Rep. Feb. 16. (49:352.)
COLUM, PADRAIC. (1881-) (See 1926.)
***Herd's House. Dial. Dec., '26. (81:471.)
"CONRAD, JOSEPH." (JOSEPH CONRAD KORZENIOWSKI.) (1857- 1924.) (See 1926.) (H.)

"CONRAD, JOSEPH." (Contd.)

- ***Inn of the Two Witches. (R.)
Gol. Jun. (5:765.)
- ***Lagoon. (R.) Gol. Oct., '26.
(4:467.)
- ***Tale. (R.) Gol. Jan. (5:37.)
- COPPARD, ALFRED EDGAR. (1878-
.) (See 1926.)
- ***Alas, Poor Bollington! (R.)
Gol. Apr. (5:455.)
- ***Silver Circus. Harp. M. Feb.
(154:281.)
- ***Wildgoose Chase. (R.) Ain.
Oct., '26. (110.)
- CORKERY, DANIEL. (See 1926.)
- ***Carrig-an-Afrinn. Colum. Mar.
(14.)
- ***Eyes of the Dead. Colum.
May. (18.)
- ***Looter of the Hills. Colum.
Nov., '26. (10.)
- ***Nightfall. Dial. Jul. (83:46.)
- COULDREY, OSWALD JENNINGS.
(1882-) (See 1926.)
- *Phantom Waterfall. Atl. Mar.
(139:371.)
- **Story of Conversion. Atl. Feb.
(139:176.)
- COURAGE, JAMES F.
- *From a Balcony. (R.) Liv. A.
Sept. 25, '26. (330:684.)
- "CROMPTON, RICHMAL." (R. C.
LAMBURN.) (1890-)**
- ***Mrs. Lillie. G. H. Dec., '26.
(82.)
- CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM, ROBERT
BONTINE. (1852-) (See
1926.)
- ***Dutch Smith. (R.) A. W.
Feb. (17.)
- ***Promoted. (R.) Liv. A. Sept.
11, '26. (330:593.)

D

- DAWSON, CONINGSBY WILLIAM.
(1883-) (See 1926.) (H.)
- Brave Little Coward. Del.
Oct., '26. (10.)
- God's Worst Woman. Del.
Nov., '26. (15.)
- Mouse Lady. McCall. Feb.
(20.)
- To Laugh Is to Laugh. Del.
Dec., '26. (11.)
- DELL, ETHEL M. (See 1926.) (H.)
- Black Knight. McCall. Jan.
(16.)
- Quits. McCall. Mar. (14.)
- DENNIS, MRS. FORBES. See BOT-
TOME, PHYLLIS.
- DESMOND, SHAW. (1877-)
(See 1924.)

- ***Informer. Scr. Jan. (81:
7.)
- DICKENS, CHARLES. (1812-1870.)
(See 1926.)
- ***Dr. Marigold. (R.) Gol. Sept.,
'26. (4:340.)
- ***Great Winglebury Duel. (R.)
F. S. Feb. (6:226.)
- DORRINGTON, ALBERT. (See 1926.)
Stolen Honeymoon. Hol. Dec.,
'26. (18.)
- DOWNES, MOLLIE PANTER-. See
PANTER-DOWNES, MOLLIE.
- DOWSON, ERNEST. (1867-1900.)
- ***Statute of Limitations. (R.)
Gol. Mar. (5:383.)
- DOYLE, SIR ARTHUR CONAN. (1859-
.) (See 1925.) (H.)
- *Adventure of Shoscombe Old
Place. Ly. Mar. 5. (39.)
- *Adventure of the Blanched
Soldier. Ly. Oct. 16, '26.
(12.)
- *Adventure of the Lion's Mane.
Ly. Nov. 27, '26. (18.)
- *Adventure of the Retired
Colourman. Ly. Dec. 18, '26.
(7.)
- *Adventure of the Three Gables.
Ly. Sept. 18, '26. (9.)
- *Adventure of the Veiled Lodger.
Ly. Jan. 22. (7.)
- "DOYLE, LYNN." (LESLIE ALEX-
ANDER MONTGOMERY.)**
- ***Partition. Mun. Jul. (91:336.)
- ***Smoke. Mun. Oct., '26.
(89:150.)
- DUFFY, P. J. O'CONNOR. (See
1926.)
- *Beyond the Barriers. Cath. W.
Mar. (124:804.)
- DUNSANY, EDWARD JOHN MORETON
DRAX PLUNKETT, 18TH BARON.
(1878-) (See 1926.)
- ***King of Sarahb. Atl. Sept.,
'26. (138:352.)
- ***Tomb of Pan. (R.) Gol. Jan.
(5:2.)

E

- EDEN, HELEN PARRY. (See 1924.)
- **Gilbert Linklater. Cath. W.
Jan. (124:501.)
- EDGINTON, MAY. (See 1926.) (H.)
- Cabaret. S. E. P. Apr. 2.
(52.)
- *Even as You and I. Suc. May.
(36.)
- EDWARDS, A. CECIL.
- **Governor. Atl. Sept., '26.
(138:376.)
- *Russian. Atl. Jun. (139:67.)

- "ELIZABETH." (THE COUNTESS
RUSSELL.)
Introduction to Sally. Del.
Nov., '26. (23.)
EMPEY, ARTHUR GUY.
Eleventh Hour. Col. Jul. 9.
(26.)
ERTZ, SUSAN. (See 1925.)
***Face to Face. McC. Nov., '26.
(42.)
*Three. Del. Dec., '26.
(17.)
ERVINE, ST. JOHN GREER. (1883-
.) (See 1925.) (H.)
***Mountain. Yale. Oct., '26.
(16:88.)

F

- FLETCHER, J. S. (See 1926.) (H.)
*Prince's Pearl. Mun. Apr.
(90:529.)
FORBES, DIANA.
Something to Her Advantage.
Mun. Feb. (90:107.)
FOSTER, MARY.
Palm Sunday in Liguria. Cath.
W. Apr. (125:48.)
FRIEDLAENDER, V. H. (See 1926.)
**Hot Milk. Cen. Nov., '26.
(113:100.)

G

- GALSWORTHY, JOHN. (1867- .)
(See 1926.) (H.)
***Black Coat. S. E. P. Sept. 11,
'26. (29.)
***First and the Last. (R.) F. S.
Sept., '26. (4:338.)
***Passing By. Scr. Dec., '26.
(80:579.)
***Told by the Schoolmaster. For.
Dec., '26. (76:801.)
GIBBS, SIR PHILIP. (1877- .)
(See 1926.)
**Fortunate Face. G. H. Oct.,
'26. (16.) Nov., '26. (40.)
***Soul of Honor. Cos. Jun.
(36.)
*Truth at Any Cost. Cos. Sept.,
'26. (84.)
GORDON, JANET L. (See 1926.)
*Font. Cath. W. Oct., '26.
(124:41.)
GRAHAM, R. B. CUNNINGHAME. See
CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM, R. B.
"GREENE, LEWIS PATRICK." (LOUIS
MONTAGUE GREENE.) (1891-
.) (See 1926.) (H.)
Hyenas. Mun. Dec., '26.
(89:495.)
GRIMSHAW, BEATRICE. (See 1926.)
(H.)

- Drums of Night. Ly. Nov. 27,
'26. (7.)
House of the Black-Eyed
Susans. Red Bk. Feb. (88.)
Red Diamonds of Runa. Red
Bk. May. (51.)
Secret Hill. Elks. Dec., '26.
(26.)
Tale of the Dead Hotel. Col.
Mar. 5. (34.)
Tale of the Green-Eyed Mon-
sters. S. E. P. Feb. 12. (22.)
Tale of the Magenta Jewel. S.
E. P. Feb. 26. (30.)
Tale of the Queen's Jester. S.
E. P. Feb. 19. (22.)
Tale of the Silent Heads. S.
E. P. Mar. 12. (38.)
Tale of the Treasure Cay. S.
E. P. Mar. 19. (32.)
Vug. Elks. Oct., '26. (38.)

H

- HACKETT, FRANCIS. (1883- .)
***Cinder. Cen. Nov., '26.
(113:9.)
HAMILTON, COSMO. (See 1926.)
(H.)
***In the Rôle of God. MacL.
Jul. 15. (6.)
Little Gold Ring. Cos. Nov.,
'26. (94.)
Preserved for Posterity. Harp.
B. Mar. (72.)
Sir Badger. Ly. May 7. (9.)
Spirit of the Age. Harp. B.
Jul. (64.)
Three Pearls. Ly. Sept. 25,
'26. (7.)
HAUSSMANN, JOHN. (1902- .)
Masher. N. Mass. May. (13.)
HAWKINS, SIR ANTHONY HOPE.
See "HOPE, ANTHONY."
HICHENS, ROBERT SMYTHE. (1864-
.) (See 1926.) (H.)
*Blue Train. Harp. B. Jan.
(92.)
In the Garden of Allah—Twenty
Years After. Cos. Oct., '26.
(84.)
Judge. Harp. B. May. (98.)
On with the Dance. Harp. B.
Mar. (60.)
HILL, PERCY A.
Gooseless Pantagruel. (R.)
Liv. A. Feb. 15. (332:344.)
HOLDSWORTH, MRS. GEOFFREY LISLE.
See STERN, G. B.
"HOPE, ANTHONY." (SIR ANTHONY
HOPE HAWKINS.) (1863- .)
(See 1926.)

- "HOPE, ANTHONY." (*Contd.*)
 Aunt Loses. Harp. B. Jan.
 (106.)
 HOWARD, FRANCIS MORTON. (1880-
 .) (*See* 1922.)
 *"Some Hopes!" Mun. Nov.,
 '26. (89:294.)

I

- IRVINE, A. A.
 **Great Day. Mun. Mar.
 (90:273.)

J

- JACOBS, WILLIAM WYMARK. (1863-
 .) (*See* 1926.) (*H.*)
 ***In the Library. (R.) Ev.
 Sept., '26. (118.)
 ***Made to Measure. (R.) F. S.
 Feb. (6:175.)
 ***Marked Man. (R.) Gol. Nov.,
 '26. (4:654.)
 ***Mated. (R.) F. S. Sept., '26.
 (4:402.)
 JAMESON, MARGARET STORM. (*See*
 1926.)
 *Romance Begins at Home. Cos.
 Sept., '26. (78.)
 **Secret Smile. Harp. B. Dec.,
 '26. (93.)
 JENKINS, HERBERT.
 *Bindle Goes to Chapel. (R.)
 Gol. Jun. (5:735.)
 *Bindle Tries a Change of Work.
 (R.) Gol. Jul. (6:41.)
 JEROME, JEROME Klapka. (1859-
 1927.)
 *His Evening Out. (R.) Ain.
 Dec., '26. (77.)
 *House Hunting. Mun. Apr.
 (90:451.)
 *Marrying for Money. Mun.
 May. (90:616.)
 ***Passing of the Third Floor
 Back. (R.) Gol. Jan.
 (5:113.)
 *Sylvia of the Letters. (R.)
 Ain. Nov., '26. (87.)
 JOPE-SLADE, CHRISTINE. (*See*
 1926.)
 Babchick and the Unicorn. L.
 H. J. Feb. (18.)

K

- KENNEDY, MARGARET. (*See* 1925.)
 **Girl Who Disgraced Her Family.
 Cos. Feb. (28.)
 KIPLING, RUDYARD. (1865- .)
 (*See* 1926.) (*H.*)
 ***Eye of Allah. McCall. Sept.,
 '26. (20.)
 ***Phantom Rickshaw. (R.) Ain.
 Oct., '26. (125.)

- KORZENIOWSKI, JOSEPH CONRAD.
See "CONRAD, JOSEPH."
 KUYUMJIAN, DIKRAN. *See* "ARLEN,
 MICHAEL."

L

- LAMBURN, R. C. *See* "CROMPTON,
 RICHMAL."
 "LANCASTER, G. B." (*See* 1926.)
 (*H.*)
 *Man Who Couldn't. W. H. C.
 Jun. (7.)
 *Pride of Race. Suc. Dec., '26.
 (56.)
 LAWRENCE, DAVID HERBERT. (1885-
 .) (*See* 1926.) (*H.*)
 ***Man Who Loved Islands. Dial.
 Jul. (83:1.)
 ***Mercury. Atl. Feb. (139:197.)
 ***Two Blue Birds. Dial. Apr.
 (82:287.)
 LAWRENCE, MARGERY H.
 *Woman Who Needed Killing.
 Cos. Apr. (90.)
 LE GALLIENNE, RICHARD. (1866-
 .) (*See* 1926.) (*H.*)
 *Little Nun in the Garden.
 Harp. B. Mar. (99.)
 LOCKE, WILLIAM JOHN. (1863-
 .) (*See* 1926.) (*H.*)
 *Adventure of the Kind Mr.
 Smith. (R.) Gol. Sept., '26.
 (4:331.)
 *Madeleine of Creille. Cos.
 Nov., '26. (42.)
 *Old World Episode. (R.) F.
 S. Nov., '26. (5:262.)
 *Roses. Cos. Sept., '26. (46.)
 *Too Many Dreams. Cos. Apr.
 (36.)
 LOE, GLADYS ST. JOHN-. *See* St.
 JOHN-LOE, GLADYS.
 LONG, GABRIEL MARGARET VERE
 CAMPBELL COSTANZO. *See*
 "BOWEN, MARJORIE."
 LYONS, ALBERT MICHAEL NEIL.
 (1880- .) (*See* 1924.) (*H.*)
 ***Broomfield Squire. (R.) Ev.
 Nov., '26. (124.)

M

- McALISTER, ALISTER. *See* "WHAR-
 TON, ANTHONY."
 MCBRIEN, PETER.
 Thief. Cath. W. Nov., '26.
 (124:225.)
 McFEE, WILLIAM. (1881- .)
 (*See* 1926.)
 Roving Heart. Red Bk. Jul.
 (61.)
 ***Untarnished Shield. A. Merc.
 Nov., '26. (9:301.)

- McFEE, WILLIAM. (*Contd.*)
 *Villa Agostino. Red Bk. Feb. (46.)
 *Wife of the Dictator. Red Bk. May. (88.)
- MACKAIL, DENIS. (*See* 1926.)
 *In Greenery Street. Del. Jun. (14.)
- "MACLEOD, FIONA," (WILLIAM SHARP.) (1856-1905.)
 ***Silk o' the Kine. (R.) Gol. Nov., '26. (4:614.)
- MACMANUS, SEUMAS. (1870-)
 (*See* 1926.) (H.)
 **Return of Shiela. Cath. W. Nov., '26. (124:157.)
- MCNEILE, H. CYRIL. ("SAPPER.") (1888-) (*See* 1926.)
 Billie Finds the Answer. MacL. Apr. 15. (10.)
 *Eleventh Hour. MacL. Sept. 15, '26. (14.)
 Taming of Sydney Marsham. MacL. Nov. 15, '26. (3.)
- MALLOCH, GEORGE RENTON. (1875-) (*See* 1926.)
 Desert Island. Col. Sept. 4, '26. (20.)
- MANNIN, ETHEL EDITH. (MRS. J. A. PORTEOUS.) (1900-)
 ***Michael's Mother. Pict. R. Mar. (7.)
- "MANSFIELD, KATHERINE," (KATHLEEN BEAUCHAMP MURRY.) (1888-1923.) (*See* 1926.)
 ***Apple Tree. W. H. C. May. (20.)
 ***Feuille D'Album. (R.) Ain. Dec., '26. (105.)
 ***Life of Ma Parker. (R.) Strat. Nov., '26. (21.)
 ***Marriage à la Mode. (R.) Ain. Sept., '26. (53.)
 ***Pictures. (R.) Ain. Nov., '26. (63.)
- MARTIN, VIOLET. *See* SOMERVILLE, EDITH CENONE, and "ROSS, MARTIN."
- MASON, ARTHUR EDWARD WOODLEY. (1865-) (*See* 1926.) (H.)
 Duchess and Lady Torrent. Harp. B. Sept., '26. (88.)
 Little Sweetheart. Cos. Jul. (94.)
 ***Strange Case of Joan. Harp. B. Dec., '26. (76.)
- MAUGHAM, WILLIAM SOMERSET. (1874-) (*See* 1926.)
 *Closed Shop. Harp. B. Sept., '26. (102.)
 **Footprints in the Jungle. Cos. Jan. (28.)
- **Pearls. Cos. Feb. (88.)
 ***Red. (R.) Ain. Dec., '26. (91.)
- MERRICK, LEONARD. (1864-)
 (*See* 1926.) (H.)
 Christmas for Four. Cos. Jan. (62.)
 *Love in Paris. Cos. Apr. (44.)
 ***Tragedy of a Comic Song. (R.) Gol. Sept., '26. (4:301.)
- METCALFE, JOHN. (1891-)
 (*See* 1926.)
 ***Funeral March of a Marionette. Ind. Jan. 1. (118:10.)
- MILLS, ARTHUR. (1887-)
 (*See* 1926.)
 Fitter Man. (R.) Ain. Nov., '26. (143.)
- MILNE, ALAN ALEXANDER. (1882-) (*See* 1926.)
 *Secret. L. H. J. Dec., '26. (20.)
- MONTAGUE, CHARLES EDWARD. (1867-) (*See* 1926.)
 ***Action. S. E. P. Jun. 25. (12.)
 ***Why Mrs. Mellery Won't Come. S. E. P. Oct. 30, '26. (20.)
- MONTGOMERY, LESLIE ALEXANDER. *See* "DOYLE, LYNN."
- MOORE, GEORGE. (1853-) (*See* 1922.)
 ***At the Turn of the Road. Cos. Jul. (54.)
 ***Hermit's Love Story. Cos. Jun. (78.)
- MORDAUNT, ELINOR EVELYN MAY. (*See* 1924.)
 **Fountain. (R.) F. S. Dec., '26. (5:346.) [(31.)
 ***Goldfish. (R.) Ain. Dec., '26.
 **Little Moses. (R.) F. S. Oct., '26. (5:54.)
 ***Missionary's Wife. Cen. Nov., '26. (113:61.)
 *Mr. Affan. (R.) Ain. Nov., '26. (110.)
 **Piracies. Pop. Apr. 20. (95.)
 ***Set to Partners. (R.) F. S. Sept., '26. (4:407.)
- MORRISON, ARTHUR. (1863-)
 ***On the Stairs. (R.) Strat. Dec., '26. (17.)
- MOTTRAM, R. H.
 ***Stranger Takes a Look. Cen. Jan. (113:348.)
 ***Virginia. Atl. Sept., '26. (135:311.)
 ***Winner. Cen. Mar. (113:523.)
- MURRY, KATHLEEN BEAUCHAMP. *See* "MANSFIELD, KATHERINE."

N

- NEWTON, WILFRID DOUGLAS. (1884-
.) (See 1926.)
*Varneys Go Back. S. E. P.
Jul. 16. (8.)
*Wheel of Time. S. E. P. Jan.
15. (14.)
NIVEN, FREDERICK JOHN. (1878-
.) (See 1926.)
*Bad Lot. Pop. Apr. 20.
(176.)
*Caribou. Pop. Nov. 20, '26.
(157.)
*Lad Who Was Afraid. Pop.
Jun. 7. (127.)
*Old-Timers. Pop. Apr. 7.
(100.)
**Trail Sign. Sh. St. Feb. 10.
(55.)
*While the Going Is Good. Pop.
Jul. 20. (74.)
NORMAN-SMITH, DOROTHY E.
(1893-.) (See 1926.)
***Joke. Cen. Apr. (113:695.)

O

- O FAOLAIN, SEAN. (1900-.)
***Bomb-Shop. Dial. Mar.
(82:197.)
***Under the Roof. Dial. Sept.,
'26. (81:220.)
O'FLAHERTY, LIAM. (1896-.)
(See 1926.)
***Wild Goat's Kid. (R.) Gol.
Apr. (5:451.)
OLIVER, OWEN. (See 1920.)
Jackdaw. Hol. May. (30.)
£100,000 for a Wife. Hol.
Apr. (29.)
ONIONS, MRS. OLIVER. See "RUCK,
BERTA."
OPPENHEIM, EDWARD PHILLIPS.
(1866-.) (See 1926.)
(H.)
Actor's Romance. Col. Jun. 4.
(5.)
Armadi Vase. Col. Feb. 12.
(5.)
Drama in the Doll's House.
Col. Feb. 26. (17.)
Expected Murder. Cos. Jun.
(102.)
Fêted Lady. Col. May 21.
(15.)
Happy Ending. Col. May 7.
(24.)
Lady Katherine's Better Nature.
Col. Mar. 12. (20.)
Laughing Loser. S. E. P. May
28. (20.)
Mild Mannered Murderer. Cos.
Apr. (102.)

- Missing Hour. Col. Mar. 26.
(15.)
Murderer in Love. Cos. Feb.
(100.)
Ninety-Ninth Thread. Col.
Apr. 30. (22.)
Richest Client. Col. Jun. 18.
(15.)
Three Birds with One Stone.
Cos. Jan. (98.)
To Be Held for Ransom. Cos.
May. (98.)
Troublesome Double. Cos. Mar.
(96.)
Twin Divorces. Col. Apr. 9.
(15.)

P

- PANTER-DOWNES, MOLLIE. (See
1926.)
Perfect Shingler. Harp. B.
Nov., '26. (108.)
PERTWEE, ROLAND. (See 1926.)
Betty, Behave! Del. Feb.
(44.)
*"Rodney, Darling." MacL.
Mar. 15. (8.)
*Sentiment to the Rescue. C. G.
Apr. (6.)
*Tragedy of Amardis. S. E. P.
Oct. 23, '26. (48.)
PHILLPOTTS, EDEN. (1862-.)
(See 1926.) (H.)
*Yellow Peril. Mun. Jun.
(91:164.)
PORTEOUS, MRS. J. A. See MANNIN,
ETHEL.
POWER, ARTHUR. (1891-.)
**Inferiority Complex. (R.) Liv.
A. Jan. 15. (332:166.)

Q

- QUILLER-COUCH, SIR ARTHUR
THOMAS. (1863-.) (See
1926.)
***Old Aeson. (R.) Ain. Dec.,
'26. (156.)

R

- ROBINSON, LENNOX. (1886-.)
***Quest. Dial. Oct., '26.
(81:298.)
"ROHMER, SAX." (ARTHUR SARS-
FIELD WARD.) (1886-.)
(See 1926.) (H.)
Beauty Trap. Ly. Apr. 16.
(50.)
Grass Orphan. Ly. Mar. 19.
(37.)
Heart of Nanette. Ly. May
7. (84.)
Moon of Madness. Ly. Mar.
5. (9.)

"ROHMER, SAX." (*Contd.*)
 Peter Pan at Home. Ly. Apr.
 30. (68.)
 Zara Mystery. Ly. Apr. 2.
 (51.)
 "ROSS, MARTIN." See SOMERVILLE,
 EDITH CENONE, and "ROSS,
 MARTIN."
 "RUCK, BERTA." (MRS. OLIVER
 ONIONS.) (*See 1924.*)
 Awakening of Noel. Chic. Trib.
 Dec. 26, '26.
 RUSSELL, THE COUNTESS. See
 "ELIZABETH."

S

SABATINI, RAFAEL. (1875- .)
 (*See 1926.*) (*H.*)
 *Nuptials of Corbigny. McCall.
 Jan. (5.)
 SACKVILLE-WEST, EDWARD. (1901-
 .)
 ***Lock. For. Jan. (77:82.)
 SADLEIR, MICHAEL. (1888- .)
 (*See 1926.*)
 **Mother's Comedy. (*R.*) Ain.
 Dec., '26. (109.)
 ***Victorian Tale. (*R.*) Ain.
 Nov., '26. (119.)
 SCHREINER, OLIVE. (1863-1920.)
 ***Child's Day. Harp. M. Dec.,
 '26. (154:60.)
 ST. JOHN-LOE, GLADYS. (1895-
 .)
 Memory. Ly. Dec. 11, '26.
 (60.)
 **Romance. Rot. Sept., '26.
 (12.)
 "SAPPER." See McNEILE, H. CYRIL.
 SCOTT, REGINALD THOMAS MAIT-
 LAND.
 Peter's Tower. Am. Mar.
 (45.)
 SELINCOURT, HUGH DE. (1878- .)
 ***Men and Brothers. (*R.*) Ain.
 Oct., '26. (34.)
 SHANE, NEVIS.
 Thoroughbred. Harp. B. Apr.
 (112.)
 Unfair Lady. Harp. B. Jul.
 (82.)
 SHARP, WILLIAM. (*See "MACLEOD,*
FIONA.)
 SIMPSON, VIOLET A.
 ***Point of Honor. Atl. May.
 (139:619.)
 SINCLAIR, MAY. (*See 1926.*) (*H.*)
 ***Where Their Fire Is Not
 Quenched. (*R.*) Ain. Nov.,
 '26. (129.)
 SLADE, CHRISTINE JOPE. See JOPE-
 SLADE, CHRISTINE.

SOMERVILLE, EDITH CENONE (1861-
), and "ROSS, MARTIN."
 (VIOLET MARTIN.) (1865-
 1915.) (*See 1926.*)
 *Patrick's Day Hunt. (*R.*)
 Gol. Mar. (5:323.)
 SOMERVILLE, MARY.
 ***Sheep. Cen. Apr. (113:737.)
 SOUTAR, ANDREW. (1879- .)
 (*See 1926.*)
 Desire. Hol. Jan. (11.)
 STACPOOLE, HENRY DE VERE. (1865-
 .) (*See 1926.*) (*H.*)
 *Karan. Mun. Jan. (89:700.)
 **Miss Jeans' Man. Chic. Trib.
 May 22.
 *Pearl That Came Home. Pop.
 May 20. (88.)
 *Silver Cliff. Mun. Feb.
 (90:140.)
 *Story of Captain Kane. Pop.
 Nov. 7, '26. (72.)
 *Tomb of the Elephants. Pop.
 Jun. 7. (134.)
 *Whom the Gods Destroy. MacL.
 July 15, '26. (6.)
 STERN, G. B. (MRS. GEOFFREY
 LISLE HOLDSWORTH.) (1890-
 .) (*See 1926.*)
 *Chinese Coat. McCall. Nov.,
 '26. (12.)
 STEVENSON, ROBERT LOUIS. (1850-
 1894.) (*See 1926.*) (*H.*)
 ***Merry Men. (*R.*) Gol. Apr.
 (5:487.)
 STRONG, LEONARD A. G.
 ***Orpheus. Cen. Jul. (114:357.)
 SWINNERTON, FRANK ARTHUR.
 (1884- .) (*See 1926.*)
 *Beauty of the Blue Train. Chic.
 Trib. Jun. 19.
 *Red-Headed Knight. Del. Apr.
 (16.)
 Shy Young Man. W. H. C.
 Jul. (9.) [(9.)
 *Stranger. W. H. C. Sept., '26.
 SWINTON, ALLAN.
 Blood Feud. MacL. Feb. 15.
 (8.)
 Chauncey Hannaford's Wife.
 MacL. Apr. 15. (13.)
 Cheap at a Billion. MacL.
 Dec. 1, '26. (11.)
 Drums in the Night. MacL.
 Sept. 1, '26. (3.)
 Elephants' Graveyard. MacL.
 Mar. 1. (3.)
 Jolesari. McCall. Jul. (9.)

T

THACKERAY, WILLIAM MAKEPEACE.
 (1811-1863.) (*See 1926.*)

THACKERAY, WILLIAM MAKEPEACE.
(Contd.)

***Cox's Diary. (R.) Gol. Dec., '26. (4:789.)

***Dimond Cut Dimond. (R.) Gol. May. (5:673.)

THOMPSON, SYLVIA. (See 1926.)
She Told on Herself. Ly. Jun. 25. (25.)

THURSTON, ERNEST TEMPLE. (1879-) (See 1924.) (H.)

*King's Candle. Pict. R. Jan. (20.)

TOWNEND, W. (See 1926.) (H.)

*At Eliza's. Adv. Nov. 8, '26. (54.)

Jilted. Col. Nov. 20, '26. (30.)

**MacGinty's Brother. Adv. Feb. 1. (14.)

***Ship in the Swamp. Adv. Jan. 15. (2.)

**Sold Foreign. Adv. Jul. 1. (4.)

V

VACHELL, HORACE ANNESLEY. (1861-) (See 1924.) (H.)

Hester Features Herself. Chic. Trib. Jul. 3.

VENNER, NORMAN.

Only Just. Red Bk. Jul. (52.)

VERNEY, FRANK E.

Nose of the Anophele. McCall. Jun. (16.)

Persuader. McCall. Apr. (22.)

W

WALLACE, EDGAR. (1875-) (See 1926.) (H.)

Best-Laid Plans of a Man in Love. Cos. Mar. (50.)

He Knew All About Women. Cos. Feb. (90.)

Little Baroness. Col. Sept. 11, '26. (11.)

Stuffing. S. E. P. Dec. 11, '26. (24.)

WALPOLE, HUGH SEYMOUR. (1884-) (See 1926.)

***Bombastes Furioso. (R.) Gol. Mar. (5:393.)

***Picture. G. H. Mar. (54.)

***Tiger. Harp. M. Jun. (155:11.)

WARD, ARTHUR SANSFIELD. See "ROHMER, SAX."

WAUGH, ALEC. (1898-)

Code of Honor. Harp. B. Feb. (58.)

Making of a Matron. Harp. B. May. (114.)

WELLS, HERBERT GEORGE. (1866-) (See 1926.) (H.)

***In the Abyss. (R.) Am. St. Sept., '26. (1:484.)

***Inexperienced Ghost. (R.) F. S. Dec., '26. (5:407.)

***Plattner Story. (R.) Am. St. Jul. (2:356.)

***Remarkable Case of Davidson's Eyes. (R.) Am. St. Spr. (2:21.)

***Story of the Late Mr. Elvesham. (R.) Am. St. Jun. (2:253.)

***Time Machine. (R.) Am. St. May. (2:148.)

***Under the Knife. (R.) Am. St. Mar. (1:1112.)

WELLS, WINIFRED. (MRS. THOMAS BURKE.)

**One Fine Day. Book. (N. Y.) Jun. (65:374.)

WEST, EDWARD SACKVILLE-. See SACKVILLE-WEST, EDWARD.

WETJEN, ALBERT RICHARD. (1900-) (See 1926.)

***Captain. Col. Mar. 26. (20.)

***Covenant of the Craddocks. Adv. Feb. 1. (2.)

***First Law of Nature. Col. Jun. 11. (9.)

***Fog. S. E. P. Sept. 18, '26. (50.)

***Judgment. Ev. Oct., '26. (76.)

*Loyal Man. Col. Jan. 15. (13.)

**Mate Stands By. Col. Jul. 23. (10.)

*Shingles Cut of Bandon. Adv. Oct. 8, '26. (92.)

***Strange Adventure of Tommy Lawn. Adv. Mar. 15. (52.)

"WHARTON, ANTHONY." (ALISTER MCALISTER.) (1877-)

(See 1921.)

Good Deal and Some More. Pict. R. Mar. (23.)

WILDE, OSCAR FINGALL O'FLAHERTIE WILLS. (1856-1900.) (See 1926.)

***Canterville Ghost. (R.) F. S. Feb. (6:157.)

***Doer of Good. (R.) Strat. Oct., '26. (17.)

***Happy Prince. (R.) F. S. Oct., '26. (5:127.)

***Selfish Giant. (R.) Strat. Apr. (13.)

***Teacher of Wisdom. (R.) Strat. Mar. (3.)

WITHEROW, JAMES MILLING.

***Test. Atl. Oct., '26. (138:446.)

WODEHOUSE, PELHAM GRENVILLE.
(1881-) (*See* 1926.) (*H.*)
Came the Dawn. *Ly.* Jun. 11.
(9.)
It Was Only a Fire. *Ly.* Apr.
Jeeves and the Impending Doom.
Ly. Jan. 8. (9.)
Mulliner's Buck-u-uppo. *Ly.*
Sept. 4, '26. (19.)
Pig- Hoo-o-o-o-ey. *Ly.* Jul. 9.
(12.)
Romance of a Bulb-Squeezer.
Ly. Mar. 12. (12.)
*Romance of an Ugly Policeman.
(*R.*) *Ain.* Sept., '26. (135.)
Those in Peril on the Tee. *Ly.*
May 21. (10.)
WOOLF, VIRGINIA. (*See* 1925.)

***New Dress. *For.* May.
(77:704.)
WYLIE, IDA ALENA ROSS. (1885-
) (*See* 1926.)
*And Ladies Prefer—. *S. E. P.*
May 28. (12.)
***Grandmother Bernle Learns Her
Letters. *S. E. P.* Sept. 11, '26.
(8.)
***Things We Do. *G. H.* Jun.
(24.)
**Young Nowheres. *S. E. P.*
Apr. 16. (18.)

Y

YATES, DORNFORD. (*See* 1926.)
Court Cards. *Chic. Trib.* Jan.
2.

III. TRANSLATIONS

A

AICARD, JEAN. (*French.*)
**Vase of Clay. (*R.*) *Strat.*
May. (21.)
ANDERSEN, HANS CHRISTIAN.
(1805-1875.) (*See* 1926.)
(*Danish.*)
***Emperor's New Clothes. (*R.*)
Strat. Mar. (17.)
ANDREYEV, LEONID NIKOLAEVICH.
(1871-1919.) (*See* 1926.) (*H.*)
(*Russian.*)
***Laughter. (*R.*) *Gol.* Sept.,
'26. (4:357.)
***Three Nights. (*R.*) *Strat.*
Jul. (3.)
ANONYMOUS. (*Russian.*)
*Princess and the Dragon. *Del.*
Oct., '26. (21.)
AVERCHENKO, ARKADY. (*See* 1926.)
(*Russian.*)
*Accident. (*R.*) *Gol.* Apr.
(5:525.)
**In the Restaurant. (*R.*) *Gol.*
Jun. (5:832.)
*Ride to the Theatre. (*R.*) *Gol.*
Jul. (6:117.)

B

BABIEL, ISAAC. (*Russian.*)
*After the Battle. *N. Mass.*
Feb. (14.)
**Crossing the Zbruch. *N. Mass.*
Nov., '26. (14.)
BALZAC, HONORE DE. (1799-1850.)
(*See* 1926.) (*H.*) (*French.*)
***Innocence. (*R.*) *Strat.* Dec.,
'26. (24.)
BARBUSSE, HENRI. (1875-)
(*See* 1926.) (*French.*)

**Their Path. (*R.*) *Gol.* May.
(5:639.)
BARGONE, CHARLES-PIERRE-EDOUARD.
(*French.*) *See* "FARRERE,
CLAUDE."
BAZAN, EMILIA PARDO-. (*Spanish.*)
See PARDO-BAZAN, EMILIA.
BAZIN, RENE-FRANCOIS-NICOLAS-
MARIE. (1853-) (*French.*)
***Birds in the Letter-Box. (*R.*)
Strat. Jul. (17.)
BENN, GOTTFRIED. (*German.*)
Island. *Transit.* May. (64.)
BILLY, ANDRE. (1882-)
(*French.*)
*Man to Man. *H. J.* Apr.
(132.)
BIRABEAU, ANDRE. (*French.*)
*Side by Side. (*R.*) *Liv. A.*
Feb. 1. (332:252.)
BLASCO IBANEZ, VICENTE. (1867-
) (*See* 1926.) (*Spanish.*)
***Kiss. *Ly.* Sept. 18, '26.
(63.)
**Satyr. *Cos.* Sept., '26. (62.)
*Slave of Seven Women. *Cos.*
Nov., '26. (72.)
**Virgin Warrior. *Cos.* Oct., '26.
(64.)
BOCCACCIO, GIOVANNI. (1313 ?-
1375.) (*See* 1926.) (*Italian.*)
Tragedy of Illicit Love. (*R.*)
Strat. Oct., '26. (3.)
BONTEMPELLI, MASSIMO. (*Italian.*)
***Good Wind. (*R.*) *Liv. A.* Jul.
1. (333:44.)
BOUTET, FREDERIC. (*See* 1926.)
(*French.*)
*Destiny of Monsieur Noizeux.
Harp. M. Oct., '26. (153:626.)

BOUTET, FREDERIC. (*Contd.*)

**She Had to be Right. Harp. M. Dec., '26. (154:99.)

**Sisera, the Fortune-Teller. N. Y. Trib. Sept. 12, '26.

BULL, JACOB BREDA. (*See* 1924.) (*Norwegian.*)

***Village Genius. Scan. Sept., '26. (14:545.)

C

CENDRARS, BLAISE. (*French.*)

***Days of '49. Cos. Oct., '26. (20.)

CHEKHOV, ANTON PAVLOVICH. (1860-1904.) (*See* 1926.) (*H.*) (*Russian.*)

***Naughty Boy. (R.) F. S. Sept., '26. (4:389.)

***Trifling Occurrence. (R.) F. S. Feb. (6:193.)

"COLETTE." (MME. HENRI DE JUVENEL.) (1873-) (*See* 1926.) (*French.*)

*Beauties in the Daytime. H. J. Apr. (98.)

COPPEE, FRANCOIS-EDOUARD. (1842-1908.) (*French.*)

***Piece of Bread. (R.) Strat. Jun. (3.)

CORDAY, MICHEL. (*French.*)

*Last Day. V. F. Jul. (41.)

Masher. V. F. May. (76.)

COTLER, JOSEPH. (*Yiddish.*)

*Before I Was Born. Men. J. Feb. (13:84.)

CUREL, VICOMTE FRANCOIS DE. (1854-) (*French.*)

**Man in the Moon. H. J. Oct., '26. (75.)

D

DAUDET, ALPHONSE. (1840-1897.) (*See* 1926.) (*H.*) (*French.*)

***Pope's Mule. (R.) Gol. Dec., '26. (4:758.)

***Priest of Cucugnan. (R.) F. S. Feb. (6:213.)

***Three Low Masses. (R.) Outl. (N. Y.) Feb. 2. (145:140.)

DIEUDONNE, ROBERT-MARIE. (1879-) (*See* 1926.) (*French.*)

Jealousy, the Illuminator. N. Y. Trib. Sept. 19, '26.

F

FALKBERGET, JOHAN. (1879-) (*See* 1926.) (*Norwegian.*)

***Petrus: the Silent Mountain Priest. Scan. Dec., '26. (14:750.)

"FARRERE, CLAUDE." (CHARLES-PIERRE-EDOUARD BARGONE.)

(1876-) (*See* 1926.) (*French.*)

Ravaged Hands. (R.) Ain. Sept., '26. (24.)

"FRANCE, ANATOLE." (JACQUES-ANATOLE THIBAUT.) (1844-1925.) (*See* 1926.) (*H.*)

(*French.*)

***Coming of Riquet. (R.) Gol. Sept., '26. (4:306.)

***Story of the Courtesan. (R.) Strat. Dec., '26. (3.)

FROSCHER, GEORG. (*German.*)

***Motor Car at Goethe's Court. (R.) Liv. A. Mar. 1. (332:412.)

G

GAUTIER, THEOPHILE. (1811-1872.) (*See* 1926.) (*French.*)

***Water Pavilion. (R.) Gol. Jul. (6:66.)

GLUSBERG, SAMUEL. (*Spanish.*)

*Cross. Men. J. Oct.-Nov., '26. (12:532.)

GOBINEAU, JOSEPH-ARTHUR, COMTE DE. (1816-1882.) (*French.*)

***Lovers of Kandahar. (R.) Gol. Jan. (5:92.)

GOIDO, ISAAC. (*Yiddish.*) *See* GORIN, BERNARD.

GORIN, BERNARD. (ISAAC GOIDO.) (1868-1925.) (*See* 1926.)

(*Yiddish.*)

**Seder. Men. J. Apr. (13:205.)

"GORKY, MAXIM." (ALEXEI MAXIMOVICH PYESHKOV.) (1868 or 1869-) (*See* 1926.) (*H.*)

(*Russian.*)

***Old Man. Echo. Oct., '26. (9.)

H

HALLSTROM, PER. (1866-) (*See* 1924.) (*Swedish.*)

***Don Juan's Rubies. (R.) Gol. Mar. (5:329.)

I

IBANEZ, VICENTE BLASCO. *See* BLASCO IBANEZ, VICENTE.

IVANOFF, DEMETER. (*Bulgarian.*)

See "PELIN, ELIN."

IVANOV, VSEVOLOD. (*See* 1923.) (*Russian.*)

*Old Timer. Transit. Jul. (66.)

J

JACOBSEN, JENS PETER. (1847-1885.) (*See* 1926.) (*Danish.*)

JACOBSEN, JENS PETER. (*Contd.*)
 ***Plague in Bergamo. (R.) Gol.
 Sept., '26. (4:397.)

JEAN, ALBERT. (*See* 1926.)
 (*French.*)

*Heart of the Buddha. N. Y.
 Trib. Sept. 5, '26.

JOUHANDEAU, MARCEL. (*French.*)

***Madeleine the Taciturn. Trans-
 sit. Apr. (79.)

JOUVENEL, MME. HENRI DE.
 (*French.*) *See* "COLETTE."

K

KOROLENKO, VLADIMIR G. (*See*
 1926.) (*Russian.*)

***On the Volga. (R.) Gol.
 Nov., '26. (4:675.)

KUCZYUSKA, F. C. VON. (*Aus-
 trian.*)

***Negro. (R.) Liv. A. Apr. 15.
 (332:727.)

KUNETICKA, BOZENA VIKOVA.
 (*Czech.*)

***Geese. Pr. S. Jan. (1:23.)

KUPRIN, ALEXANDER. (1870-)
 (*See* 1926.) (*Russian.*)

***Pearl of India. (R.) Liv. A.
 Dec. 1, '26. (331:440.)

L

LAGERLOF, SELMA OTTILIANA LOVISA.
 (1855-) (*See* 1926.) (*H.*)
 (*Swedish.*)

***Girl from the Marsh Croft.
 (R.) Ain. Oct., '26. (1.)

***Outlaws. (R.) Gol. Jan.
 (5:17.)

***Silver Mine. (R.) F. S. Feb.
 (6:271.)

LIE, JONAS LAURITS IDEMIL.
 (1833-1908.) (*See* 1926.)
 (*Norwegian.*)

***Goodman Slerka and Mistress
 Ladda. Scan. Sept., '26.
 (14:553.)

"LOTI, PIERRE." (LOUIS-MARIE-
 JULIEN VIAUD.) (1850-)
 (*See* 1926.) (*French.*)

**Idyl of an Old Couple. (R.)
 Strat. Jan. (3.)

M

MANN, THOMAS. (1875-)
 (*See* 1923.) (*German.*)

***Disorder and Early Sorrow.
 Dial. Oct., '26. (81:269.)
 Nov., '26. (81:402.)

MAUPASSANT, HENRI-RENE-ALBERT-
 GUY DE. (1850-1893.) (*See*
 1926.) (*H.*) (*French.*)

***Necklace. (R.) Pict. R. Mar.
 (12.)

***Piece of String. (R.) Gol.
 May. (5:589.)

***Two Little Soldiers. (R.) F.
 S., Oct., '26. (5:75.)

***Wreck. (R.) Gol. Jan.
 (5:49.)

MERIMEE, PROSPER. (1803-1870.)
 (*See* 1926.) (*H.*) (*French.*)

***Taking of the Redoubt. (R.)
 Gol. Mar. (5:313.)

MICHAELIS, KARIN. (*German.*)

**Teacher Jensen. (R.) Liv. A.
 Dec. 15, '26. (331:521.)

MOLNAR, FERENC. (1879-)
 (*See* 1926.) (*Hungarian.*)

***Living Death. (R.) F. S.
 Dec., '26. (5:391.)

***Most Dangerous Woman in the
 World. V. F. Mar. (49.)

MORAND, PAUL. (1888-)
 (*See* 1926.) (*French.*)

*Abduction from the Seraglio.
 V. F. Dec., '26. (70.)

***Child of a Hundred Years. V.
 F. Jan. (50.)

***Chinese Phantoms. V. F. Sept.,
 '26. (76.)

**Chu-Ti of Canton. V. F. Nov.,
 '26. (54.)

**Happy Island. V. F. Feb.
 (41.)

***Horse of Gengis Khan. V. F.
 Oct., '26. (68.)

***I Burn Moscow. (R.) Eur.
 Feb. (11.)

**Treasure in the Dragon's Maw.
 V. F. Mar. (61.)

MURGER, HENRI. (1822-1861.)
 (*See* 1926.) (*French.*)

***Cape of Storms. (R.) Ain.
 Nov., '26. (153.)

***Donec Gratus. (R.) Ain.
 Dec., '26. (39.)

***Polar Violets. (R.) Ain.
 Oct., '26. (139.)

***What a Crown Piece Costs.
 (R.) Ain. Sept., '26. (35.)

MUSSET, ALFRED DE. (1810-1857.)
 (*See* 1925.) (*French.*)

***Girl of the Latin Quarter. (R.)
 H. J. Jul. (173.)

***Mole on Pompadour's Back.
 (R.) H. J. Jul. (56.)

MUSSOLINI, BENITO. (1883-)
 (*Italian.*)

***Nothing Matters; Everything
 Goes. Cos. Mar. (20.)

O

OGRIZOVITCH, MILAN. (1877-1923.)
 (*Croatian.*)

***God. (R.) Gol. Jun. (5:841.)

P

- PARDO-BAZAN, COUNTESS EMILIA.
(1852-) (*Spanish.*)
***Last Will of Don Javier. (R.)
Gol. Nov., '26. (4: 659.)
"PELIN, ELIN." (DEMETER IVAN-
OFF.) (1878-) (*See*
1926.) (*Bulgarian.*)
*Stoychko's Willow. Transit.
Jun. (91.)
PEREZ DE LA OSSA, HUBERTO. (*See*
1926.) (*Spanish.*)
*Prince Thassam's Token of Re-
membrance. Strat. Apr. (3.)
PETROVICH, VELKO. (*Jugoslav.*)
**Sara's Lenka. Transit. May.
(32.) Jun. (75.)
POULAILLE, HENRI. (*See* 1926.)
(*French.*)
***Mad Train. Transit. May.
(41.)
PYESHKOV, ALEXEI MAXIMOVICH.
(*Russian.*) *See* "GORKY,
MAXIM."

Q

- QUIROGA, CARLOS B. (*Argentine.*)
*Conchabo. (R.) Liv. A. May
15. (322: 909.)

R

- RIBERMONT-DESSAIGNES, GEORGES.
(*French.*)
*Human Frontiers. Transit. Jul.
(9.)

S

- SALINAS, PEDRO. (*Spanish.*)
*Reunion. Transit. Jul. (40.)
SCHNITZLER, ARTHUR. (1862-)
(*See* 1926.) (*Austrian.*)
***Fridolin and Albertine. V. F.
Oct., '26. (51.) Nov., '26.
(53.)
***She Never Knew. V. F. Dec.,
'26. (81.)
***Threefold Warning. J. T. Sept.
10, '26. (20.)
SCHWARZWALD, EUGENIA. (*Aus-
trian.*)
***First Love. Harp. M. May.
(154: 768.)
**First Love Letter. Harp. M.
May. (154: 766.)
SIENKIEWICZ, HENRYK. (1846-
1916.) (*Polish.*)

- **Orso. (R.) Gol. Sept., '26.
(4: 404.)
SODERBERG, HJALMAR. (*See* 1924.)
(*Swedish.*)
**Artichoke. Transit. Apr. (61.)
***Sketch in Ink. Scan. Jun.
(15: 357.)
***Vox Populi. Scan. Jun.
(15: 358.)
SOUPAULT, PHILIPPE. (*French.*)
***Silent House. Transit. Jun.
(67.)
STERNHEIM, CARL. (*German.*)
***Busekow. Transit. Apr. (36.)

T

- THIBAUT, JACQUES-ANATOLE.
(*French.*) *See* "FRANCE, ANA-
TOLE."
TOLSTOY, LYOF NIKOLAEVICH, COUNT.
(1828-1910.) (*See* 1926.) (*H.*)
(*Russian.*)
***Coffee House of Surat. (R.)
Strat. Nov., '26. (3.)
***Prisoner in the Caucasus. (R.)
Gol. Feb. (5: 221.)
***Three Questions. (R.) Strat.
Feb. (3.)

V

- VALDAGNE, PIERRE. (*See* 1923.)
(*French.*)
*Her Burning Secret. H. J.
Apr. (205.)
VEGTEL, MADDY. (*Dutch.*)
**And Years Passed. V. F. Sept.,
'26. (78.)
**Between Eight and Nine. V. F.
Nov., '26. (74.)
Last Night's Folly. V. F. Jul.
(65.)
VIAUD, LOUIS-MARIE-JULIEN.
(*French.*) *See* "LOTI, PIERRE."
VON KUCZYUSKA, F. C. (*Austrian.*)
See KUCZYUSKA, F. C. VON.

X

- XENOPOULOS, GREGORIOS. (1867-
) (*Greek.*)
***Bracelet. (R.) Eur. Oct., '26.
(45.)

Z

- ZOSTCHENKO, M. (*Russian.*)
**Foma the Faithless. Transit.
Jun. (86.)





